

Let's Begin Again"
by ANNIE S. SWAN

The Quiver

January
1926

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P1191



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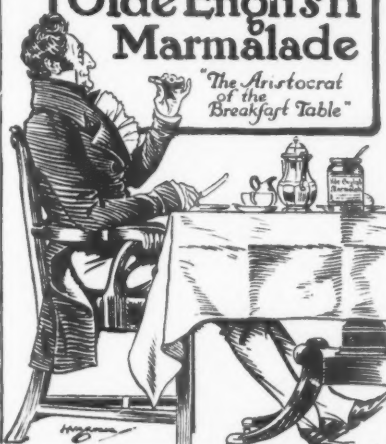


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means "BEAUTY OF FIGURE."

How you can obtain a perfect Bust and a grand symmetrical figure in a few weeks within the privacy of your own home, without trouble or inconvenience.

There is no reason why every woman should not acquire or regain a perfect figure and be fascinating. For those who lack the natural development of bust a new and remarkable treatment has been devised. It is called "Diano," and is positively harmless. This treatment will quickly develop the bust six inches, and any woman can use it at home in the privacy of her own apartments. Failure is unknown, and the cost is slight. It fills out all hollow and flat places, adds grace and beauty to the neck, softens and clears the skin. Beautiful women everywhere owe their superb figures, perfect health, and matchless loveliness to "Diano."

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JANUARY, 1926

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THE unique qualities of this material are well known to lovers of beautiful fabrics. It is a combination of artificial silk and a selected double twist cotton; it possesses an enduring lustre; withstands any amount of washing; wears splendidly.

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The Editor's Announcement Page

Should Children have so many Toys?

The whole theory of education seems to be changing from time to time, but at least we may be sure of one thing : children receive much more attention and consideration than used to be the case years ago. Are they considered too much? Do they have too many toys? The subject will be dealt with in a thoughtful article in my next issue.

Probably we have forgotten that the anniversary of St. Valentine falls in the coming month; at one time it would have received a great deal of attention, and ROWLAND GREY, in a most interesting article, is to deal with "The Valentine Immortal."

Have you caught cold this trying winter? DR. SALEEBY is dealing with "Coughs and Colds" in my next issue—and there are many other important features.

The Editor

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

"May I come in?"



"May I come in?"

Certainly! Barnardo's never refuse a destitute child, and that is the reason why in the 59 years of their existence they have admitted nearly 100,000 orphan and destitute little ones. But such a work is constantly in need of funds if its Charter, "No destitute child ever refused admission," is to be maintained.

**Will you send
a NEW YEAR GIFT of
10/-
to feed one child for ten days?**

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, may be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Howard Williams, Esq. (Dept. Q.), 18-26 Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

Parcels of Clothing, Blankets, and Toys will also be gratefully welcomed.



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ASTHMA, CATARRH,
WHOOPIING COUGH,
BRONCHITIS and
COLD IN THE HEAD
with that proved remedy,
Potter's Asthma Cure

For outdoors, use *Potter's*
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Marked Linen



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Woven on Fine Cambric Tape

There are many different styles to choose from, and your Draper or Outfitter can supply in a few days.

Prices. White Ground.

12 doz. (144 names) 5/-	6 doz. (72 names) 3/9
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No. 5.
Actual size

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There are scores of patterns and colours of which your furnishing house can show you samples.

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"Rexine"

LEATHERCLOTH

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*Soon these things will all be mended.
Little job, big job, your job—mine.
In half the time the day's work's ended
Thanks to FLUXITE every time!*

FOR every kind of soldering—expert mechanics demand FLUXITE. There must be a reason for this. Try a tin in the home and you'll soon know why.

ALL MECHANICS WILL HAVE

FLUXITE

BECAUSE IT

SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

All Hardware and Ironmongery Stores sell Fluxite in tins, price 6d., 1/4 and 2/8. **BUY A TIN TO-DAY.**

Ask your Ironmonger or Hardware Dealer to show you the neat little

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It is perfectly simple to use and will last for years in constant use. It contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron with non-heating metal handle, a Pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc., and full instructions. Price 7/6. Write to us should you be unable to obtain it.

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This scrupulous care in handling ensures that your HOVIS reaches your table in the fresh, nourishing, appetising form which Nature intended.

KEEP WELL-NOURISHED ON

HOVIS

Your Baker Bakes it.

HOVIS LTD., MACCLESFIELD.



Tiny Toddlers
from the Far East
(See "Business on a Small
Scale in Japan")

Let's Begin Again

One of God's greatest gifts is that of the clean slate—the opportunity to turn over a new leaf and begin again. Each one of us has made mistakes; we have all been careless, ignorant, blundering. The New Year comes just as a reminder that while life lasts one can break the evil spell of the past and start again.

Do not be tied down by past failures; allow no precedent to bind you to foolish or unworthy ways. Strike out again.

The new hour, the new day, the new year proclaim the fact that a fresh start can be made, and no defeat is final till the chapter is closed.

Let's begin again.



"'I doubt you'd never abide the early weeks,
my dear,' said Mrs. Uden"—p. 228.

Drawn by
J. Dewar Mills

Roamin' an' Homin'

by

MICHAEL KENT

GEOFFREY THORNTON came into his secretary's room. He was a short man, ruddy, with hair cunningly cut to mask the erosions of years and now no longer able to hold up that job. It scored the desert of his dome like a map of a river basin. His eyes bulged and his under lip and his cheeks.

Thornton had the reputation of being very kind to himself.

"Been through the mail, Miss Mayne?" he asked.

The girl at the desk turned. "A parcel of manuscript back from Bridge Street House," she said, "offers for two short stories, the royalty account for 'Cities of the Plain,' and some new manuscript. There's another one from Theocritus."

"That guff!" said the boss. "It's no good. Buzz it back."

He sat on the corner of the desk. "Let me see the royalty account. 'Cities' ought to do us some good."

The boss had found a winner in "Cities of the Plain." It was one of those modern books of memoirs that deal scurrilously with public characters recently deceased, and naturally it was widely read. Even the agent's pickings were pleasant.

"Good hunting," said he, as he scanned the comfortable figures. "We might have a little holiday on this, Baby."

Stella, who was weeding out manuscript, suddenly sat very still. All her senses seemed to be indrawn. Some such sort of thing as this had to come. She had seen it ahead. Within her, racing thought went over and over again the circumstances of her case.

Her mother's second marriage had sent her young, arrogant, angry and utterly poor from a rich and easy life into the big wage market, and for two years she had endured a routine to which her training and tem-

perament made her unfit. Life had been just opening out before her, its colour, its gaiety, the fragrant intercourse of youth. All those pleasing things from which she had turned called to her vivid and eager nature, and life was passing—passing.

She had no friends. She spent her time between a bed-sitting room in Hampstead and the untidy office in Hind Court. She was beautiful. That fact was obvious to her and at times a nuisance. There had been two years of this life, and here was a door opening for escape.

"Up river we could have such a good time—together, Baby," said the boss, swinging his legs.

He was a genial man, Thornton, successful and easy going. There was no doubt that he could give her all the things her youth cried out for.

"You were never made for this."

Into her mind suddenly came the name Theocritus, the pseudonym of that unsuccessful writer with whom Thornton would not deal. He had sent in one or two simple rural themes, told in a prose more delicate than the market asks. They would have been excellent but for a certain anæmia and hopelessness in them, something always unfinished, a thesis never upheld.

"Send them back," the boss had said every time. "The *Undertaker's Journal* don't use fiction!"

They had gone back poste restante to Bishopstone. But Stella had felt sorry. The work was so nearly very good. She had almost wanted to write and show how she could make it of outstanding merit.

Now she recalled Theocritus and the dim haven he had pictured of quiet life in the Bishopstone country. That was foolish. It would give her no brighter days than Fleet Street. Suddenly she remembered Thorn-

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ton's words. "Oh, I am content," she said with seeming carelessness.

"Tebt!" said he genially, and walked to the door, "I'd like to see you glow, little girl. I'd like to see you dressed as a girl like you should be dressed and having the life a girl like you should have." He smiled confidently. "There," he continued as he went out, "I've scared you; but think it over, Baby!"

Perhaps it was the back of his head and the map of the Amazon. Perhaps it was some innate tradition scarce sensed. Perhaps it was Theocritus. But, anyhow, Stella ran away.

She crept out of the door and down to the Underground without the slightest rag of motive or policy. Here was Thornton offering her all those things she most ardently desired and she was running, scared, away. What for? She did not know. Where to? She could not say.

At Charing Cross, where she found herself changing from mere habit to the Hampstead Tube, she was held up by a most ancient perambulator, a large washing basket piled with a pre-historic camping outfit, two pathetically wise-looking infants of about three, and a bustling motherly infant of about six in admonitory mood. "You shut yer mouf, Gladys Anne, an' you too, young Ted. Muvver's only gone to get tickets an' we're 'oppin' to Bishopstone. I've bin las' year, an' it ain't 'alf a bean-o! Jes' you wite!"

Theocritus had written once about hopping, and Stella thought that she would like to sample the bean-o.

That brought her to Bishopstone, and a carrier's cart set her down at Old Men's Meads with a bulbous Japanese pilgrim basket that had begun to sprout at the corners.

She had taken her resolve, gone to Hampstead and acted on it, and now was bound for one of those quiet harbours of which Theocritus had written with a sad content. Economically it was a sound policy. Her resources were small, and in the country expenses were slight. Moreover, people earned money by hop picking. So she threw herself on Fate. If Fate meant her to stop in Old Men's Meads, Fate would provide the means. The carrier set her down beside a patch of green around a finger-post that read like romance, "High Faring," "Easi-rod" and "Journey's End." Nearby an unofficial notice announced, "Teas. Mrs. Uden, through the gate."

Stella took up her burden, seeking Mrs. Uden through the gate. A path patched with brick, past raspberry canes, soldierly sprouts perking into adolescence and rotund onions drowsing into age, brought her to a cottage door, where Mrs. Uden sat slicing scarlet runners into a colander. She was old and brown and wiry. Her lips had fallen into a thin line that held mystery, and her face was wrinkled with much lore of life garnered by her black eyes, bright and cunning. Her hands were busy of themselves, asking no direction, and the plain gold ear-rings in her ears shook as though they laughed at all the quaint things they had heard.

"Good morning," said Stella. "I saw your notice——"

Mrs. Uden looked up sharply, but for a moment did not reply. "Then," said she, "I doubt you'd never abide the earyweeks, my dear."

"Earyweeks?" queried Stella.

"In my front room," said the old woman. "They come in from the ivy. The bed's as soft as soft, I will say that."

It was a little disconcerting. "How did you know I wanted to stay?"

"There's a mort o' queer things Mother Uden knows," said the woman.

Her grin was sly, captivating, a trifle mischievous but not at all to be feared.

"Why," said Stella, "I believe you're a witch."

"I wouldn't go for to say I ain't," said Mother Uden, looking from the girl to the colander and then starting on a fresh handful of beans, "an' I wouldn't go for to say I am. But don't be scared, missy. You're a foreigner, ain't you? 'Cos I know every soul in Old Men's Meads. You've got luggage and nary a body to meet you at the Cross. So you're wishful to stay for the 'opping 'ereabouts, an' there's no one to take you but me, an' I've got earyweeks crawling from the ivy into my front room."

Stella shook her head. "I don't believe you found out as simply as all that," said she. "But perhaps you can tell me whether I'm going to stay?"

Mother Uden chuckled. "Why else am I slicing all these 'ere beans?" said she. "I'd ne'er eat 'alf of 'em. Dear 'eart alive! o' course you're goin' to stay."

And Mother Uden knew.

II

THE rattle of the chain against the swingle

bars used to wake Stella when the wagoner pulled up at the hill-foot to take the skid pan off. That gave her an hour to dress and breakfast in. The wagon had to go half-way to Bishopstone.

When it came back she could hear it afar. It was loaded with a dozen families and all a-throb with song. There would be postilions to the lead and the wheel horses, postilions aged about ten and masters of the world. Lion and Prince would turn their big heads back to grin at them. The corners of the wagon were piled with gear, bottles, baskets and shawls, mittens for those finicky folk who feared to stain their hands black with the hops. The wagon pulled up at Mother Uden's, where "the Professor" from the inside gave them a hail and got down to make a stirrup of his hands and hoist the last two travellers over the tail-board.

Then "Stannard, all!" would be the word, up hill and down, till out of the morning mist they raised the green bowery avenues of hops.

The Professor was one of the sights of Old Men's Meads and one of its mysteries. In the two days that Stella had been there before picking had commenced she had heard his name a dozen times. The Professor had written Mother Uden's notice of teas. He had set out her ranks of brussels sprouts. When Jan Goodban's sister's son Matt had broken his collar-bone the Professor had tied it up till doctor came, and doctor had said, "Thank heaven there is someone with sense in the place!" Stella had pictured a greybeard as denizen of the lonely cottage across the green. It had been rather a surprise to her to find the single occupant of the gloomy little place wherein no one else ever entered was young.

It was the Professor who every morning shouldered Mother Uden's chair till he came to her pitch beside the fifth of the five-bushel baskets as high as a man's waist.

It was a surprise, too, to Stella to find the Professor was just a labourer. He was, in fact, the tallyman. When picking started and the bin men, with their long knives like Jacobean halberds, bore their loads of hop-bine to the pickers, the Professor, girt with a belt of foot-long tallies, took command. He gave the word to start when the dew had dried from the hops. He kept account, notching with a little file the tally stick of each picker as the work was done, while under awnings improvised from the picked vine, on every sort of chair

or stool or on the soft brown earth, the busy fingers heaped up their store anew.

Stella found them good days, rich with a kindly fellowship. She grew brown and bonny. The wraith that had been behind her eyes, the wraith of what was going to happen, disappeared. It would seem that in this quiet world of Old Men's Meads there was always a job to do. One asked little of life. One gave little to life.

Look at Mother Uden now. She earned enough at hop-picking to pay her year's rent. For other expenses there were her fowls, her garden, and there were always folk ready to ask Mother to look into a cup for them and pay her a shilling for the sights she saw therein.

Perhaps in the Meads it was not too difficult to add together two confidential twos and make a prophetic four of them!

On the third day of the hop-picking Stella asked her.

"Granny," said she when, the day's work done, the two sat over a cup of tea before bed-time, "will you throw the cup for me?"

They were in Mother Uden's little low kitchen, with the lamp on the bare table and the drying herbs tied in bundles to the beams. The ivy at the little panes made a lacy edge against the last light, and within the two heads, the young smooth face and the old wrinkled one, shone rosy in the dim kindly yellow of the lamp.

"Not yet awhile," said Mother Uden; "it's in the makin', dear heart alive!"

"Some day before I go?" queried the girl.

"You won't go," said Mother Uden, gazing at the dresser with a queer twist on her mouth that looked like laughter and might have been tears. "You'll ne'er leave Old Men's Meads till you've got what you come for."

"What have I come for?" asked Stella. "I don't know."

That was only very slowly to be revealed to her.

Before a week of picking had passed a song had grown up in the hop gardens. It was not a new song, though its words were topical—

"If you want to find the Tallyman, I know where he is.

I know where he is. I know where he is.

If you want to find the Tallyman, I know where he is.

You'll find him down at Number Five!"

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It outlined a profound truth.

Though the Professor's work took him from end to end of the long line, he paused often at Mother Uden's pitch to pick into her basket. It was his duty to see that the bines were thoroughly stripped and that too much unprofitable leaf did not go to swell the measure. Perhaps the old witch required more than common watching.

In any case, the Professor came and watched.

"And how is Miss Mayne this fine bright morning?"

"I'm topping, Mr. Dean," said Stella.

The Professor stuck a straw in his mouth and chewed meditatively.

"You aren't used to the job, are you?"

"It's the first time that I've tried it," said Stella.

The Professor allowed himself a grin. "I reckoned your hands weren't used to work," he said. "'You go at it all kack-handed,' as we say in the Meads. You'll not earn much like that." He drew a strand of bine across his knee and showed her the raking tear of the adept that strips the hops in fistfuls and leaves the leaf behind. "That's the way of it, isn't it, Mother?"

"A man's job is to make a place for his woman," said Mother Uden oracularly. "'Ave you learned that job, George Dean? An' me an' my lodger is sittin' in the sun."

The Professor's head jerked up at the words as though he had been struck. He frowned. His face set hard. Silently he set himself to gather used bine and built a tabernacle for the two. Then silently he went away.

Stella looked after him thoughtfully. "What made the Professor so angry, Granny?" she asked. "Or was he just sad? I'm afraid you have hurt him."

Granny's eyes were like little sparks in the deep shade of her sun bonnet. "Dear heart alive, you're very young," said she.

"When your trouble is deep down under the skin,

Blister it out or it festers within."

Somehow in the shade Stella thought of Theocritus.

That night the Professor walked home with her. Granny rode, but the wagon had to take the day's picking to the oast, so that there was not room for all.

"It's very quiet here," said he. "Do you never long for the lights?"

The sunken sun had left veiled amethyst behind.

"What lights, Professor?" she asked.

"London."

"I don't think I do," said she. "Do you?"

"I can't say." He returned abruptly and pointed across the level mead to the dark loom of his cottage, dead eyed and empty in the mist. "That is my place."

"Do you live there all alone?" asked Stella.

"That's about it," he said soberly. "You'd think a man would find forgetting there."

"You are wanting to forget?"

He nodded. "You winsome maids do tease a man. I could wish you were what you pretend to be."

It startled her. "What do you mean?" she asked.

In the gloom she saw his face twist in a rather cynical grin. "Life's like our path," said he; "there's the bright new gate"—it stood before them on the right—"it leads to Colin Court marsh. And there's the other yonder; that leads home."

"I don't quite understand," said she.

"Youth's a paddock," he went on in slow explanation, "and a lad can't see over the hedge, but many gates lead out. He's got to make his choice, a blind choice, one gate for his life's happiness. I chose the wrong one, and my gate was a maid."

"Aren't you judging all girls by one?" said Stella.

He shook his head. "No, no," he said; "I'm not hating anyone, only I'm out of the game myself, and you—well, don't take the wrong gate, Stella Mayne."

They were on the green by then. Stella shook herself. His words had given her a little thrill. It was almost as if he had known. "I'd better hurry on," she said; "Granny will have the tea made unless I'm quick, and I don't like her to do that by herself after the day's work is done."

A letter had come for her at the cottage. It had been sent on from Hampstead. She recognized the writing, Geoffrey Thornton's.

"DEAR MISS MAYNE"—it ran—"I'm sending on the balance of your salary. You skipped away so quickly that you quite forgot it. This closes our business contract. I am sure that like a sensible little girl you are thinking over what I said. I'm glad of that. I want you to be sure. Anyhow, you know me well enough to give me credit for being a sport, and I do care for you awfully, Baby.—Ever yours,

"G. T."

ROAMIN' AN' HOMIN'

She stared at it rather dazedly. G. T., G. T. The initials raised in her mind a vague recognition. What was it? Suddenly it occurred to her lightning-like, G. T., GaTe. There was a gate.

She put the letter hurriedly away.

She could not forget George Dean. As she lay unsleeping she pictured him in his lonely cottage, the patient, tired man with that look of starved intelligence which did not fit the lean, brown hardness of his face. She thought that it would be a very good thing to spend her life keeping light and warmth in that lonely cottage for ever, a very good thing but a very hard thing. There arose the artist in her yearning to create and to interpret, yearning for colour and light, instinctively shuddering at the low, calm level of life endured in Old Men's Meads. She was hungry for those things and they were her right. That brought her back to the ugly letter and the ugly choice which was still hers to make. Somehow she wondered what Theocritus would have made of such a situation? Theocritus was rather hopeless. Was that because he lived in the country? Did he need the lights of town?

Next morning the Professor walked with her to the hop garden. He asked if he might. He had something to say to her.

"Last night I told you either not enough or too much," he explained; "and since words once said won't come back, I had better tell you all if you don't mind."

"I don't mind," said the girl. "But why should you?"

"I think I'd like you to understand," he said. "Two years ago I fell in love with a girl. She turned me down, not that things went cross-wise, but just for a man with more money. I—I—it's knocked me all ends up."

"She wasn't worth that," said Stella vehemently. "But I'm sorry for the last two years, George Dean."

"I came out here to bury myself," said the Professor; "every interest that I had was jettisoned. But living's a long job."

Stella smiled at him wittingly. "There are other girls," said she.

"I have nothing to offer now," he answered bleakly.

"That depends on how much is asked," she said.

He made no answer.

They entered into the alleys of the hops. At the end of the garden where the bare poles showed voices sounded. She touched his arm, his hand. It thrilled her.

Suddenly as he walked a little ahead he turned to her: "Oh, can't you see I'm just a clodhopper?" and strode off.

It was not until an hour later that he came to Granny Uden's basket.

"Ah," said she,

"'Lovin', an' hatin',
Rovin' an' matin',
Roamin' an' homin',
An' nightfall an' sleep.'"

"Shall I tell you yer fortune, Professor?"

"You've told it," said he; "nightfall and sleep."

And he fled.

"Stuff an' rubbidge!" cried back Granny Uden. "If you don't come back at tea-time fer me to look into yer cup you're not what I think you, George Dean."

There is never an unbelieving man in all the world who will not play with the lure of what the future holds. The Professor was there when the kettle began to sing.

He drank his cup and twirled it thrice as the old woman bade, shooting the leaves to earth and leaving here and there black leaves stranded in the cup.

Granny shook her head over it. "Your eyes are turned back in yer head," said she, "fer to see yer own sorners, my son."

"Wonderful," said the Professor cynically; "it's terrible black magic."

The old woman stretched an eager forefinger. "Look ye forth," said she. "Look ye forth! There's joy for yer askin'."

The Professor looked forth and saw Stella demurely bent at her work. He looked back again sharply. "When shall I find it, Granny?" he asked.

"'Twill maybe run away," said Mother Uden. "Take an' hold. Take an' hold while ye may."

"Hold!" broke in the Professor bitterly. "What's the good of taking if I can't?"

Down the long field a cry came, arresting and triumphant, swollen with squeals from the children and a shrill falsetto from the old. "Last pole!" it was, the merry end of their long labour. "Last pole pulled and a good picking!"

Suddenly a new spirit flamed down the long avenues that were now bare skeletons of wood and wire. The bins—platoons of pickers—set to work in a fever of emulation each to outdo the other and be first finished. The call echoed down the lines for the measure to be taken. "Tally, tally, ho! Three waitin' in the third bin."

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The young battalions, now suddenly idle, armed themselves with broken poles and advanced threateningly upon the chain of pickers with their traditional refrain:

"We've got no work to do-oo-oo.
We've got no baccy to chew-ew-ew.
So give us a bob
Instead of a job,
For we've got no work to do."

A new willingness invested the place as the Professor went from basket to basket, notching the last tallies with his file and not too keen-eyed if the heaped harvest hardly touched due level.

"I'll hover 'em, Mother. Trickle 'em in gentle an' I'll hover 'em as soft as down," so the bin men who now threw off their old aloofness and offered their arms for the hops to be poured over lightly into the measuring baskets lest they should make too small a bulk.

Within a half-hour the long hop pockets lay bulging in the wagon ready for the oast while, leaving their stools, the pickers, reckoning their gains by the notches on their sticks, made a merry way home.

The Professor saw the load aboard and looked along the deserted line. Hopping was over. He felt that something had gone out of his life, a warmth that he had lost for two years, and now for a little while had found again among the happy alleys of the hops. His eye ranged to Number Five of the first bin, and with the sight of the empty chairs and the cold kettle derelict among dead ashes, the old woman's words came back to him, "Take and hold what you can, my son."

Suddenly he began to run along the path to the village.

Far off he picked the girl out in a group of villagers, and it came to him in a flash as a revelation that she, too, had changed in the short month of their common faring. There was more spring in her walk, though a brown bare-legged child rode on her back and she carried a burden of stools. She had a broken hop pole for a staff and strode as one who knew no tiring.

On the green he nearly caught them up.

"Stella," he called, "Stella Mayne, will you come here and speak to me?"

Never in Old Men's Meads had anyone heard his voice so eager.

The group stopped, turned, looked. Stella turned, and for a moment his gaze held hers. Slowly she moved her head and looked into the old woman's eyes. Incuriously the

others passed on. Mother Uden's jaws champed. Her face creased in that deceptive grin that might mean equally laughter or tears.

"Money's lieve," she mumbled out of some ancient store of hoarded wisdom:

"Money's lieve an' money's worth,
Love's the greatest thing on earth.
Pretty things as money's bought,
Love is given askin' naught.
Money's held with travail sore,
Love is bidin' evermore."

Stella thought of George Thornton and "You'd have no end of a good time, Baby," and with that she turned to the Professor.

"I'm listening, George Dean."

"Will you come over to my place?" He held out an arm appealing, and she walked by his side, silent, across the glooming green. He stood aside for her at the wicket, unaccustomed courtesy in Old Men's Meads.

"I'll light a gleam," he said at the door.

So she entered the room, dim-lit by the yellow candle flame. No one else had ever been there in the Professor's time. It was like looking into his starved and hidden heart.

Stella was almost frightened. The place seemed so tensely packed with him. It was careless, undusted, untidied. There were hats on chairs, pipes on the mantel, and in the centre of the shelf a large portrait of a girl taken in the ultra-artistic manner with artful shadows that hide emptiness. A litter of ashes lay in the grate, cold ashes like a cold romance. There was an old-fashioned desk upon the table.

The Professor set down the candle.

"Won't you sit down, Stella?" he said rather tentatively. "There is something I would like to tell you."

She sat, and he stood by the low window outlined in black against the little squares.

"You'll be going away soon," he said.

"To-morrow," said Stella with a little tremor. "Hopping's over. I'm going to Bishopstone."

And she thought that to-morrow or the next day she would be forced to make her choice at the cross-roads for High Faring on the hill or for Easirode in the valley.

He nodded. "There's one thing I want to tell you before you go," he said soberly. "To—to thank you. I only found out—slowly. That other—" He flung out a hand towards a picture on the shadowy mantel. "I've been nursing my hurt pride



"'My first offering, Stella,' he said, and knelt beside her. 'The rejected works of your poor Theocritus'—p. 234

*Drawn by
J. Dexter Mills*

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till all life turned sour. That other wasn't love. I've drugged myself with self-pity for two years. Two years out of a life, and now I'm here, a clodhopper, a failure; but before you go——"

He stood bent before her idly picking at an end of string in his fingers. "Before you go I'd like to tell you how much I love you and how much I wish you happiness."

Here was avowal and the negation of any offer in the same breath. In a flash she contrasted it with Geoffrey Thornton's letter and a scrap of the old witch's wisdom came into her mind: "Love is given, asking naught."

"I wonder if you know how much I wish yours," she said.

At that a light sprang into his eyes, dimming their sadness. "It is like you, Stella, to say that," he returned. "Do not fear that I shall mistake it. I have nothing to offer, but there must be many men who could give you love and the glad life you are made for." He paused as if for an assent.

"Oh, there are gates, George," she replied. "One bright gate and pretty road to the marsh, and another"—she paused and looked up at him rather eagerly—"that's you. You haven't asked me to go through the gate, and perhaps that is why I rather want to. Yet there must be many women who would make far better helpmeets for you than I could be. I know so little of the country. It rather frightens me. Nature is sometimes so very far from life. And then"—she paused as if seeking words—"I believe I really came to Old Men's Meads to find a gate that I only know in my mind."

"A dream?" asked the man.

"No, a reality. Yet I have never seen him. It sounds rather mad, doesn't it? But I have read things that he has written—I was a secretary and reader to a literary agent; I believe I have fallen in love with his mind."

"A well-known author?" queried the man. "Some folks have all the luck!"

"An unknown author," she corrected. "I

don't think anything of his has ever been published. It's too good for the general public, too precious—and too hopeless. If I could find him I—I know I could make him a success—because, you see, I know exactly why he fails."

"And you don't know where he lives?" he asked.

"Not even his real name," said she. "His work always came to the office, to be returned to a post office in Bishopstone under the nom de plume of Theocritus."

"Then you will go and find him?" he queried. "But perhaps he is a married man with a family."

"I didn't say that I wanted to marry him," said the girl. "But I know he needs me, and yet—and yet"—she looked round the bare, untidy room—"I know I love you."

"Go to your old Theocritus," he cried gaily; "you will come back to George." He came to her and, with a hand on either shoulder, looked into her eyes. "I told you I had nothing to offer, but I shall have later on. Thank God for you, Stella!"

He turned and opened the desk upon the table. His back was to her.

A sudden peace slid into her mind. She did not understand it, but she no longer feared the bogey of a future in the cottage. Oh, she loved this man! She knew that. But the call of that other mind——

George had turned towards her and his hands were full of papers. He placed them on her lap. "My first offering, Stella," he said, and knelt beside her. "The rejected works of your poor Theocritus!"



Granny Uden was waiting at her door when they came, and she drew the girl into the light from her little window, peering with her keen, old eyes into the radiant face.

"Ye've found what ye come for, dear heart alive," said she; "take an' hold. George Dean."





The site of the Battle of Rullion Green

In the Footsteps of the Covenanters

*A Tale of Scottish
Heroism*
By H. M. Forbes

THAT the Scottish people hold in high esteem the memory of the Covenanters is in no way surprising. In their fight for civil and religious liberty they exhibited a courage and constancy the memory of which time itself will not efface. The places which bore witness in one way or another to the valour of these religious enthusiasts are mainly to be found in the western districts of Ayrshire, Galloway, Dumfriesshire, though they abound none the less in many another locality, on many another stretch of moor and peat bog.

Of these some demand more than passing comment, especially the battlefields. Take, for instance, Rullion Green. Here on the slopes of the Pentlands was fought an engagement which, if somewhat dwarfed by other Covenanter exploits, is certainly not forgotten; never a year but the good folk of the surrounding district gather here to commemorate the memory of those who, fighting the good fight, came by a bloody doom. The humble memorial which marks the place where the victims of the field were laid to rest is, with its rude lettering and weather-beaten facets, just such as would have delighted Old Mortality to retouch.

A more terrible engagement by far than

Rullion Green was that at Drumclog, in Lanarkshire. Crudely as were the Covenanters armed on this occasion, confronting as they did the blade with the pitchfork, the musket with the scythe, it is not to be supposed that all the advantages lay with the opposing forces. Indifferently supplied as were the "Bible Boys" with arms, with ammunition, with accoutrements, they had at their disposal the advice of highly experienced warriors, men who had crossed swords with the hardiest warriors the Lowlands could boast, men who were as much at home in the redoubt as in the breach, and who with the rude implements of the kail-yard were not long in providing themselves with surprisingly effective, if obviously unwieldy, entrenching tools.

Terms such as reconnaissance-in-force, close-billeting, eschelon, revetment, fougas, abattis, were as foreign to the reverend fathers of the Presbyterian flock as the names of Jacob's sons or those of the tribes of Israel to the martinet entrusted with their suppression. But to have hazarded a rash conclusion on such a score would have been injudicious; time was when the greatest authority on economics in all Paris was the chief of a gang of robbers.

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When one compares the forces of the Covenanters with those of the Crown it would be difficult, not to say impossible, to find a greater contrast. In morals, manners, outlook, principle, the two were as far apart as the footsteps of Polybotes. One specialized in pleasure-making, the other in prayer; one looked for reward to the Crown, the other to the God of Battles;

when the clouds of battle began to lift did the full result of the Covenanters' victory become apparent. Incredible as it may appear, the great Claverhouse, the follower of Turenne, the hero of Seneff, had been humbled in the dust by the herdsmen of the west and the ploughmen of the Lothians. What wonder that, as these latter laid to rest the dead, their eyes were wet with tears of gratitude, no less than those of sorrow.

Certain places outside those localities primarily affected by this distressing and protracted campaign we must likewise visit if we are really to make ourselves familiar with its landmarks. Among these is Dunnottar Castle, a massive pile looking out in sullen contemplation on the waters of the German Ocean, in a subterranean dungeon of which was imprisoned a band of heroes such as would have added lustre to any cause in Christendom. There in a gloomy cell, alike damp and dismal, and boasting but a solitary window at which the wretched captives took the air in turn, were imprisoned a herd not merely of men, but likewise of women and children. Greater misery than that encountered by these unfortunates it would be impossible to imagine. Time and again their jailers, after fetching them water, deliberately poured it on the ground with a view to goading them to madness.

On the crags overlooking the waters of the Firth of Forth we obtain a peep at yet another famous Covenanter prison—that far-famed ocean aviary—the Bass Rock. A more sinister fortress than this it would be difficult to find anywhere. Many religious zealots have languished behind prison doors. Fox at Nottingham, Cranmer in the Tower, Luther at Wartburg, Bunyan at Bedford. How many of these, however, sampled the agonies of such a prison as the Bass? To the pleasure tripper the Bass is an ideal landmark; to the fowl of the air an ideal home; to the prisoner, alas!—for all its generous water supply—it was a hell.

Few prisons there are from which some poor captive has not attempted to escape,



Dunnottar Castle

Photo. Valentine

In a subterranean dungeon a host of men, women and children were imprisoned.

one had his camp and his bivouac, the other was a roofless wanderer; one was obsessed with the world, the other with the world to come.

The Battle of Drumclog was fought under conditions such as nowadays it is difficult even to imagine, i.e. in the presence of the womenfolk of the persecuted religionists. Far gone in years, frail in limb, wizened in features, women were there to watch their grandsons unhorse the accursed of the Lord, wives to watch their husbands, sweethearts their lovers. Even little children eyed that awful conflict. Nor apparently did the presence of these pathetic onlookers fail to inspirit their menfolk. Never did Claverhouse in the course of his career encounter so desperate a foe. For once the blast of the bugles failed to preface victory. Only

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the Tower of London, the "Heart of Midlothian," the Château d'If, the Bastille, these and a thousand others at one time or other have been the scene of just such desperate exploits. The Bass, however, does not merely stand alone in the water, but alone in history. From that a captive was as likely to escape as the robbers in Dante's "Inferno" would have been to evade their sinuous tormentors, as those guilty of simony to liberate themselves from the apertures in which they were fixed head downwards. The Bastille of the Forth was life in death, death minus its compensations. It was less an ocean-prison than an ocean-mantrap. Now and then a baulk of timber swept from a ship fleeing for safety before the gale was dashed at the base of that surf-girt toll-booth. That baton of wood under any other circumstances would have been a visiting-card left by Hope on Despair; to the Covenanter albeit Despair was an unknown quantity.

Two individuals the conventicle men regarded with special aversion—Claverhouse, that besabred Adonis in whom were united the courage of the jaguar and the cruelty of the wild cat, and Mackenzie, who, though he lies in soil consecrated by the dust of scores of those whom he persecuted, was devoid of human sympathy as a sceptic is of faith. The former shot with his own hand, and that without trial, not one but several Covenanters; how many innocents

were ordered to the gibbet by "Bloody Mackenzie" is only known in that world where "Pennon and show are humbled low" and the ermine of the judge counts no more than the tatters of the outcast.

If we are to adhere to our design, it will be impossible—whether we will or no—to avoid a peep at Magus Moor. It was on this desolate tract of land in the vicinity of St. Andrews that a party of extremists assassinated that traitor to the Church, Archbishop Sharp. That the Covenanters regarded Sharp with aversion was only natural; for years all he had done was to play a double game. At long last a fanatic who had made an attempt on his life at Edinburgh some years previous, having been induced by Sharp under a promise of pardon to confess his guilt, did as he was urged, only to discover that Sharp now basely denied that any such promise had been made. The inevitable result of this was that, pronounced guilty, the accused was executed. This brutal duplicity on the part of the Archbishop was speedily avenged. A number of Covenanters, lurking about Magus Moor on the look-out for one of the Archbishop's instruments, suddenly encountered that individual himself accompanied by his daughter Isabel, when, despite a touching plea for compassion on the latter's part, the prelate was brutally murdered. A more ominous name than Magus Moor is not to be found in the history of Fife. Among the Beelze-



Bass Rock, from Tantallon Castle

An ocean man-trap that was a hell to many an heroic Covenanter.

Photo: Valentine

THE QUIVER



The Battle of Bothwell Bridge

(From an old print.)

bubs and Ananias, among the Judases and Apollyons who followed the Royal banner (for such, if it will be credited, are some of the names adopted by those musketed bravos), that one name was capable of inflaming passions bordering on frenzy. Magus Moor! In encounters with the rude forefathers of the hamlet this cry these self-styled hell-hounds employed much after the style the word "Lusitania!" was by the Americans during the Great War.

Despite his unsavoury record many Covenanters vehemently deprecated Sharp's assassination. That they themselves had suffered endless wrongs, endless outrages at the hand of their persecutors, seemed to them no justification in the world for a policy of vengeance. Even the atrocity of the Solway, the drowning of Margaret Wilson and Margaret Maclachlan—the "Wigton Martyrs," as they were styled—because of their refusal to forswear the faith of their fathers, deeply as it horrified the Covenanters, entirely failed to goad them to reprisals. Not for them to preach pardon whilst unprepared themselves to put it into practice.

Those visiting the scenes hallowed by the stoicism of these stalwarts of the cross need look for no more engrossing port of call

than that section of the Clyde which witnessed the stirring encounter at Bothwell Bridge. Of the battle itself little need be said other than that the fray not merely ended in a serious reverse for the champions of the cross (several hundreds being killed, over a thousand captured), but that it was characterized by some of the most dastardly outrages that ever rendered hideous field of battle. It was not merely that scores of prisoners were murdered in cold blood; the same fate overtook not a few spectators.

It must not be supposed, however, that the English were the only persecutors of the field preachers. The Southern was, beyond doubt, sufficiently brutal; but what about the Highlanders? To the red-locked marauders of the Grampians a Covenanter was much what a shipwrecked mariner is to the thugs of Bandar Abbas.

Not so many months ago the dirge played in Greyfriars Churchyard in honour of the heroic martyrs was "Lochaber no more." In view of what has just been said anything more grotesque can hardly be conceived. As well might a band strike up "John Peel" at a recital of sacred music!

That the Covenanters were undismayed by these repeated reverses, this perpetual persecution, is eloquent testimony to their amaz-

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ing faith. No miser ever hugged his treasured hoard as the "Whig" did his testament. Did he sing—it was with ardour; preach—it was with fervour bordering on ecstasy; pray—it was with passionate intensity. Even when he spoke it was as though, like the fisherman on Galilee, he had looked into the face of the Master, touched the hem of His garment, conversed with Him, listened to His teaching, sunned himself in His compassion, shared His daily bread, participated in His hardships.

To such cavalry charges were as impotent as the caresses of the Zephyr. However the report of the culverin might shake the soil on which he planted his standard, it was powerless to shake his belief. Come mockery, come torture, come death, was not Christ a living entity, the Loved of the Invincible, the Son of the All Supreme? Only when one realizes this implicit assurance, this unquenchable trust, is one able to account for the superb intrepidity with which the heroic dale-man faced his malevolent assailants.

The intrepidity of the individual Covenanter at this period is sublimely testified by the conduct of Cargill, who, fully aware of the peril he was incurring, excommunicated at a conventicle at Torwood, in Ayrshire, not merely such potentates as Lauderdale and Rothes, but the King and the Duke of York! A cause upheld by champions of this stamp, precarious as it may at times appear, can never be described as hopeless.

The outstanding event remaining to be chronicled, i.e. that following the Battle of Bothwell Bridge, constitutes beyond all doubt one of the most amazing chapters in Scottish history. It is a page that reads more like one of the more stirring passages from one of Victor Hugo's romances than a chronicle of actual events. Of the unhappy prisoners, such as were able to make

the journey were conveyed from the battlefield to the Scottish Capital, where they presently found themselves imprisoned on a strip of land bordering Old Greyfriars burial ground. There in a miserable pen—as ghastly a penitentiary as ever housed captive—the martyrs lay through the depths of an unforgettable winter. At one period they actually lay in the snow and the rain, at a later they were accommodated with rude cabins; but cabins or no cabins, in conditions such as these what wonder that Death presently began thinning down their number. To the Esquimaux the igloo is a home; to the Whig it was other far. Still, if the authorities were under the impression that they had crushed the spirit of their victims they were strangely mistaken. The conditions of this Greyfriars settlement, truth to tell, defy delineation; so, too, the heroism of the prisoners. The captives were hardly permitted to see their friends, their



Entrance to Covenanters' Prison, Greyfriars, Edinburgh

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food was pilfered, their beer watered—this albeit produced but little effect on these north country Redemptionists. The sentries had direction that, in the event of a prisoner attempting to rise in the dark, he was to be instantly bulletted. As for the sentries themselves, there was little likelihood of their neglecting their instructions. The authorities announced that for every prisoner who escaped they would have the life of a redcoat, and, like Ivan the Terrible, these worthies never forgave. And yet even such an atmosphere as this failed to appal the

Presently a terrible rumour of impending woe spreading through those thinning ranks did for a time fill them with dismay. At that report—unofficial as it was—the stripling cast looks of envy at the greybeard's lyart haffets, his drooping shoulders, his emaciated features. As for the veteran, he in his turn cast looks of envy on the melancholy slabs in the graveyard beyond, slabs which—each in its wintry pillow-slip—spoke, if only by its presence, of a battle bravely fought, of a long-drawn journey ended. Presently what till now had been but



Signing the Covenant
(From an old print.)

valorous Scots. Some of those who lay here in durance vile month after month, ill clad, ill housed, ill nourished, were patriarchs, men in some cases whose grandsons had fought under the banner of the Covenant. Others were mere striplings. A peep at the procession of mothers, wives, sweethearts who, day by day, made their way to this open-air guard-room, or, despite the threats of the jailers, loitered about in the vicinity, would have moved the heart of a vandal. It entirely failed, however, to intimidate either the captives or their womenfolk. Was not the God of their fathers *their* God? As far as they themselves were concerned, was not that all-sufficient?

a rumour proved all too well founded. Such captives as still remained on the sleet-swept acre were to be transported to the Barbadoes, there to be sold as slaves! For a moment the hearts of the enthusiasts quailed within them. It was incredible! It was monstrous! A more barbaric decision surely had never entered the head even of Hassan Pasha. The piratical lair at Algiers was certainly no heaven; but if a hell surely not so near a replica of the original as the Court of High Commission.

Then slowly but surely the prisoners began to regain their self-possession. Supposing if, after all, they were to become slaves? What then? In implicit faith they had en-

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Some of the Signatures

dured the snows of the igloo, why not now the suns of Bridgetown and of Jamestown? One extreme could not be more harrowing than the other. Presently faces which had blanched with horror assumed a look such as that of Ridley and Latimer when led out to the faggot-encircled stake. A few faces resembled those of the burghers reimmortalized (if one may use the word) by the genius of Rodin; even over those, however, spread a wan smile, that of the undefeatable. Presently the demons on duty at the gate were amazed to hear not tears and lamentations, but a song in praise of the Redeemer!

That song had been last heard above the drone of the kettle-drum, where the pitchfork clashed with the pike, where the silver slugs dinned round Claverhouse's head-piece. Several of the sentries called on the choristers to cease their infernal babble. As well might they have rebuked the nor'-wester! The song persisted; it rose, it fell, it rose again—this time only the louder!

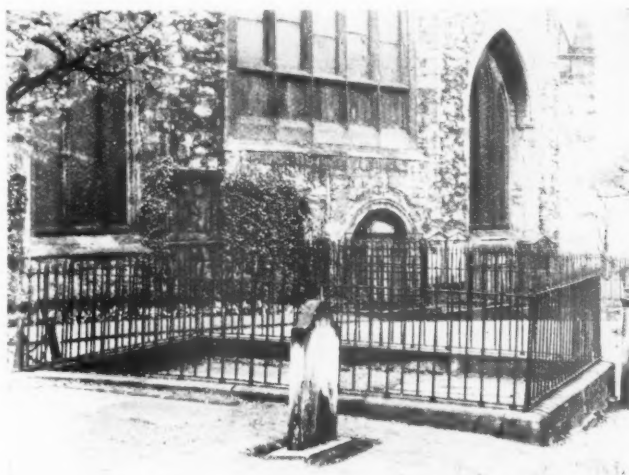
A day or two later the indomitable company quit Greyfriars for Leith, there to

embark on their never-to-be-forgotten voyage. Among this devoted band of spiritual die-hards was Janet Fimmerton. The charge against this woman was not that she had borne arms against the Crown, befriended the proscribed, or helped in any other way to defeat the ends of justice; but that she had so far forgotten the proprieties as to have provided a number of those executed in the Grassmarket with coffins! The enormity

of shrouding in wood an enemy of the Crown was clearly a matter which admitted of no mercy. The offender, poor creature, was over sixty; but "Fimmerton," it was argued, would make an "ideal handmaiden." For so enthusiastic a spirit as this the plantations were the very place!

Getting Rid of the "Ranters"

The slave ship—the *Crown* it was styled—at long last sailing down the Forth, made for the open sea. So far there was nothing of which the authorities could complain. The "scripture ranters" were not merely



The Stone on which the Covenant was signed

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under lock and bar, but a few more months and these last no doubt would be supplemented by the lash. The powers-in-being, however, were reckoning without their host.

When she reached the extreme north-east of Scotland, the vessel, after a fearful buffeting, became unmanageable, and presently with terrific impact was dashed against the boulders. A more appalling spectacle than that which then ensued, who can imagine? The crew, anxious that the "saints" should have no opportunity of swimming ashore, actually did all in their power to secure them in the hold. Of those who escaped this fate a certain number were done to death; the remainder—a mere handful—succeeded in reaching land.

A Treacherous Coast

Such, in brief, is the story of the Covenanters' slave ship. The average Britisher, when he thinks of the jaggy rocks and boisterous waters of the north-east of Scotland, can hardly refrain in doing so from calling to mind the ill-fated *Hampshire* and the illustrious soldier who, on that tragic day of July, 1916, went to his doom within no great distance of that grim and treacherous coastline. In no part of the world is Kitchener's memory held in higher esteem than in the land of the heather; but it is not of the *Hampshire*, alas, that the Scottish people as a whole primarily think at mention of the word Skaervetting. It is another wreck entirely that invariably arrests their imagination, another crew, another foe. The picture that they behold is one unrivalled in all the terrible annals of this distressful period, a hulk shattered on the rocks, its sails rent to ribbons, a band of maniacs slaughtering their defenceless charges, the bodies of women as well as of men snared, as it were, in a plethora of seaweed, a burial party composed of ocean desperadoes.

The Cause

It may be argued that here where the surf comes roaring in on the lonely bullers, and the cry of the sea bird is heard over the lapping of the waves, it would be impossible to find a more appropriate place to take a

reverential farewell of the heroic souls who, with the name of their Master on their lips, went down into the shell-strewn dungeons of the deep? Yes and no. Here we may say farewell to the Covenanters; but what of the grand cause which they embodied? Is nothing to be said of that? The truth is that their protracted battle for freedom a more brilliant victory over oppression was never achieved. Terrific hardships as they had endured that had not died in vain; terrible as was the casualty list they had sustained, their cause had triumphed; vindictively cruel as had been their enemies, it was those latter who had lost the day.

The Reward

Within a brief space of the disaster at Skaervetting the Government was compelled to adopt an entirely different attitude to these latter-day Crusaders. No longer was it necessary to take to the hills in order to peruse the word of God, for the old and feeble to expose themselves to the blade of the dragoon in order to worship after the style which their conscience dictated. The western shires were liberated from the malicious ghillie; the terrible law which prohibited the Covenanters' kinfolk from befriending them under penalty of death was abolished.

Those who rather than obey the decrees of a blood-lusty tyrant were free to return to their native fastnesses; the wholesale executions of men whose only defection was love of freedom was at an end. The decree which had rewarded love of faith with proscription, the love of neighbour with callous eviction, love of God with wholesale butchery, was suddenly negated. Until now the Covenanter had been regarded as a fuddleheaded fanatic; he was now a man among men. A nobler victory than this few champions have ever achieved, no matter what the cause. A more splendid or inspiring example is hardly to be found in history.

Thus the waters as they tumble on the lone breakers of Skaervetting instead of being a dirge are a song of triumph; so, too, the tides of Solway; so, too, the winds of Rullion.



Let's Begin Again

By
Annie S. Swan

MADGE FULLERTON looked out of the pretty sitting-room window with a very rebellious expression on her face.

"Jim's impossible!" she said, with a twist of her mobile mouth. "Quite impossible! What he needs is a lesson, and to be taught that a girl like me isn't a mere household drudge. He's a cave man. Well, he shan't make me into a cave woman, not if I know it."

She walked away from the window presently, and crossed the hall towards the kitchen regions to consult with Jeanie Crawford, the good general, who liked her young master and mistress very much, and hoped to stay with them a long time. But there was not much real house-keeping experience between these two, and Madge, reared in a large household, had odd ideas about a young general's capacity. She expected her to do everything. Cooking, certainly, was not her strong point, and the tiff that morning had been over burnt bacon, coffee thick with grounds, and the absence of toast.

"A rotten breakfast to expect a chap to go to town on," Jim had said crossly. Then the fat was in the fire. It was twenty minutes late besides, so that he had to run all the way to the station. A pretty wife, in a charming *négligée*, will not compensate a man for such total lack of creature comfort.

Madge, indeed, had been appalled at his forceful language, and imagined that she had discovered in her idol the feet of clay.

Jim Fullerton was merely a very ordinary young man, not aping at anything special, good hearted, hard working, devoted, and loyal; but, expecting certain conditions in his home, which his young wife did not provide.

She was the spoiled child of a luxurious home, and appeared to have come into the world minus all sense of responsibility to-

wards anybody but herself. She loved Jim, of course; but, apparently, not sufficiently to take much trouble about him. All she wanted was a good time for herself. Jeanie Crawford was washing her breakfast dishes in the scullery, thinking happily of the coming Sunday when she would meet her sweetheart, when her young mistress entered.

"Leave off washing dishes, Jeanie," said Mrs. Fullerton, "and let's talk about the food. I'll have to think it up, I suppose, for I'm going away for a few days."

Jeanie, wondering what was all the hurry, obeyed her young mistress, and came out of the scullery wiping her hands.

A slight, slim, boyish figure in a straight skirt and a bright pink jumper which matched the colour of her cheeks at the moment, her face framed by bobbed hair with a kink in it, the young wife looked ridiculously young to be saddled with any responsibility. She was not so very young, however, having passed her twenty-fifth birthday.

"What's in the house, Jeanie? Any cold meat?"

"What came off the table last night," said Jeanie stolidly. "I didn't touch it."

"Well, master must take cold meat to-night, that's all, unless he'd like hash."

"Maisters don't like hash," said Jeanie stolidly. "I mind the last place I wis in, Maister Wedderburn said if he got ony mair o't, he'd throw it ooten the windy."

"Dear me, what an unpleasant ogre! Well, cold then, and potatoes and cabbage, I suppose—everlasting cabbage—and a rice pudding, and the rest of the plums we had last night."

"They wis very soor," said Jeanie. "I don't think they're ripe mysel'."

"The rest of the plums," pursued her mistress evenly. "Master says we're spending too much on housekeeping, so he must eat remains. Now breakfast—"

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"Am I to do it a' when you're away?" asked Jeanie doubtfully.

"Why, of course. You came as a good general servant, didn't you? Oh, just bacon, and for Heaven's sake see that it's ready in time and cooked more thoroughly. Now, the dinner to-morrow night; you must just see what's left, and whether you can think up any new way of serving it. . . . Curry!" she added brightly. "Have you made curry?"

"Seen it made," said Jeanie, in a non-committal voice.

"It's quite easy, really, with a border of rice; you know, dry and flakey. Saturday and Sunday, you must ask Mr. Fullerton what he would like. Perhaps he'll go to his mother's, or to mine."

"Hoo long will ye be away?" inquired Jeanie, in her most doubtful voice, indicating that she did not like the proposition.

"I don't know; it depends," her mistress answered; but did not say on what it depended.

"Well, I'll do my best; but if there's any trouble, I'll leave, Mrs. Fullerton. It's a lot to expect me to do single-handed."

"You'll manage splendidly, Jeanie; most likely, far better than when I'm at home. I simply loathe housekeeping. Can't think why it was ever invented."

With that she left the kitchen, and Jeanie saw her no more until she came down-stairs, dressed for a journey, carrying a small suitcase and a fitted dressing-bag.

"I'll lunch on the train," she said. "You'll just carry on, then, Jeanie, as best you can."

"An' when wull you be back?" inquired Jeanie, in the same doubtful voice.

"I don't know yet, I'll write. Good-bye, Jeanie, I must run or I'll miss the bus."

The motor omnibus, which ran between Glasgow and the pleasant suburb in which the Fullertons lived, passed their gate, and Madge had found it the greatest convenience for her shopping expeditions, which were far too numerous for her slender purse. She had not altered her way of life at all since she became Jim Fullerton's wife. Reared in a luxurious home she had luxurious tastes, and even love could not reconcile her to having to count the pence before she went forth to enjoy herself.

Jeanie Crawford worked all day about the house conscientiously, if a trifle gloomily, did the best with the materials at hand for the dinner her master would eat alone, and at the usual time—soon after half-past

six—she heard his key in the door. Usually Madge would be either at the station, or at the end of the lane to meet him, and her absence indicated that she had not yet got over the tiff of the morning. Jim had regretted the haste of his speech, and had more than once been on the point of telegraphing. They could not yet afford the luxury of the telephone—one of the small deprivations at which Madge grumbled unceasingly. When he closed the outer door and the glass one, Jeanie Crawford came out of the kitchen.

"Evening, Jeanie, where's your mistress?"

Now this was a poser to Jeanie, who never thought but that her master would be fully aware of all her mistress's movements.

"She's away, sir."

"Away where?"

"I don't know. She left on the back of twelve, and said she'd hae her lunch on the train."

"Her lunch on the train," repeated Fullerton blankly. "What could she mean?"

"I dinna ken, but that's whit she said, an' she had her suitcase an' her dressin'-bag, and said she didna ken when she'd be back."

With that Jeanie withdrew, thinking it all a very queer story, but sympathizing extensively and exclusively with her master.

He went blankly into the living-room, where the round table was laid for one. Jeanie had risen to the occasion not so badly, seeing that there was a bright, clear fire to welcome her master home. He looked round quickly and searchingly for some letter or message, such as the runaway wife is supposed to leave behind. Then he went up-stairs to their bedroom and made a survey of the mantelpiece and the dressing-table, but all in vain; there was no message of any sort or kind. She had vanished utterly.

She would take her lunch on the train! That meant a long journey. Where on earth could she have gone in Christmas week, too, just when they were looking forward to some special enjoyments of their own and also some offered by their respective families.

He tried to eat his dinner, but every mouthful seemed to choke him, and he had not the faintest idea what were its ingredients. He did not further question the maid, but left the house soon after, saying



“ ‘Evening, Jeanie, where’s your mistress?’ ”

he was going over to Mrs. Fullerton’s mother’s house, which he could reach by train in about half an hour. The Cargills lived out west in Glasgow, in a large town mansion, and were very well-to-do, substantial people. They had five daughters, and were very pleased to give one of them to Jim Fullerton, the son of two of their oldest friends. Jim, though poor as yet, and only making his way, was a splendid young man, on whom the highest hopes were built. He reached the house a little before half-past eight, to find Mrs. Cargill alone.

“They’re all at the theatre,” she said as she greeted him. “I’ve been at a bazaar all day and was too tired. If you’d had the telephone, I’d have ‘phoned over for you and Madge to come up and dine and use the tickets.”

“Madge isn’t here by any chance, then?” he said, with a kind of uneasy gloom.

“Madge here! No, she isn’t. What is it, Jim? You look worried.”

“I am,” he said; and then gave a brief outline of what had happened.

“You had a tiff, then,” said Mrs. Cargill, without the least surprise. “I hope you were firm with Madge; she’s a spoiled girl, and you’ve given in to her too much.”

“I’ve tried to be kind to her, Mrs. Cargill, and make up for all she gave up when she married me,” said Jim, looking round the splendidly furnished drawing-room with a significant shake of the head.

“Fudge!” said Mrs. Cargill shortly. “Wrong line altogether with a girl like Madge. What did she give up? Only a corner in her father’s house, and she got you! You don’t think enough of yourself, Jim, and you’re far too good to Madge.”

Strong words, surely, for a mother-in-law to utter! Their effect was to slightly lighten the gloom on Fullerton’s face.

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"You haven't an idea where she can have gone, have you, Mrs. Cargill?"

"No; and I don't care. Jim, leave her alone, and don't do a thing to seek her. She'll come home when she's ready. If I were you, I'd close the house, send your maid home to her mother, and come here or go to your own folk."

"Not yet! I must give her half a chance," said poor Jim. "Perhaps she'll come back to-morrow, or there'll be a letter."

But she did not come back on the morrow, neither was there any letter on that day nor for several others. Madge Fullerton, in her desire to give her grumbling husband a lesson and show him she was not a mere maid-of-all-work to be at his beck and call, had disappeared as if the earth had swallowed her.

It is time to follow her.

With some difficulty she had gathered up enough money to pay her ticket to London, and leave a few pounds over. She had not been above going into Jim's lockfast places and taking what she could find there, her argument being that what was his was hers. She took a good bit of jewellery, too—some of the things she had got in wedding presents, reflecting that they might come in handy should she happen to stay longer than she intended, and her slender purse should become even more slender.

Arrived in London, she stayed the night at a small hotel near the station, which was very full, so that she had to take a very small, cold bedroom on the top floor. She did not sleep much, partly because she was too cold. The thick fog, with its icy edge, which covered the city like a pall, and for three days had paralysed the Christmas trade, seemed to permeate the whole atmosphere, even inside the walls of the hotel. Next day it was too thick to go out and look at the shops, a pastime in which she so frequently indulged at home. After she had eaten her breakfast, she did not know what to do with herself.

Sudder'y she took a new decision, got her things together, paid her bill, and proceeded by Underground to Paddington, where she took a ticket for Cheltenham. She was familiar with that journey, because she had been at school at Cheltenham and knew every bit of the country round about it. Her destination was a smallish, country house about three miles out, where was the home of her great chum Sara, commonly called Sally, Chester.

Hiring a taxi at the station, she drove out to Dorcott Manor, arriving there about five o'clock. It was the twenty-third of December, and the Chesters had a small house party for Christmas, a family one. When Madge arrived, the maid looked surprised, thinking the list of guests was complete.

"Miss Sally, miss? No; she isn't at home. She's gone to Teneriffe."

"Teneriffe!" cried Madge blankly. "Is Mrs. Chester in, then?"

"Yes, miss; resting in her room. All the guests have arrived for Christmas."

"Oh!" Madge's tone was blank and weary. She had made so sure of her welcome, of seeing Sally first, and passing on her tale deftly arranged to present only her side of the case.

"I'll tell Mrs. Chester, miss, if you'll come in."

"I'm Mrs. Fullerton, from Glasgow."

"And are you—were you expected, ma'am?"

"No; that is, my letter, of course, can't have reached Miss Sally," said Madge, lying glibly to save her face—as she might have expressed it. "I don't know whether I ought to come in, in the circumstances."

"Oh, yes'm, do, and see Mrs. Chester. There's Miss Sally's room; I'll take you there."

She did, and Madge was busy looking at the innumerable photographs and snapshots of the old school life and episodes when the door opened and Mrs. Chester entered. She was a tall, elegant woman, of the rather severe type, a woman difficult to know.

"My dear, I'm glad to see you; but how has this happened? Did Sally expect you? She's gone to Teneriffe with a party for Christmas."

"That's how she didn't get my letter, Mrs. Chester," said poor Madge, feeling desperately uncomfortable. "I just happened to be at a loose end in London for a few days, and thought I'd run down and see Sally."

"Is your husband with you by any chance?"

"Oh, no; he'll be coming up soon, however. But, please, don't let me be a trouble, Mrs. Chester. I dare say I can get a train back to-night."

"Nonsense; of course you'll stay here. We are rather full up with all the married children, and to-morrow my son Ted will come to this room. You'll stay the night, of course. I'm desperately sorry, and if it

LET'S BEGIN AGAIN

is Sally's fault—she's so very casual, as you know—"

"Oh, she isn't so casual as that. It was my fault!" cried poor Madge, plunging deeper and deeper into the mire. She did not much enjoy her night at Dorcott Manor, and left by an early train next morning, seeking another hotel in London, and settling down there for a few days, not knowing quite what to make of herself. She was very lonely, and sometimes a kind of frightened feeling stole over her, and when she thought of Jim's strong arms and tender, protecting ways, she felt like summoning him by telegram to her side.

Then the other Madge would assert herself, recalling vindictively every word he had said about her inefficiency and the right every man has to expect a decent meal in his own house. Then she determined that he should have his lesson. What about hers? She learned it, poor girl, in rather a hard school before many days were over. It was amazing how money melted in London, and how little one seemed to get for it. Madge had never been out on her own before, and had really very little money sense. Quite soon her satisfaction at contemplation of the consternation her flight would have caused in Glasgow was swallowed up in an overwhelming desire to return. London to the solitary, unattached person is a sorry place round about Christmas time. All the world seems to be rejoicing then, or getting ready to rejoice, not singly, but in battalions. The shops, stocked with Christmas goods and busy, happy Christmas shoppers, seemed to mock at Madge Fullerton's loneliness. And when the Day came, a solemn, blighting kind of day for the friendless, she tasted the cup of bitterness to the full.

By that time she had moved into a third-rate, private hotel in Bloomsbury, where you could get bed and breakfast for two half-crowns.

Half-crowns were not too numerous in her slender purse, and she had made up her mind that when the holidays were over, she would sell some of her jewellery and buy her return ticket to Scotland. Friendly Glasgow, even if she found family doors closed, would be easier and more sympathetic than this great, cruel London.

After she had walked about all the Christmas morning, listening to the church bells, and watching happy, expectant people hurrying to the morning service, she went home to her boarding-house. She did not

dare to go to church because, if you are feeling rather miserable, somehow everything seems accentuated in the quiet and hush. She climbed to her fourth-floor bedroom and, unlocking her bag, took out the small jewel-case, which a more experienced traveller would have carried about on her person. It was empty!

She sat back on the hard bed, sick with distress and apprehension, trying to think when she had seen it last. She had not opened it since she came into these quarters, and could not imagine where she could have lost the contents, or what thief had possessed himself or herself of her trinkets.

In a passion of anger, she rushed down to the landlady, who was superintending the meagre Christmas dinner-table for the few guests who remained. She was a large, stout, ironboned-corseted person, of whom Madge secretly stood rather in awe. For she had asked several questions when Madge presented herself at her door, seeking accommodation, and had been suspicious.

"Oh, Mrs. Ramsden!" she cried excitedly, bursting into the dining-room and holding out the empty trinket-box, "somebody has stolen my jewels out of the case."

Mrs. Ramsden sniffed, and, though she took a step nearer, did not offer to touch the box. "Jewellery!" she repeated. "Didn't amount to much, I expect. When did you see 'em last?"

"The day I came into your house. That was the last time I looked at them."

"Sure they was there then?"

"Quite sure!" cried Madge excitedly; and recounted the articles she had lost. Mrs. Ramsden maintained her air of suspicion and injured honesty.

"Well, all I can say, miss—or ma'am, if you should be that—nobody has ever lost anything in this house; and, p'r'aps you don't know it's libellous to bring charges of that sort in an honest, respectable house. It's a trick I've seen before, but it won't work here. An' if you say another word, I'll send for the police and give you in charge for defamation of character."

This was mere bluff, acquired by Mrs. Ramsden through years of dealing with a rather queer public. She was a perfectly honest woman, and, of course, naturally indignant at such a charge being made on Christmas Day in her house.

Madge, absolutely a child in knowledge of this queer world, had gasped with consternation, and ran out of the room pursued

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by the horrid thought that the landlady had accused her of stealing her own jewels, or somebody else's, or of not having possessed any, and trying by a trick to get sympathy or help.

To a girl like Madge Fullerton, reared in luxury and happiness, the situation seemed dreadful. She hastily dressed herself again and dashed out of the house, carrying nothing with her but her little satchel with her few remaining shillings, about thirty in all. When she came to the end of that, what could she do, or where could she go? Home was the only place! She would go into the nearest post office and telegraph to Jim. There did not seem to be any post offices in London! She seemed to walk for miles and miles before she saw one on the other side of the street. In her excitement, she dashed across at a place where four streets converged, and then, suddenly, about the middle, seemed to crumple up and remember no more.

When she came to herself she was lying in a small, white bed—one of a long row of little white beds—and there was a big table in the middle covered with flowers, red and white chrysanthemums. There were festoons of red and white paper roses suspended from the roof. What could it all mean? Why, a hospital ward, of course, decked out for the Christmas celebration!

How did she come there? Oh, yes, she remembered: a very fast car, with head lights full on, bearing down upon her from a sharp curve, and she could not get out of the way. So she was ill in hospital on Christmas Day in London, and nobody knew where she was. Supposing she had died, or was going to die, and they would never know! Would Jim mourn long, she wondered; or would he marry soon that hateful little Molly Duncan, who was such an abominably efficient person, knowing all about housekeeping that it was possible for anyone to know!

The mere idea brought big tears to her eyes, and they were rolling down her cheeks when the ward sister presently came to her side.

"Hallo," she said, with a pleasant smile; "so you've come to after taking a long time to do it."

"Where am I?" she asked weakly.

"The Middlesex—been here four days—concussion. You've had a near shave. I must go down and telephone to that husband of yours. He's gone home to the Russell to lunch, but he'll be on the doorstep presently."

Madge's expression puzzled the Sister, who, afraid of further talk, slipped away. "Jim at the Russell waiting; standing on the doorstep!" Sister certainly said that. What could she mean? How did it come that he had found her in London when, as she thought, she had cleverly covered up all her tracks? The explanation, of course, was all very simple: her own visiting card in the inner flap of her purse, a telegram to the address thereon, and Jim on the spot in as short a time as the journey could be made. In the midst of her wonder Madge seemed to float away again into the land of dreams, and when she awoke Jim was by her bed, his dear face bending low to the pillow, his eyes full of love.

"Oh, darling, why did you? You've nearly killed me, killed us all!" he said, forgetful of the Sister's injunction that exciting topics were to be avoided. Madge turned her head so that her lips touched his hand, and he bent down to kiss her.

"I was very wicked. Please forgive me, Jim! I've learned my lesson, and if I live—"

"Darling, you shall live. I'll keep you—I'll defy 'em all," said Jim, and his voice trembled.

A glint of the old bright Madge appeared like a flicker on her white face.

"Let me finish what I want to say. If I live, and you'll take me back, I'll learn every mortal thing there is to know. You shan't have any more burnt bacon or horrible vegetables. I'll be upsides with Molly Duncan; no, far ahead of her—"

Jim put his hand over her lips, and for a time there was silence—a blessed silence broken by Madge's murmuring voice:

"You do love me, don't you, Jim, and it's all over, isn't it? Let's begin again."

Jim's answer is not on record.

But they did begin again, and long afterwards, when Madge Fullerton could give a coherent account of that queer sojourn in London, she always said it was worth while, and she would go through with it all again to buy her present happiness.



"In her excitement, she dashed across at a place where four streets converged"

Drawn by
P. B. Hickling

Mozart Broadcast

A Simple Guide for
"Listeners-in"

By Percy A. Scholes

THERE is, at the present time, in this country a strong wave of interest in Mozart's music. Whilst still responding to the emotional appeal of Wagner and Strauss, people seem to be feeling the need of a calmer type of musical enjoyment. This is a healthy tendency, which is sure to find its expression in Broadcast programmes.

Following the general plan of the two previous articles, I propose to give in this one a simple statement as to Mozart's life

rarely go out to the big concert halls, and now has the concert hall brought into its own homes. Quite frankly, I assume both a certain degree of ignorance and a certain desire to know. Without these two assumptions, why write this article?

The previous articles of the series have discussed Beethoven and Wagner. The series is chronologically out of order, but it does not greatly matter. Still, it is just as well to get things straight in our minds, and we may do this by means of a little table of dates, covering in all a period of a century and a half.

I. HAYDN, 1732-1809.

MOZART, 1756-91.

II. BEETHOVEN, 1770-1827.

III. WAGNER, 1813-83.

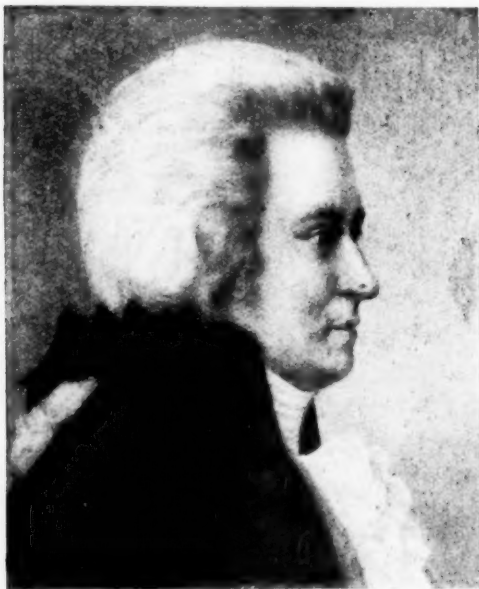
This gives us the subjects of our three articles, plus Haydn. Haydn had to be included because he and Mozart represent the same period in the evolution of music, and should always be associated in our minds, just as, for the period before, should be Bach and Handel.

Looking at that list of four great names, remember that it is progressive. By this, I do not mean that Mozart's music was better than Haydn's, Beethoven's better than Mozart's, and Wagner's better than Beethoven's; but that Mozart learnt something from Haydn, Beethoven from Mozart, and Wagner from Beethoven, so that the *style* of music was gradually changed, each contributing to the change.

With Haydn and Mozart we see the beginning of the sonata-symphony—string—quartet type of composition and of the modern orchestra.

With Beethoven we see that type of composition and that orchestra used in a more complex way and for the expression of stronger emotion and deeper musical thought.

With Wagner we see this complexity and increase of emotional force carried still



Mozart

and his position in musical art, such as may both awaken an initial interest in his music and help a little towards its understanding. Again, I write not for the professional musician nor for the seasoned musical amateur, but for the members of that large new public whose taste for music has been increased by the new facilities for hearing it; the public that, in the old days, could

MOZART BROADCAST

farther and applied to the stage treatment of dramatic poetry.

So, though we have taken our three composers out of order, it has been easy to bring them into relation and into proper sequence in our minds.

The Boyhood of Mozart

Mozart's life was sad and short. Yet that wants qualifying, for though some of its events offer distressing reading, yet a sunny disposition made the life less sad in the living than might be supposed, and though its length was only half of the three-score-and-ten allotted to man by high authority, yet so much was accomplished in that short period that, as a creative life, Mozart's must rank with those of much longer-lived composers.

The life began happily and might have continued happily had not the times been against this.

Mozart's father was himself a fine musician. He was a member of the court band of the Prince Archbishop of Salzburg, and the author of a violin tutor that long held the field all over Europe as the standard work of its class.

Mozart's sister was also a musician. She was about four years older than he. As a musical family the Mozarts were soon touring Europe. There were then few public concerts, and their plan was to secure invitations to play at the courts of reigning monarchs and the houses of the great.

Thus, when Mozart was six he played before the Elector of Bavaria, and later, the Prince Bishop of Passau, and, at last, at Vienna before the Emperor Francis I himself, with Maria Theresa and Marie Antoinette, the last then a girl.

When he was seven he played at Aix la Chapelle before Princess Amalie (sister of Frederick the Great), and at Brussels to Prince Charles of Lorraine (brother of the Austrian Emperor).

When he was eight he played at Paris to Louis XV of France, and in London to George III of England. And so on—the Family Mozart making a triumphant progress from court to court, greeted everywhere with favour and usually liberally rewarded.

All this time the boy was winning admiration not only as a player on the harpsichord (the predecessor of our pianoforte) and upon the violin, but also as a specimen of youthful creative genius. He composed little pieces, and sometimes published and

sold them, and he performed various surprising stunts: extemporizing, playing at sight any music put before him, or making and playing a full harmonic treatment of a first violin part or 'cello part (i.e. a mere melody or bass) which anyone cared to take up and put on the harpsichord in front of his eyes.

Everything of this sort was (literally) child's play to Mozart. Other musical children have shown similar gifts, but to him, more perhaps than to any other musical human being of whom records remain, music came naturally, as a genuine "gift of nature."

That is worth noting before we pass on, for one outstanding quality of Mozart's music throughout his life was its spontaneity and easy flow.

Mozart's Manhood

Unfortunately this brilliant reception of the boy-musician seems to have been a tribute more to his boyhood than to his musicianship. He was a child wonder, and when childhood had passed the wonderment to some extent passed with it.

He was still dependent upon the patronage and employment of the great—every musician was in those days. He took at last a position at Vienna as a member of the household staff of the Archbishop, he appeared at the Archbishop's court concerts—and dined in the servants' hall. In the end he was dismissed with contumely—they even say the steward kicked him downstairs.

Yet, though such treatment argues a lack of appreciation, his genius was not unrecognized. Many members of the nobility gave him moral support, and so did the Emperor, and his operas brought him fame with a wider public.

The Emperor made him court composer at a small salary. The King of Prussia offered him a much more lucrative appointment, but the tie of gratitude held him, and he continued to live in comparative poverty.

He married an affectionate and musical wife and had six children, of whom only one lived any length of time. (The infant mortality of those days was terrible. Mozart and his sister were the only children to survive infancy of their parents' family of seven, so that in the two generations only three lives out of thirteen were of reasonable duration.)

After a short manhood of pecuniary straitness, he caught typhus fever, and at

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thirty five was buried in a pauper's grave, no friend accompanying his remains through the storm that raged as his funeral made its way to the cemetery.

The works of Mozart most likely to be heard by wireless in the near future are mentioned below.

Operas

Single Acts of Operas and, in several cases, whole Operas have already been broadcast. The most important operas are *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, and *The Magic Flute*. Less important, but also likely to be heard from time to time, are *The Seraglio* and *Così fan Tutte* (literally, "Everybody does it").

The plots of some of these Operas reflect the careless life of the time, and all are of slight literary value.

Many broadcasting listeners like to purchase the libretti of operas about to be performed, and inquiries as to where they can be obtained are very frequently received.

The following particulars may therefore be offered:

The Seraglio (original German, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*), English Libretto apparently unobtainable.

Figaro (original Italian), English Libretto, Ricordi, 1s. 6d.

Don Giovanni (or *Don Juan*; original Italian), English Libretto, Ricordi, 1s.

Così fan Tutte, English Libretto, Novello, 6d.

The Magic Flute, English Libretto, Ricordi, 1s. 6d., or (another and better translation, by E. J. Dent), Heffer, Cambridge, or Harold Reeves, London, 1s.

Unfortunately, of none of these works is there a standard and accepted translation, and opera singers, whatever translation their company may adopt, generally deviate to some extent from it.

The music of all these Operas is remarkable for its wealth of lovely tune—the kind of tune that sings in your mind the next morning, and heard two or three times becomes a cheerful companion for life. This is, perhaps, particularly true of

Figaro and *The Magic Flute*. The Overture to *The Magic Flute*, by the way, is a rather elaborate and particularly fine piece, and is often heard as an independent item in broadcast and other orchestral programmes.

Orchestral Works

Mozart wrote over forty Symphonies of varying importance. Those most heard to-day are the G minor, the E flat major, and the C major (called the "Jupiter"). These are three very fine compositions of differing character. A charming feature of all (and indeed of everything orchestral which Mozart wrote) is the piquant way in which the wood-wind is used (flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons).

There are also a number of Concertos.

Chamber Music

The Sonatas for Piano and Violin, Trios, String Quartets, and other works of Chamber Music number amongst them some of the composer's most characteristic pieces. Their general form is that described in the article on Beethoven, but they are lighter in texture, and often less serious in style than Beethoven's.

Piano Music

We, many of us, began Mozart badly by learning some Sonata whose main merit was that it lay within our youthful capacity. Some of the Piano Sonatas are, indeed, quite dull. Others contain certain strikingly beautiful movements, but all need perfect playing if they are to be enjoyed, for their very simplicity and "thinness" of line makes high demands upon the player's artistic sense.

Other Works

Amongst other works likely to be heard are the *Requiem*, which the composer wrote upon his death-bed, and which had considerable finishing touches given to it by a friend.

The so-called "Mozart's Twelfth Mass" (a vulgar work—at all events in some of its movements) does not contain a great deal by Mozart's own hand.



THE FATAL FORTIES

Marriage and Middle Age

By
Mrs W.L. GEORGE

THE fatal forties! Fatal may sound ridiculous, but is it? How many married couples over forty can we point to and say: "There is a really happy marriage"? We can find many more or less contented ones, but few can be described as more than that. And why? Because the forties are a dangerous age, and too few of us realize it, thus depriving ourselves of means of protection.

Always one hears of the follies of youth; but compare them with those of the forties and they become negligible. The follies of youth are born of heedlessness, lack of experience, impulse, but the follies of the forties are those born of desperation.

The Man of Forty

What does his fortieth birthday mean to a man? To begin with he feels mature, established—in fact, a man of affairs. His ambitions in life are not yet fully realized, but his feet are planted on the right road, and his aspirations may lead him far. He is married, and has children; he is proud of both, and he and his wife spend much time in discussing the future of their children. As for his wife, "well, thank goodness," he thinks, "*they* are a sensible couple, in love, of course, but no longer romantic." "Romantic," the word suddenly strikes him. Is he at forty too old for romance; are any of his powers of fascination losing their force? For a moment doubt assails him, then he reassures himself; after all, at forty a man is in his prime. But that moment of doubt recurs and awakens un-



Mrs. W. L. George

Photo: Vandyk

easy thoughts. True, he is in his prime, but time is flying, and soon romance will pass him by for ever. Perhaps at that moment he meets an attractive girl, and so begins another mild flirtation, more as a means of reassurance than anything else; and what happens? It may be disaster, or it may be a passing whim, but whatever the result the danger is there.

What of the Woman?

This is a brief sketch of the feelings of a man at forty, but what of the woman? For her this period of life is a hundred times more dangerous.

Youth is so important to a woman; it is to her the corner stone of her existence, and yet she cannot retain it for ever, even today when the old-lady age is non-existent.

What, then, does her fortieth birthday spell to a woman?

What does she see as she gazes into her mirror? A grey hair, a wrinkle; but what of that? She feels young, and she doesn't look her age. *Doesn't look her age . . .* that is her tragedy. How long before she *will* look her age, and then what does life hold out to her?

Her husband and children; she loves them. They are her occupation and her

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delights, and yet do they satisfy her? Is she content to live only for them?

Not Needed

Her husband is immersed in his work, her children are at school; neither seem to need her. Her husband is fond of her, of that she is certain, but he has ceased long ago to tell her so. She feels so settled, so sensible . . . and so bored. Bored not so much by the present, but because she feels that this present is also her future. Bored not so much because she wishes for a different future, but because she wants to feel that it lies in her power to change should she so desire. And how is that power to be hers if youth and her good looks are deserting her? And from these reflections comes to her the thought, "Yes, soon I shall no longer be attractive, but I am today—at least, *am I?*" And then, like the man, partly to reassure herself and partly because she has nothing else to do, she involves herself in a flirtation, and in this flirtation, because she feels it is her last, she becomes reckless, she loses her head, and then . . . her folly knows no limits.

How, then, are these dangers to be avoided? In my opinion there is only one way to avoid danger, and that is to make up one's mind to face it. And in this case one should not wait for the situation to arrive; face it before it becomes an actual fact, and by so doing probably tragedy will be avoided.

Where Am I Going?

Take the situation of the man, and let him, while he is yet in his thirties, ask himself these questions: "What am I going to make of my life? Middle age is approaching; what interests am I making for myself? Am I pursuing a career, and if so, what are my interests apart from my work? Do I play games; have I any hobbies? I am fond of women, and I have a certain amount of success with them, but where is this leading me? Is it not possible that I am developing into one of those middle-aged men who seek women ever younger, and eventually become that unpleasant type, the middle-aged man who pursues the society of flappers?" I do not think that any man deliberately chooses "flapper chasing" as a hobby. He does it because of lack of interests, and because love making has become a habit. But the man who has asked himself the foregoing questions is armed against circumstances,

and is therefore able to prepare himself for his middle age. Besides, is love so important to a man? To most men their career is a good second, if not equal interest. Love making to a man is largely a question of vanity, born of his desire to dominate and achieve. Few men who are successful in their business, or whatever they choose to make their interest—it may only be a form of sport—have much time to spend in philandering. And if they are *contentedly* married, unlike a woman, it is all they require.

A Difficult Position

For a woman it is different. Love is her life, and that is why the position of the wife of forty is so much more difficult than that of her husband. She *has* her children, but of what use are they to her? None! She loves them, but do they occupy her? There again lies tragedy; while they were little she was very necessary to them, but now they are growing older they need her less and less. They love her, but they are making their own interests, and they no longer want her active; they want her passive; they want her as a cushion on which to rest, but not to enter with them in their battle with life.

Her husband, too, desires soothing, not stimulating, and yet there she is, brimful of energy, vainly seeking for an outlet.

Is it to be wondered at that a woman so placed and lacking other interests, feeling herself unnecessary to her family, and her looks waning, should turn to other men for her amusement? It is natural that she should, and it is in order to prevent these circumstances arising that she should prepare for her forties while she is yet young. No matter how much her babies and her husband engross her she should, to a certain extent, deliberately curb her inclinations, and make herself interests outside her family.

Playing a Losing Game

Another reason, too, why she turns to other men is because, through her attractions to other men, she hopes to keep the interest of her husband. There she is right. One of the surest ways of keeping a husband's love is by letting him see that others envy him. And then again, a wife of forty feels she is playing a losing game. When she looks ninety she will no longer have this weapon with which to allure men. It is then that the woman scores who, while

still enjoying her youth, realizes what the future holds for her, and so prepares herself by cultivating her interests. I think women lay too much stress on looks. Beauty attracts a man at the beginning, but personally I doubt very much whether beauty alone will hold him for long. To-day woman has so much freedom, so many doors are opened to her, that it is her own fault if she lacks outside interests.

The Question of a Career

By interests I do not mean careers; generally speaking, the latter are not suitable for the wife and mother, because, of necessity, she has not the requisite time at her disposal. A career for a woman, to be successful in it, is a whole-time job, but interests are another matter. For instance, a woman can provide herself with a great interest by developing a social life. And in doing so she may render her husband great service in his career. Most men with social wives will agree that they are an asset, and therefore the woman has the satisfaction of knowing that while she is providing herself with amusement she is also helping her husband. Again, most women are interested in business, and when their husbands allow them will follow them carefully in their business or profession. Whenever I hear a man complain that his wife is not interested in his work, I feel convinced that the fault is the husband's and not the wife's. No woman can follow a man's career unless he allows her to do so, and the man who discourages his young wife has only himself to blame if when she

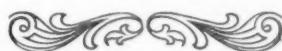
approaches middle age she is no longer interested in him.

Not Love Alone

Marriage cannot endure on love alone, any more than a marriage can be happy where love does not exist; nor can love live without our taking trouble to preserve it. It is astonishing how much care we take over unimportant small things, but the most vital thing in marriage, namely, "love," is invariably left to take care of itself.

Love Must Descend from its Pedestal

In our youth love is a thing of romance, untarnished by the cares of everyday life; it is a joyous thing, and must be kept on a high and wonderful plane. The young husband will not worry his wife with business details, and she on her side will hide from him her various trials. But it is a mistake; love must descend from its pedestal and take a share in all the worries of a common life, and by so doing marriage becomes a real marriage, by the union of two people, not only in their joys, but also in their sadnesses. So, too, then, love of necessity can no longer be a thing of sentiment and delicate romance; and it must be given the opportunity to develop into a loving and warm companionship between a husband and wife, who even though they are entering their forties can look forward with joy to the prospect of spending many years together. Years filled with mutual interests too fully occupied to allow them time to regret the passing of their youth.



To an Artist

By
Ethel
Talbot

To some are given eyes to see
The further view:
Some gain half-glances mistily.
To just a few
Is given a power of greater part—
To see, and seeing, point their star
To others, searching from afar
With straining eyes and struggling heart;
But such a power is not for all to gain,
Only the few who tread the path of pain.



"No; if there's aught to be done, we've got to do it ourselves, Simon," said Robert Underwood"

Drawn by
Chris Crombie

THE "JAY-PAYS"

by
Mary Wiltshire

SIMON BARROW and Robert Underwood, J.P.'s and Churchwardens of Longhill Carton, sat in solemn conclave over clay pipes and a toby jug—two solid properous men, with worried faces, upon whom the burden of their responsibilities was weighing that night very heavily. A roaring fire blazed up the big chimney, bringing deep lights out of heavy mahogany; the shutters were close-barred against the frost and the biting north-east wind that blew across the hills. It wanted but a fortnight of Christmas, and they were men who were wont to keep the Festive Season festively; but for all that, their faces lengthened, their frowns grew blacker, and their voices dropped tone by tone to depths of gloom.

"It be a bad business," said Simon Barrow.

"It be that, Squire."

Simon Barrow was not, in actual fact, the Squire of Longhill Carton; but he was the largest landowner in the village after Our Gracious Sovereign Lord King George the Third; and presumably His Majesty, with his greater title, would not grudge his loyal subject the use of the lesser one.

"It be all very well," Simon Barrow broke the silence again, "to come to us and tell us as we've got to put a stop to the doings of these scoundrels—black Irish Papists I believe they be, both on 'em, and the boy's a changeling of the Devil himself; but if the folks that be so busy teaching us our business 'ud go a step farther and tell us how to catch the varmints at their trade, there'd be a deal more purpose to it."

"'Tis always the same," Robert Underwood rejoined bitterly. "'Tis main easy to

tell other men to do the job as you han't the stomach for yourself. Can you and I go walking down to Little Common Way and tell Peter Rye that he stole Gaffer Burden's side o' bacon, or that we'm going to have his brother up for taking a keg o' home-brewed from Thomas Minty's? We'm sure, and so be all the village, that that's where the things be gone, but 'tis no good unless you can catch 'em at it."

"And I don't think 'tis much good sending to Downborough for the Watch."

"The Watch!" said Robert Underwood, with a snort. "Five miles in and five back over a dashed bad road, and most like find 'em too drunk to understand a word you said to 'em. No; if there's aught to be done, we've got to do it ourselves, Simon, and that's certain, and a plaguey business it is. I've no more liking for a bullet between my ribs than anybody else, and I won't make any pretence about it."

"Nor I; and I'm pretty sure the women'll make a fuss about sending of 'em into the Bridewell just at Christmas-time, and with the wedding and all. Maggie's that soft!"

"Women mostly are."

"And there's naught to be gained by it with such truck as that. If a chap be down on his luck through illness or bad times, and he don't keep as straight a line as he might 'twixt his own goods and his neighbours', why, you can look it over; but with them thieving, poaching vagabonds——"

"I'd have no mercy on 'em."

"Nor I. Well, here's supper, and we bain't much further forward."

"Best sleep on it. This be main good tobacco, Simon."

It was. It had come across the Downs by ways unknown to His Majesty's excise-

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man, but tasted none the less sweet for that. It brought, however, no solution of the problem confronting the two representatives of the King's peace in Longhill Carton; which was, briefly, how could two fat men in middle life, neither very skilled in the use of fire-arms, and neither very swift on their legs, lay hold on two nimble gipsies, who were both.

The two thieving, poaching vagabonds in question were newcomers to the neighbourhood. There are, even to this day, on the outskirts of most of the villages that fringe the Downs—and were, at that time, far more—patches of No-Man's Land; bits of worthless common which have been the haunt of gipsies and travelling road-folk from time immemorial; strips of grass lining a by-road very often, where sometimes habitation has persisted until squatter rights have been established, because it was no one's business to stop it. On such a patch, about two years previously, Peter and Bill Rye and a small boy had taken up their abode, living in a crazy shed that some bygone resident had left behind. No one took any notice of them at first; gipsies came and went; they lifted a bit of game, maybe, and were in many ways something of a nuisance, but it was not wise to offend folk who had such wide knowledge of charms; the herb-teas and oddments of laces and ribbons that they peddled came in handy; the tumblers and dancers who often formed part of their number made an amusement of a winter afternoon. So, in general, they camped on their patches in winter and departed when the time came for the Spring Fairs, unmolested and unmolested.

But these two were different.

They were swarthy, gipsy-looking fellows enough, but they seemed to have no real kin with the gipsies, nor to keep to the gipsies' ways. They arrived in October, for one thing, long before the Fall Fairs were over; then, although they had things to sell, they did not seem to care much whether they sold them or not, and before they had been in Little Common Way three months Longhill Carton began to miss things. Small trifles at first, and then more and more—chicken, pieces of bacon, lengths of homespun, bags of flour and meal. It was attributed to a particularly dishonest lot of gipsies the first winter; but spring came, the gipsy encampment lay empty and bare, and the depredations still kept on. The residents laid their losses

to the score of the Devil during the ensuing months—though what the Devil would do with hams and worsted was not explained—and went to church assiduously; then Thomas Minty, of the Black Dog, taking a walk abroad for an unpublished purpose connected with French brandy, noticed that there were "two lousy-looking varmint and a limb of a boy" still occupying a shanty down Little Common Way, and suspicion shifted from His Satanic Majesty to a more human agency. But His Satanic Majesty would seem to have been almost as easy to deal with. Suspicion grew to certainty, for "if they beggars didn't live by thievin', how did 'em live?" They resembled the lilies of the field in that they toiled not, neither did they spin, and though not arrayed like unto Solomon in all his glory, being attired chiefly in odds and ends of rags kept together by an armour of dirt, yet they were well-fed enough; but even certainty was no good unless supported by ocular evidence, and ocular evidence was the one unobtainable thing. The only incontrovertible fact about them was that they ill-treated the boy.

Thus matters had stood for nearly two years; but of late the thefts had been on a larger scale and more daring, till at last the leading lights of the village had gathered in desperation in the bar-parlour of the Black Dog and decided that somebody should "do zummst." There were two County Justices living in the village—the Jay-Pays as old Jarge Burden called them—and finally it was agreed upon that Thomas Minty of the Black Dog, Samuel Holden the butcher, and young Jarge Burden, whose wife kept the village shop—these being independent gentlemen and beholden to no single employer for their livings—should go in a body to East End and demand of Squire Barrow that he and his fellow Jay-Pay of Crotchways should, in a definite and concrete sense, "do zummst."

With the results aforesaid.

With supper came in the womenkind, otherwise, Mrs. Barrow, cheerful, pleasant, and rheumatic; and Maggie, the only daughter of the house, together with Dan Underwood, whom she was to marry on New Year's Day. Talk turned, as usual of late, on the "thieving vagabonds," and the tale of the village deputation was told with added bitterness.

"Well, what are you going to do?" asked Dan.

"What can anybody do?" replied his father tartly. "Lie in wait for the varmints and get a bellyful of lead, I s'pose, and then perhaps those fools down yonder'll be satisfied."

"You'll have an opportunity soon," Dan informed them cheerfully. His own farm lay ten miles away across the Downs, out of the radius of the Ryes, and he was secretly rather amused at the whole business. "I heard to-night that this was to be the next place for a raid."

"Wha-a-t!" sputtered Simon Barrow.

"Should reckon that's what it means, anyway. One of the pair—Peter, I believe—was drinking down in the village the other night and said he should fare with the best this Christmas-tide, for Squire 'ud give him his Christmas dinner. Squire's geese were main good, and so was his cheese; no wonder he was getting so mortal fat, the fellow said. Drew, the blacksmith, told me; Jim had a shoe loose as I rode in."

Squire Simon Barrow uprose in his wrath. That they should rifle the village larders and hen-roosts was bad enough, but that they should attempt the sacred precincts of East End, and should, moreover, loose their ribald tongues anent the increasing bulk of its owner, was a crime for which adequate words could hardly be found.

"Fat, am I?" he roared. "'Tis honest come by, anyway; and I'll soon show 'em that I bain't too fat to aim at the likes of they. Raid my cheese-room, would they? Well, let 'em! I hope they will, the shameless rogues; maybe they'll find that honest men can be as smart as they, though 'em be fat. Fat! I'll gie 'em fat! Will come and keep watch in the cheese-room nights for a week afore Christmas, Bob Underwood?"

"Ay, I'll do that."

"I'll come, too, if you like," Dan offered.

"Thee can keep out of it. I'll not have it said that Simon Barrow needed to have a stripling to help him look after his own. Perhaps they think I'm too fat to get up the cheese-room stairs, eh? I'll show 'em."

Maggie's bright face had clouded.

"You mean you are going to wait for them and take them prisoners?" she asked.

"If we can, and shoot 'em if we can't!" her father snapped. "Got aught to say against it?"

"No-o, not exactly. I know they're bad

men; only I wish it didn't come just now, with Christmas and all." Dan's eyes sought hers understandingly; he wished it, too. It was not a pleasant prelude to one's wedding. "And," she added, "I'm terrible sorry for the little boy."

Simon Barrow frowned. Women were soft; probably the boy was only too pleased to follow in the footsteps of his father and his uncle, if the truth were known.

"Most like a chip of the old block," he growled. "Ye can't grow figs from thistles; do say so in the Bible."

Maggie was wise in her generation; she said no more, but she began to consider things. Little Common Way bordered the confines of East End, and led up to the sheep-folds and a patch of Down where plovers nested. Going up to hunt for eggs one day of spring, she had come on Ikey Rye lying face downwards in the grass, sobbing his heart out. "Them" had leathered him worse than usual, and he had been kept without food for two days as a punishment for bungling some snares. He was a wild, uncouth little being, but something in him responded to Maggie's honest kindness, and bit by bit they had established a friendship; she had given him dinners and odd 'ha'pence from time to time, on a strictly private and confidential basis. She was a dutiful daughter, but duty has its limits, and she was sorry for the ill-used, half-starved scrap of humanity. Ikey's great ambition was to be a farm boy; if he could have got shot of his detrimental belongings—of "them"—he could have got on, he knew he could; but the sort of folks he came from—'course nobody would employ him. He wished the Devil 'ud fly away wi' both on 'em. This to Maggie in a burst of confidence one day.

She reproved the expression of the sentiment, but could not, in her heart, disagree, and had begun to wonder if place could be found for Ikey on Dan's farm; perhaps, when she was married, she could manage it. This decision to-night upset all her plannings, however. That the elder Ryes would be transported or hanged if they were caught was tolerably certain; and even if they did not involve the boy with them, which was hardly possible, what course was open to him but to steal, or starve? It would be useless to appeal to her father in his present temper. She would try Dan if she could get him to herself in the course of the next few days; but there were not many days left, and her heart was heavy

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for poor little Ikey. At this festival time, the festival of the greatest Child of all the children who lived in the world, it was wrong and dreadful that a child should be hungry and beaten and cold, and should be set to thieve. For the men she had scant pity, though she did wish that they could meet their fate at some other time than just before her wedding-day; but for the boy she would plot and scheme in a fashion worthy of the Ryes themselves.

It was not for a week that she was able to get speech alone with Dan. There were so many preparations to make for the Mummers and the Christmas dinner, and the wedding, and the country dance in the barn which was to follow it, that, her mother being debarred from much activity, the girl would have scant leisure for talk even if Dan had been with her; but snow rendered the roads between Loughill Carton and Hanging Hill impassable for several days, and it was not until the day before the one appointed for the first watch in the cheese-room that he arrived, ruddy and glowing, though with frozen fingers and toes, and kissing Maggie heartily as he came in.

"Thought I wasn't going to be on hand for the wedding, my maid? I began to think the same; but you're not going to get rid of me so easy."

They went out together to feed and shut up the fowls later in the afternoon. The snow-clouds had cleared away, leaving a sky of clear cold blue; north and east of them the Downs rose sharply, snow-covered and drear; away to the west, where a blurred deep glow overhung the great valley that drops down and down till one comes to Bristol and the gate of the western sea, a single star shone brilliantly.

"Most like the Christmas star," Maggie said as she looked at it; "I saw that this morning for the first time."

"Ay," replied Dan absently; then, "what's amiss with you, my maid? You don't look so bright as usual."

The girl hesitated; she was of a practical, independent turn of mind, Maggie Barrow; not over-much given to confiding in anyone; but this was more than she could carry alone, and besides, Dan had a right to know her doings; so she told him.

"I don't think you need trouble your head much about our two old gentlemen indoors there," he laughed, when she had finished. "I don't see my dad keeping awake for hours after his supper and squat-

ting in a cold cheese-room all night; nor yet the Squire, for all he's in a rare taking. But about the boy"—his voice changed; Dan Underwood held a soft place in his heart for boys—" 'tis a black shame a youngster should be treated so. I wonder if he'd be honest if I gave him a chance now? That's the trouble. I couldn't keep him if he wasn't, and 'tis hardly to be expected as he should be."

"Miss Maggie," came an urgent, hissing whisper out of nowhere.

Maggie stopped short; they were across the yards and close to the fowlhouse now; the big, thatched barns, the hay and corn ricks, the cowsheds, all the outward signs of the peaceful, busy life of the great farm lay around her, sharply outlined in the clear, long-lingering twilight; the air was so still and crisp with frost that she could hear the bleating of the sheep, safe-folded against the cold in the lower pastures, and the bark of the shepherd's dog; but nowhere could she see the owner of the voice.

"Miss Maggie," came again, more insistently than before, but with the same caution.

"Who is it, and where?" asked Maggie clearly.

"Sh! speak low, Miss Maggie; it be Ikey. I be under t' fowlshed."

Maggie understood. The fowlhouse was raised on staddles as a precaution against rats; and in the little space between the floor and the ground Ikey was hiding.

"If 'ee'll go inside, miss, there be a 'ole in t' vloor; I c'n make 'ee year."

"No," Dan interposed with quick authority, "come along out and let's have a look at you; you needn't be afraid; there's no one about, and no one'll hurt you."

There was a whimpering protest, but after a minute he crawled out, shaking with cold and terror; a wretched little object; too abjectly frightened to do more than shrink away when Dan turned him round to face the waning light. He was half naked, with no more flesh on his bones than a scarecrow; ugly weals across his back, and a bad bruise on his face; but it was possible to believe that if he had been clean and well-fed, and had not had his wits nearly scared out of him, he might not have been a bad-looking little boy.

"Couldn't us go inside?" Ikey implored.

"All right," Dan conceded; he seemed to have taken charge of the interview; and when they were inside, Ikey keeping well behind the door, he asked him:



"The door opened slowly and cautiously, and the moonlight fell across the face of Maggie"—p. 264

Drawn by
Chas. Crumble

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"Now then, what was it you wanted to tell Miss Maggie, youngster?"

Ikey breathed deeply. "You won't let on as I telled 'ee," he queried.

"No, Ikey; it's all right. You needn't be afraid of us," Maggie assured him gently.

"It be 'them,'" Ikey half sobbed. "Em be goin' to rob Squire's cheese-room to-morrer, an' I knowed as Miss Maggie did make the cheese, an' she've been kind to I, an' 'em sez as 'em be goin' ter put I through the winder 'cos it be barred an' too narrer for they." His voice rose to a stifled shriek. "They'll kill I if so be as I sez as I wun't do ut," he wailed. "They'd most kill I ef they knowed I'd a-telled. They've beat I till I can't bear it no longer, an' there bain't nowhere fer I to go, an' nobody t' 'elp."

Maggie was crying. Dan's ears were ringing with some phrase about doing it to the least of these; and the thought of a Child mingled with an aching desire to be behind the Brothers Rye with a stout cudgel.

"How did you get hold of all this?" Dan asked.

"'Em bin talking 'bout it nights; wher' the ladders was kep', an' that; an' 'em bin makin' oop t' one o' th' wenches t' know wher' t' ca-ake an' stoof wer' fer Miss Maggie's weddin'; an' las' night 'em knawed as 'twer in the cheese-room, an' did zay as 'em be gwine to send I droo, an' one be gwine to stop by, an' t'other be gwine to take a turkey or a goose or zumat, an' then 'em be gwine to put I to the dairy fer zumat else."

"And what made you come and tell?" asked Dan.

"'Cos 'twer the things fer Miss Maggie's weddin', an' I yeard down to village as Squire wer' goin' to watch out, and I knawed as we'd all be ketched, an'"—he broke into sobbing again—"I couldn' abide fer Miss Maggie to think as I done it willing-like, an' I knawed as she allus shut up the vovels, an' I didn' zee as she werdn't by 'erself till arter I'd a-called onct."

"Um-m-m-m." Dan chewed a straw meditatively. The sunset glow had gone now, and inside the fowlhouse it was dark, though a primrose light lingered outside, showing through the blue mist of frost. The fowls had huddled together resignedly on their perches; evidently these wretched humans were not going to shut the door to-

night, and they must put up with the cold as best they could.

"Be you hungered now?" Dan asked the boy.

"Ah."

"Maggie, could you go back and get him a hank of bread without anybody knowing? Say you've forgotten the key, or something, if they ask."

Maggie nodded and sped away; returning, with bread and bacon, to find them deep in confab.

"Now, you are sure you understand?"

Dan was saying as she came in. "You go on just ordinary, and if there's a shindy, stick close to me."

"Yessir."

"Right. Now get on back."

Ikey vanished in the gathering dark; so quickly and silently that Maggie rubbed her eyes. She locked up, looked to see that the horseshoe was in its place on the door, and they turned to go.

"I dunno if I'm a fool for my pains," Dan said as they re-crossed the yard; "but I've told that boy that I'll take him on and see what I can do for him, if we can get him out of this caddle he's in now."

Maggie squeezed his arm.

"I'm glad," she purred contently; "but what about to-morrow night, Dan?"

Dan began to chuckle.

"Got it settled up beautiful. The boy seemed glad to talk once he'd started. They've got it all planned out. The moon be two nights past the full; don't rise till near midnight to-morrow; and they reckon as our J.P.'s by about one in the morning, time there's light enough to see by, 'll either have gone to sleep or gone to bed. I think the old chaps have told most all the village about this keeping watch. Then the two aim to get to work, same as Ikey told us. Well, I reckon I'll follow them in; give the first a drubbing and settle him as soon as they're safely separated; and put a pistol-shot through the second when Ikey's upon the ladder. That'll scare 'em both well away. I can catch hold of Ikey. And we shan't have to sit down to the breakfast on Tuesday week with the thought as there's two chaps waiting for the hangman up to Downborough Bridewell along of us."

"Anything I can do to help?"

"You'll just keep out of it. Go to bed and tuck up warm."

There were leakages in the plan; the first Rye might not submit silently to his

thrashing; Ikey, on the top of the ladder, might be grabbed from inside, in which case no amount of pleading would save him. But Maggie never argued with men-folk; it was not worth while. She merely smiled a small smile into the darkness and changed the subject.

The next evening, about seven o'clock, Simon Barrow and Robert Underwood, Justices of the Peace and Churchwardens of Longhill Carton, forgathered in the dining-room at East End to commence preparations. Two pistols were oiled and cleaned and loaded; and, together with two chairs, were carried up into the cheese-room; two bricks were put down in front of the fire to get hot for their feet; then, finally, after a heavy supper, they struggled into their thickest great-coats, wrapped their ears and chins well in woollen mufflers, and went sideways in single file up the narrow cheese-room stairs.

Simon Barrow led the way, carrying a candle and lighting the less-familiar steps of his companion. With every tread of the stairs, liking for their self-imposed task grew less upon them. The accustomed shapes of the dairy—through which they had to pass to reach the stairs, the cheese-room being over it—looked eerie and strange.

It was a fairly large dairy, and the light of one flickering tallow candle did little more than turn cheese-vat and churn into goblins with legs a thousand feet 'long; and put little, evil, winking eyes in the polished milk and cream pans. The cheese-room struck cold even through great-coats and mufflers; the windows were not glazed—merely open-barred squares, with rough, wooden shutters over them, through which the wind blew gaily. The cakes for Christmas and the wedding, the puddings, the jars of mincemeat, mingled their scents with the cheeses; but the sight of the full shelves, and the thought of the good cheer they promised, brought no joy to the hearts of the J.P.'s.

"'Twouldn't do to leave the candle burning, I s'pose?" Robert Underwood queried. "It'll be main dark up here whea it's out."

"I'll open the shutter a bit, so as we'll get the moonlight presently; but I'm feared 'twould give the show away if they saw a light. They'd know 'twas someone here"; and Simon Barrow set the candle reluctantly on a shelf, blew it out, groped for his chair, felt that the pistol he had grasped was handy in his pocket, and sat down with

a grunt. Robert Underwood followed suit, and the watch began.

It seemed interminable. The heat died out in their bricks, and their feet grew cold. It was all very well to contemplate a duty of this kind when one was comfortable in front of the fire; but if Robert Underwood had known that the duties of a J.P. would ever include this sort of thing, he'd be hanged if he'd ever have taken the job on.

Simon Barrow wondered if they would be very desperate fighters; he had firmly impressed on his wife and daughter that they were to stay quiet in their beds, and not mind any noise—women were better out of the way on these occasions; but he devoutly wished he had not been in such a hurry to disclaim the help of the strippling. Dan was handy with a gun, and quick. He was getting cramp in his knees now, and as for his feet, he couldn't feel them. He wondered how long he would have to stop there, and if it would be more nights than one.

"Must be getting near midnight," said Robert Underwood dolefully. "Should 'ee think 'twas much use waiting any longer?"

"Can't be; moon do rise at midnight, and there's no sign of her yet. But you go if you've a mind to."

He had not thought Bob Underwood such a weakling. For himself—he inflated his chest as proudly as the heavy overcoat would let him—what he had said he would stick to.

"No," resignedly; "I'll stop as long as you."

Silence again. Robert Underwood's head dropped forward in jerks; the Squire's rolled sideways; the size of the suppers they had eaten did not conduce to wakefulness. Then they both became conscious of cricks in their necks, and shot bolt upright again. Robert Underwood thought with fervent longing of his bed—a soft, down one, with thick curtains tightly drawn, and a warming-pan rubbed well over the sheets. The squire's mind was running on a cask of good French brandy which had accompanied the tobacco; he wondered if there'd be enough heat left in the kitchen fire to boil some water. He was shivering, and felt dead certain he was catching a chill; a pretty thing if he should be ill a-bed when the wedding-day came; or sneezing all over the place in the church. Plaguey cold place, the church; he almost wished they'd decided on a summer wedding, though a winter one did make less

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break in the farm work, certainly. 'Twas the Fall when he'd married Lizzie five-and-twenty years ago. He minded how the beech-leaves crisped under their feet as he brought her home; same colour as her hair he'd told her. A good wife she'd been to him. If Maggie and young Dan were half as happily married—a good wife—a good wife—

A soft, shimmering radiance crept up and shone through the half-open shutter in a narrow strip across the cheese-room floor, lighting up the cheeses and the cakes and the puddings and the two swaddled figures humped in their chairs. Robert Underwood was undisguisedly snoring. The Squire, as he told everyone afterwards, never closed his eyes, though perhaps one might say that he opened them droopingly. At all events, he was the first to hear, dimly and as through a fog, a small sound. He sat upright once more, and listened. Robert Underwood's snores came at regular, blissful intervals; but, between them, there was something else—something that might have been stealthy footsteps out in the yard; sound carried far on that night of still, clear frost. There was a small strip of garden to cross between the yards and the cheese-room end of the house; but it was not far, and was well lighted by the moon, "which," Simon Barrow considered, "must have come up uncommon quick, for he had never noticed it."

"Bob," he called softly.

No reply.

Simon Barrow hoisted himself out of his chair with ponderous caution. It creaked ominously, so did the floor; but he crossed the intervening space on what he regarded as the tips of his toes, without apparently disturbing anything, and spat a vicious "Bob!" into the ear of the sleeper.

It had the desired effect. Robert Underwood's hand, holding an unsteady pistol, was out of his pocket and flourishing within an inch of his fellow-justice's nose almost before his snores had stopped. Simon clapped a hand across his mouth to stop the shout which was plainly coming, and for a few minutes they struggled valiantly with each other, till at length Simon Barrow's "Stop it, you fool! Stop it, d'you hear?" penetrated the other's consciousness sufficiently for him to realize that the form he grasped was bulkier than that of a Rye, and he desisted from his efforts with the pistol.

"What the dickens did you want to come

and hit me in the mouth like that for?" he inquired testily. "Got a nightmare?"

"So as you shouldn't holler out and rouse everybody."

"As if anybody was left asleep after you belling in my ear like you did." Robert Underwood had, in childish parlance, "woken up cross."

"Sh! Listen!"

"Who are you sh-sh-ing of?" wrathfully. "Click."

They both heard it that time and forgot their differences; a foot-step and a sound as of someone trying the shutter—or the door.

"Simon," whispered Robert Underwood, "I believe they're in the house."

The Squire's ruddy face turned pale. Visions of his wife and daughter murdered in their beds, of his house ransacked from garret to cellar while he had been shut away in the cheese-room, danced before his eyes—when the door opened slowly and cautiously, and the moonlight fell across the face of Maggie.

She was wrapped in a cloak over her nightdress, and she carried a basket; she wore shoes, but no stockings, and her eyes were set in a blank, unseeing stare. Simon Barrow held his breath, afraid to move; she had done this sometimes as a child, though never of late years; and the thought of the twisting, rail-less cheese-room stairs turned him sick. She walked across to the shelf where were the materials for the coming feasts, looked at them and nodded, satisfied; then stooped to the cheeses, picked one up, staggering under its weight, and carried it towards the window. Robert Underwood had also stood petrified; but when she reached the window and, resting the cheese on the sill, began to fumble with the shutter, his patience snapped, and:

"What in the name of all the devils be the wench doing?" he roared in a voice that carried nearly to the sheep-folds.

Maggie started, dropped the cheese and screamed, losing her unnatural rigidity; then, waking up scared and lost, began a noisy, hysterical crying. Her father and Robert Underwood talked one against the other; one might pick out ejaculations of:

"There, there, my mail, now don't 'ee take on; dad's got 'ee safe."

"Drat the wench!"

"Hadrn't you got no more sense than to go and wake a body, sudden-like, that's sleep-walking?"

"How should I know what to do with a

maid and her whimsies?"—when over the clamour of tears and sobs and churchwardenly discussion inside arose a babel of shouts and yells, punctuated by pistol-shots, outside.

They turned in a body to the window. Clear against the snow were outlined three figures; two running like hares, doubling round the buildings, dodging between the ricks; and following them a third, pistols brandished in both hands, whom they all recognized as Dan, while immediately on the racket came tumbling out a stable-lad from a loft to join in the chase. The first two figures were gaining ground; it looked as if they would get away. Dan was not running so well as usual, and seemed hampered by his coat.

Maggie was forgotten; she melted into the background of things. Downstairs clattered the two J.P.'s; tripping and stumbling in the dark, yelling for somebody to bring a candle, hammering at the kitchen door, swearing and stamping and getting in each other's way, they emerged at length, and she saw them go ploughing their way bravely across the garden; when, her tears having dried with astonishing rapidity, she decided that she had better put on some clothes, tell her mother that things were all right, and see about a fire and something hot to drink.

It was not till nearly an hour later that they came in, after a fruitless chase. The two Ryes had reached Little Common Way in safety, though leaving some bloodstains on the snow, and showed a clean pair of heels towards the hills, where, at this time of night, it was useless to follow them. The J.P.'s had insisted on making a tour of the yards to see that everything was as it should be, and then required explanations.

"Why, I thought I'd lend a hand," Dan said; "but I hadn't reckoned on help from inside like that. It came just right, for it startled them into fits as they were forcing the door of the harness-room to get a ladder, and gave me a chance to wing the pair of them before they could look round. But what *was* all the commotion? My word, but you've got a far-carrying voice, dad."

"Carries farther than your legs, anyway," his father growled. "I never thought you'd let 'em get away from you like that."

"Well, I reckon as they'll clear out of the neighbourhood for good and all now."

Dan swallowed down the last of his brandy and water and stood up. "One's got an ounce or two of lead in him anyway, if not both, and those gentry don't care about that sort of thing as a rule. Dad, hadn't you and I better be making tracks?"

"Ye'll not stir out of here this night," ordered Simon Barrow; "'tis too cold. 'Tisn't hardly worth while going to bed now. We'll stay by the fire till milking-time, and then you can have a bite of something, Dan, and ride on back when 'tis getting light; that is, if so be as you must get back to-day. Might so well stop down to Crotchways till the wedding, I should think."

"No, I must get back to-day; but I'll be down again for Christmas, and then I'll stop, Squire, never fear."

"Right; then will 'ee fetch us in another kettle, Maggie? Drop o' punch wouldn't go badly, to my thinking."

"I'll come with you," Dan said in obedience to an imperious message; and when they were alone in the kitchen:

"Dan, where's Ike?"

"Up in the hay-loft over the cart-stable. I've told him to stop there till nigh on milking-time, and then slip off and wait for me on the road. The boy'll have his Christmas, Maggie; the first he's ever had, I shouldn't wonder."

Christmas and the wedding were over. Dan and his wife stood by their kitchen window, watching an active, cheerfully whistling boy chopping sticks outside.

"Shapes well, the youngster," Dan said, "and looks a bit fatter already. Maggie, there's one thing I want to know: was it just pure good luck your sleep-walking that night, or did you—er—kind o' manage it?"

"Dan, how could you think I should be so deceiving?"

"Well, you'd still got a smudge of white-wash along your hair when I came in, and I minded that anybody up in the top attic window can see clear over all the buildings right to the gates; might ha' come in handy, that view, I thought."

"Um-m-m. Well, don't you get too clever to live, Dan, or maybe perhaps some folks might be asking whether you couldn't run a bit faster than you did then. I walked, and that's all anybody needs to know about it."



The egg merchant—not wholesale

Business on a Small Scale in Japan

A Small Article dealing with the Small Things of a Small Country

By Alexander G. Stewart

With Photographs by the Author

JAPAN is the land of small things. Diminutively speaking, it leads the world. Where else can you find oak trees bowed and bent with age no larger than a bride's bouquet? Or full-grown oranges the size of marrowfat peas? Or apples no larger than radishes?

Travellers have often laughed at the little "shoe-box" houses of Japan; and beligerent nations have been known to scoff at the "great smallness" of their fighting men.

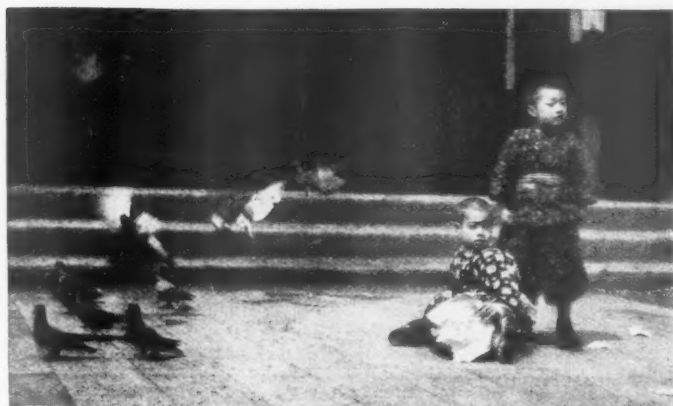
At tea-time a Japanese drinks from a cup which holds no more than the one your canary sips from; while his garden-plot, the veritable pride of his inmost heart, is often so small that a ten-year-old lad could clear it with a leap with a vaulting pole without even touching the flame of the Mountain Maple, the brightest and tallest plant it contains.

It might seem, from one point of view at least, that the position of rickshaw coolie was quite the smallest of small professions; but this is not the case in strange little Japan. There are steps and steps in the social scale below that. In fact, a nicely-dressed, uniformed, hotel rickshaw-boy reminds one a bit of the coachman of yesterday; or even the well-groomed chauffeur of to-day. Properly speaking, you would hardly call them menials at all—they are such very superior people. So much so that you needs "must dress 'em funny or you might forget it," as Pat once remarked to us, apropos of the silly little rosette upon his hat.

Among these lesser ones we find stone-workers who remind us of our convicts, making little ones from big ones in the most approved fashion. Tattered and forlorn official sweepers of the park stand

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under the cherry trees, waiting for a puff of wind to bring them business—acceptable, however small. Once in a long while we find beggars—a very few—for Japan is a busy place and honours the man who works, even though he be but a cart-man, grunting animal-like as he negotiates a steep hill; or a water-lifter, who seems to be little better than a human pump; or the universal carpenter, bare-legged and bronzed, behind a barrage of shavings of his own hewing. Once we came upon a funeral, which we snapped from the moving train; the body was boxed in a sitting position, evidently for economy in transportation fees and cheapness in handling generally. The



Among the smaller fry, Kyoto



A small store—mostly sweetmeats (Kyoto)

flower-girl, indigenous to every clime and station, we find more than ever Priestess to the shrine of Beauty—though in a humble way, of course. The movers of household goods—she had to move because of fire, therefore the hurry—from a section—Yoshiwara—whose profession is the oldest in the world; a business still “going strong,” though by

no means a *small* one in Japan. Then there is always a chance that you might come across a small shopman who likes his own wares to such an extent that your interest in them is very slight indeed. Then there is the country-woman bringing her wares to market; the lumberman of the mountains with his pack-train of horses; and the truckman who walks beside his heavy, two-wheeled cart, keeping it balanced with a pole.

Their name is legion, these hard toilers of this little kingdom; but they manage to eat with never-failing appetite. If they cannot afford to patronize a sumptuous kerb café, they often find that humble eggs and rice have great sustaining

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power. Now, strange to say, these lesser ones even have children—many of them—who also eat and drink, and do kindly acts, some of which are arduous indeed. Given the opportunity, on holidays, these humble ones know as well how to enjoy themselves as their betters; for instance, a day on the river, with saki, good company, and music, might go a long way to help one forget much of the toil and hardship of small, very small, business.

But to return to the rickshaw man. Compared with these lesser ones, he is a man of class. The better hotels of Japan vouch for him—up to a certain point. Most of these "boys" have a smattering of English: which might lead one to suppose that a licensed guide was hardly necessary. This is not the case, however, for his tastes—that which he believes worth while—hardly ever agree with yours, fostered as yours have been with so many years of niceness, not to say propriety.



A small shopkeeper, Kyoto

But, on the whole, he is on the upward trend; even his moments of idleness are taken advantage of, in reading and in studying, and in learning what he calls English. His neatness is what most impresses you; he keeps his tiny vehicle spotless. He eats at a better-class kerb café, and often goes to the theatre in the evening.

But like the motorman in your city's employ, he has his pet dislike. He does not mind children, who have no money, walking. He will even let them carry each other without actual protest. And once we saw a rickshaw making good time, with three passengers in it—and nothing disastrous happened. But let an auto sound its horn, or the runner run before to say it's coming, and then—even a master of the Japanese language will hear new, trite words and phrases, astounding in their brevity and force!

These fellows of this little-better class also have homes, with wives and little ones, who await their return with hopelessness, and joy is often expressed when he turns the corner of the



The Kerb Café, Kyoto

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A small store, and a small crowd of small people (note the footwear)

street at evening. His children play their little games, and even go to school—after mamma has added all the final beautifying touches that her loving heart can contrive; as is the fashion of mothers, large or small, the world over.

Still speaking of small things and the like, we find in Japan many little kerbstone shops that are not especially run for children's patronage; but, on the other hand, not even a casual observer could fail to see that the children are catered for, to an alarming extent.

Sweets! Sweets! Sweets! Flags and

feathers; flags and sweets! Funny little whistles and sweets! And there are other little portable shops that one cannot tell what they are selling; but you will bet your Sunday hat that it is a sticky "goo" of some kind, or why the wrapping paper so plentifully displayed? There is something in a little pot heating over a charcoal flame—it is being fanned rigorously. From the expression on the faces of the anxious watchers it might be candy—don't you think? Yes, I am sure it is—what else could cause all that intense interest!

Of course, there is no doubt in your mind

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as to the identity of the small business being transacted when you see a shoemaker, or that other fellow with paper flowers on wire stems that bob so entrancingly, and there down the street a little troupe of actors bow for your approval. They sing the songs and dance the dances of the old days. When hero scowled at hero—when each scowl meant blood and death. But even as they sing and scowl you wonder if their baby thoughts are not with the little candy kitchens of the kerb, with all the sweet things of life ranged out before them so tempting and so handy!



Off to the ricefields, Nikko

Whoever visits Yokohama sees the Kamon Yanna on Noge Hill. This is a grim reminder that small business should not enter into international matters in the shape of a statue of one Ye-Ye Kamanno Kami, a statesman of note, who signed an important treaty before the Imperial sanction was given. The rival party took exception to such high-handed methods, and settled the matter, summarily, out of court. The ethics of this episode do not register very strongly on the European mind. Perhaps he was honoured thus publicly—yes; he is honoured and loved and respected in the hearts of

the people—because of his manly, upstanding life, and he is thus forgiven, after it is all over, for trying to “go over the head” of their god-like Emperor.

You cannot, exactly, pray for nothing in Japan, but you can pray cheaper and longer than you can in most countries for the slight amount invested. You proceed something in this fashion: You pull a rope which rings a bell; then you clap your hands several times until you feel that you have the presiding deity's full attention; then you drop a penny into a metal receptacle with an awful clatter; then you start right in and tell him why you do not like the way he is running things and just what the matter is generally—clapping your hands occasionally to ensure his undivided attention; then you end up by stating briefly just what you want, and the way you would like it done up, and what colour ribbons to use, et cetera. Surely this is not such a small business which one lone penny has transacted.

If you are a lady and have faint yearnings to have something more than a fence running around the house, and chance at the time to be in Kyoto, your desire can be consummated—with hubby's permission, of course—by rubbing a seated monarch of the herd: an image a trifle under size, but of most wondrous and surprising power. No; this bull was not thrown; he was made in this reclining position, and everybody believes in him implicitly.

If you are a child and want a small snowstorm in springtime, the effect can be obtained by throwing fallen cherry-petals into the air and standing under them; if you have a funny mask which you believe will not photograph to advantage, the effect can still be obtained if your fond daddy—and others—hold a reverse opinion. And we think that our readers will agree, from a child's point of view, a smaller business than that would be very hard to imagine.

At Nikko we were attracted by the mournful sound of a widow plying her trade. Widowhood is a small trade in Japan, if you care to make it so. Your life then becomes a pilgrimage to your departed mate. You sing his praises before hospitable doorways and reap the rich harvest that the tender-hearted care to bestow. If your voice has the poignant, melancholy quality of a deserted, flea-bitten coyote

In the land of the
small and the
great.



A little
mother
of
Yokohama



The sideward look
and the wistful
glance.



Another little
mother carrying
baby in the con-
ventional way



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wailing at the moon, there is no reason on earth why you should not fatten in comfortable misery. But this little lady was far too engaging ever to make a great success of her chosen profession; she smiled at our approach and tee-hee-ed at our very trifling gratuity.

The foot-gear of Japan needs a great deal of attention; new shoes are not a novelty with them, though the shoemaker's life is indeed a busy one. The cobbler's merry rat-a-tat-tat is quite like the one we used to sing about in our kindergarten days.

Street cars in Japan are up to date and well patronized. The first time that a car is used it is decked out in flowers after the fashion of a bride, in honour of the occasion.

The waterfront of Yokohama has its workers also. You see numberless lighters which are cleverly propelled by energetic little boatmen in never-ending struggle against wind and tide. The boatman puts his pole down at one end of the barge, bracing it against a straining shoulder; he walks slowly to the other end of the craft, and then he returns to repeat. Figuring "slippage," he walks many miles to gain one; but he does finally arrive at his destination, which is generally one of those

picturesque warehouses along the canals. Boats with sails to take advantage of the wind are very popular indeed.

A huge stone embankment down near the waterfront in Yokohama offers many fishing spots, an opportunity that even small fishers are eager to take advantage of. And out of the windows of the Grand Hotel, on any fine day, you may see at low tide many figures gathering what you suppose to be shell-fish of some sort for a feast. Or, maybe, they are engaged in a small business of some kind. Do you suppose that any human being is foolish enough to work so frantically so that others should enjoy the savoury titbits of their toil?

So it is in this microscopic land: as the scale grows smaller we find proportionally small methods applied to business. And, too, in explanation, that "small" is a word that has many shades of meaning. Here, of course, you may shade it as you wish—anything goes in Japan. At first we meant to use it in the reverse of large—but we soon found it slipping. So, in continuing, we have just let this elusive word "run wild," as we permit the joker to do, sometimes, in a card game. For Japan, if it is anything, is a country "run wild" in small things.



The Old and the New. The electric tram in a street of Yokohama

HANDICAPS

By

Olive Mary Salter

MOST people would agree with that philosopher of modern fiction, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, who could support domestic calamities unimaginable to ordinary families with perfect equanimity, but whose imagination boggled at the thought of being afflicted with a hare-lip. There is something altogether ignoble about a hare-lip: it is one of those eccentricities of Nature, like the wart hog at the Zoo, for which the limited eye of reason finds it difficult to see any use in the scheme of things. But I once had a nodding acquaintance, whose temporary place of business was the gutter opposite Whiteley's, who had a very bad hare-lip indeed. We were fairly intimate—that is to say, my contribution to his alms box was regular—and one day I asked the poor man whether his disfigurement was painful to him. "It ain't a proper hare-lip," he informed me confidentially. "Mother done it with a hot poker when I was a kid. Ye see, begging's in the family, and she knew it 'ud be useful to me."

Specializing in Handicaps

There are interesting parallels to be drawn from this confession, from one who may be said to have specialized in handicaps, who owes his all to them, in fact. Like this gentleman, we are all apt to infer that our handicaps are the infliction of an inscrutable fate, and that they are the source of perpetual and unalloyed dismay to us. But it would be nearer the truth to say of a good many of us, with regard to our various afflictions: "Mother done it when we were kids. She knew it would be useful to us." There is ample support for this suggestion in the new psychology, which informs us beyond doubt that the nucleus of all the important habits and characteristics of our adult lives is formed during childhood, when our parents are responsible.

It needs only a little further thought to see that our handicaps do, in fact, have their uses. The most frequent purpose they serve is that of getting a naturally callous world to be gentle with us. Disease, for example, is regarded as the most pitiful handicap life can offer; but it cannot be denied that it brings compensations in its train: rest, consideration, a certain kind of flattering notoriety, sympathy galore, the kindest attentions of our friends, the fatherly care of policemen at street-crossings, of railway porters at stations, delicious and unusual meals. Even to the poor it means a clean bed in hospital, and something to talk about for weeks afterwards.

Passing the Time Away

Many people, especially women, find in their handicaps a more or less harmless means of passing the time away. At any winter coast resort one can count by the dozen those who would be lost in ennui without their little ailments and the ceremonies which appertain to those ailments: the bath-chair parades, the attendances at pump-rooms or hot springs, the masseur's visit, the doctor's visit, and the multifarious baths—hot baths, cold baths, sea baths, sun baths, mud baths. We all know, moreover, how pleasant a certain section of society finds it to discuss affliction with its neighbours over the yard fence. Handicaps are, in their way, kindly things enough. They enable us to indulge in the satisfactory feeling that considering, and in spite of this and in spite of that, and all things taken into account, we do not do so badly. They constitute, in a sense, our excuse for ourselves, these odds that we tell ourselves life has laid against us.

No amount of argument to the effect that our handicaps are blessings in disguise, however, will ever prevent us from lamenting them and wishing ourselves well rid of

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them. The reason for this is that, however well they may serve us in their way, we are always limited by them, and the perpetual instinct of man is to rid himself of all his limitations. Penury may force us into prison, where there are no debts to pay and the State provides the meals; but we look forward to coming out of prison, for all that, and make efforts to shorten the term.

How We Can Get Free

It is worth while to examine a little more closely into the nature of handicaps, in order to see how we can, by our own unaided effort, rid ourselves of these spectres of daily life, or at least relax their grisly hold upon us. Among the definitions of the word given in my dictionary is that of "a drawback," and this, I think, describes it as accurately as any. Our handicaps do, in fact, signify our drawing back from some venture or responsibility or experience of life which we are afraid would prove too much for us. We put them between us and the possibility of moving on. Life is always urging its creatures towards a wider sphere of action, of which we are afraid, because wider life means wider responsibilities, greater effort, increased demands upon our time and energy; it means, in sober fact, the gradual renunciation of self and submission to the needs of others, if it is to be properly lived and to bring us increased happiness. Our handicaps represent the conflict in our minds, between this force of life which presses us on, and our reluctance to let ourselves go because we fear that life will demand of us more than we are prepared to give.

All conflicts are painful or wearisome, and when we have become sufficiently tired or lacerated by the particular form of resistance which we have chosen to offer to the particular purpose which life has for us, we give in and allow ourselves to move on, precisely as the donkey moves on when he has had enough of the whip. Sensible donkeys, however, spare themselves the necessity for a thrashing, and it might be supposed that the superior human intelligence would readily do the same. But most of us are harder to move than any cross-grained mule; we cling to our old ways, our old habits, the evils that we know, and it requires something in the nature of an earthquake shock to our lives to separate us from them.

I once knew an old lady in the country

who for many years had been bed-ridden with a wasting consumption of the bone of the leg. One day I suggested to her that she might have a chance of a cure if she went abroad to a certain great institute famous for the treatment of this disease. "Ah! but that would mean getting up and about again," said she, shaking her head at me. "Wouldn't it perhaps be worth while?" I ventured to persuade her; but she did not appear to think it would be, on the whole. A few months later she died, having evidently found something at last that was "worth while" coming out of her refuge for; but it seemed to me rather sad that she could not find it while she was still alive, for the sake of those who had loved and tended her.

Heaven's Help

Religious dogma asserts that affliction comes from the hand of God, and as such must be patiently borne; but in the teaching of Christ there is ample evidence for the fact that health and happiness are the aims of God for His creatures, and every hour man is provided with some new means for ameliorating his lot by his own effort or the efforts of his fellows. The man who lost his leg in the war is supplied by doctors with an artificial leg; to the babies who live in the shadow of stumps science gives sunlight to straighten their limbs and bring colour to their cheeks; to help the poor charities are formed and State schemes of relief provided. "Heaven helps those who help themselves" is not the somewhat unmoral proverb which it appears upon the face of it, for those who can help themselves are those who, when the time comes, will be most genuinely capable of helping others.

The more personal problem, that of finding out what particular fear or shrinking is responsible for our own particular form of handicap, is one that must be left to each one of us to decide, by the light of our knowledge of ourselves. To guide us, however, there is always the one underlying principle; that what holds us back from life is our love of ourselves; what beckons us forward, to an ever wider sphere of service and reward, is our love for others.

Upon these two great facts hang all our comings and goings, for man is a gregarious animal and his welfare will for ever be governed by the welfare of his herd. Our handicaps may be said to be the gauge of our desire to serve others, or of our desire to serve ourselves. The more greatly we

are afflicted, the greater, we may be sure, is the inner conflict between these two forces of our nature.

All around us may be seen instances of the working of the vital principle. The woman who quotes as her handicap in life the fact that she is not pretty, and no man would therefore ever care to marry her, would be astonished if it were pointed out to her that it is her secret, unconscious repudiation of marriage which creates her looks, and not her looks which are responsible for her spinsterhood.

The Element of Sacrifice

Yet any happily-married woman would tell her that marriage calls for an increasing abnegation of self. In the dark limbo of consciousness where are kept those facts about life and ourselves which we do not at the moment want to look at, the plain girl knows this, and she hangs on to her beaked nose, or her muddy complexion, or her lank hair, as a safeguard against that chancey business, getting married.

On the surface she may convey to all and sundry that marriage is a beautiful and desirable state, but at the back of her mind she will be thinking shrewdly about that tiresome element of sacrifice which it entails.

One day, if the discomfort of being plain and therefore unsought gets too much for her, she will fall in love and become beautiful and some man will immediately marry her. At the wedding people will make the time-honoured remark that love is a great beautifier. However, if she could but have had the courage to suppose that marriage might turn out to be worth even a little self-sacrifice, she would have saved herself many years of having to pass as a remarkably unattractive woman. Handicaps are seldom really worth while. They are but a poor compromise which we make between ourselves and the best thing—happiness.

By Faith

By taking thought, it was said, man cannot add one cubit to his stature, nor, it might along the same lines be supposed, alter the shape of his calves, nor fill his empty banking account, nor grow a black moustache where he is afflicted with a red one, nor cause his mother-in-law to depart into another city. But by faith we may move mountains, and a lively faith in the good life has to offer us is the beginning of the doom of all our handicaps. If we do

not fear that which may come to us we do not need to guard ourselves against it; it is not necessary, for example, to be a sea-sick subject so that we cannot venture to cross the ocean, or to suffer from laryngitis so that we need never face having to appear upon the public platform, or to have flat feet so that mobilization for war has no terrors for us. To attempt to keep out of life by handicapping ourselves against it is fatal, for life will not be denied and we are only jeopardizing our own chances of winning through.

The hall-mark of the confirmed self-handicapper is the absolute conviction that the particular drawback under which he or she labours is the worst in the world, out of all proportion to the negligible little trials which others are called upon to bear. People who hug this delusion are always explaining to us what they would do if they had So-and-so's chances, and pointing out to us how impossible it is for them to make good, burdened as they are with this, that and the other. They belong to the plaintive type which loves to ask "Why?" "Why do I have to live in the country when I long to shine brilliantly in town?" "Why should she marry a rich husband when I have to put up with a poor one?" "Why can't I have a vote?" "Why am I so unlucky?" "Why did nobody ever leave me a legacy?" and so on. They are the people who set the poison of jealousy working in the world, to embitter their own lives and the lives of those around them. They will not admit, even to themselves, that life is based upon a compensatory scheme, which demands payment in service for every benefit conferred. They belong, unconsciously, it must be said for them, to the shirkers, who do not want to pay, and therefore do not get the benefits.

To feel a pang of envy when we are confronted by others who seem to have every advantage and no drawback to their days is extremely human, and there are few of us who have not succumbed to that pang. But it is salutary to remember that what we really envy in these others is the power to go bravely forward into the world, taking on trust those things which we fear to take, and paying the price for them. That power is innate in the lives of all of us. We need only to give rein to it: to make what the Roman Catholics so beautifully call "an act of resignation" to our ultimate fate, and our handicaps will be found to disappear gradually of their own accord.

THE PROPER PLACE by O. DOUGLAS

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS

Is one of Hans Andersen's tales he tells how at a dinner party one of the guests played on a flute made from a willow in the ditch, and behold everyone was immediately wafted to his or her proper place. "Everything in its proper place," sang the flute, and the lumptious host flew into the herdsman's cottage—you know the story. Nicole Rutherford thought of it as she looked at Mrs. Jackson, a rather stout, middle-aged lady, wife of a Glasgow man who was making money fast, and who thought that he ought to live in a big house in the country. Mrs. Jackson had come to inspect Rutherford House, which Lady Jane Rutherford found herself forced to dispose of now that Sir Walter Rutherford had been in his grave three months and the lean years had come. The Rutherford drawing room with its old-world atmosphere cast a spell upon the beholder, and it certainly seemed incongruous to imagine the plump Mrs. Jackson as mistress of the house. But times had changed, and in due course the Jacksons were installed in the big house in the country, whilst Lady Jane and her two daughters, Babs and Nicole, moved out.

They resolved they must go quite away from the scene of their former splendour, and after much search alighted on a curious little place called Harbour House in the town of Kirkmeikle in Fife. It was a tall, white-washed house, on the sea front. The front door was in the street; to the harbour it presented a long front punctuated with nine small paned windows; the roof was high and pointed, and Barbara and Nicole when they visited it at once fell in love with the place. They arranged to keep on the middle-aged woman who was car-taking, and began to look forward keenly to their new life, despite its restrictions. Kirkmeikle, they soon found, had more attractions than appeared on the surface. Among the acquaintances Nicole made were Miss Janet Symington, a severe spinster who lived at Ravenscraig, a staring new villa on the top of the green, and who was guardian to her small nephew, Alastair, and Mr. Beckett, a lodger in a neighbouring villa.

CHAPTER X

"O brave new world
That has such people in it."
The Tempest.

A FEW days later Nicole and her mother—Barbara had pleaded excessive boredom at the prospect and had been let off—set out to return their neighbours' calls.

Nicole carried a cardcase which she had unearthed from somewhere and was very particular about what her mother should wear.

"The new long coat with the grey fur, Mums; it has such a nice slimming effect—not that you need it. What a blessing that we are sylphs, you and I. Wouldn't you hate to feel thick and to know that you had a bulge at the back of your neck? . . . You really are ridiculously young, Mums. You could wear your hair shingled, for the back of your neck is the nicest thing I ever saw, almost like a child's, and your little firm face is so fresh—only the eyes shadowed a little; and not one grey hair!

How have the gods thus guarded your first bloom, as the poet puts it?"

Lady Jane standing before the looking-glass, putting a small hat on her wavy hair, laughed at her daughter.

"All this flattery because I've consented to go with you and call. Or is there something more you want?"

Nicole stood beside her mother looking at the reflection in the mirror.

"We might easily be taken for sisters, Mums. In fact I might be mistaken for the mother, for there is something stern in my visage that ages me. How nice it is that now mothers and daughters can dress alike, the same little hats and long coats and unimportant dresses. At one stage of the world's history you would have worn a bonnet and a dolman, madam, and I should have had a sailor-hat tilted up behind (see old *Punches*) and a bustle. What we have been spared!"

"Come along, then, and get our visits made. I'm ready."

As they mounted the long street that led from the shore to the villas on the top of

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the brae, Lady Jane remarked: "I should think everyone will be out this fine day."

Nicole pinched her mother's arm. "Don't say it so hopefully. You're as bad as Barbara. I want them all to be in. Do let's speak to this woman, she's a friend of mine, a Mrs. Brodie."

They were passing a little house, the doorway a few steps under the level of the street, with two little windows each curtained with a starched, stiff petticoat of muslin and further darkened by four geraniums in pots. A large, cheerful-looking woman was standing at the door holding a baby while two slightly older children played at her feet. She greeted Nicole with a broad smile, and when she said, "Mrs. Brodie, this is my mother," she gave an odd little backward jerk of the head by way of a bow. They admired the baby and Lady Jane asked how many other children she had.

"Just the nine, no mony if ye say it quick enouch," and Mrs. Brodie laughed loudly at her own joke. "Ma auldest's a laddie, he's leevin' the schools gin the summer holidays. Then comes three lassies and the twins, an' thae three." She looked at the two playing gravely at her feet with a broken melodeon, then she chirruped to the baby, who leapt and plunged in her arms like a hooked trout.

"Ay," said his mother encouragingly. "I ken ye're a wee horse. I ken fine ye're a wee horse. By! Ye're an awfu' ane."

Lady Jane's eyes met those of Mrs. Brodie over the head of "the wee horse," and she said, "You're a happy woman, Mrs. Brodie, with your children all about you."

"Ay, I mind ma mither aye said a wumman's happiest time was when her bairns were roond her knees, an' she gethered them under wan roof when nicht fell. I'm thrang enouch, guid kens, but it's hertsome wark."

She nodded to the mother and daughter as they left her, remarking that they were getting a fine day for their walk.

Miss Symington was in, they were told when they had rung the bell at Ravenscraig, at which intelligence Nicole cast an exultant glance at her mother.

There was no one in the drawing-room, and the housemaid lit the gas-fire and left them. The room had an unused feeling; no books lay about; in one of the big bow-windows there stood on the floor an aspidistra in a yellow bowl.

"It looks lonely," Nicole said, eyeing it.

"Mums, do you remember the *Punch* picture of a charwoman being shown the latest thing in smart drawing-rooms, and remarking, 'A room don't seem 'ome-like to me without a haspidistra in a pot'?"

Miss Symington came in apologizing for having kept them. She was dressed to go out and looked oddly bulky in her coat and skirt and round felt hat beside the mother and daughter in their skilfully-cut, slim, long coats and close-fitting hats.

It was obvious at once that if there was to be any conversation it would have to be made by the visitors.

Nicole, poised her cardcase between the tips of her fingers, smiled gaily into the somewhat irresponsible face of Miss Symington and began to talk. She and her mother tossed the ball of conversation deftly to each other, appealing often for confirmation to the shadowy third, putting remarks into her mouth until that lady began to feel that she shone in company.

As they were leaving, "You have a nephew," Nicole said.

"Alastair," said Miss Symington.

"Yes—Alastair. He and I made friends on the rocks the other day. Is he—I suppose he'll be out this fine day."

"He goes out every afternoon from two to four."

"Perhaps some day you would let him come to tea with us? My mother likes boys—don't you, Mums? And Alastair is such a lamb. He must be a great delight to you."

Alastair's aunt seemed surprised at this assertion.

"I do my best for him," she said, "but I'm afraid I don't understand boys. I would never think of asking a boy to come to see me for pleasure."

Lady Jane leant forward smiling. "Do bring him to tea with us, Miss Symington and we'll all try to amuse each other. What day? Wednesday?"

"I've a mothers' meeting that afternoon."

"Thursday, then?"

"Yes, thank you. We shall be very pleased, though I don't see why you should be bothered with us. What hour?"

"Oh!" said Nicole. "Shall we say four sharp, then we'll have time to play after tea? That's fine."

As they walked down the gravel path Nicole said, "I'm so glad I brought the indoor fireworks left from our last children's party. I nearly gave them away, not thinking that Kirkmeikle might produce a small

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boy. Miss Symington's a nice woman, Mums, you think? Very, very well meaning and decent."

Lady Jane looked back at the house as they went out of the garden gate into the road.

"It is odd that a woman can live in a house like that and make no effort to make it habitable. I wonder if it has never occurred to her how ugly everything is. I didn't see one single beautiful thing: nowhere an intimate touch. . . . She has nice eyes, Miss Symington, like clear pools, and I think she is utterly sincere."

Her daughter nodded. "I know, but she is inarticulate, isn't she? I felt ashamed of talking so much, but what could I do? This is Knebworth. Here lives one Mrs. Heggie with one daughter and, I dare say, others that we know not of. Quite a different type to judge from the house. . . . Isn't this fun? Let's greet the unknown with a cheer. An electric bell this time, and I expect a much smarter parlour-maid. I thought so."

She followed her mother and the short skirts and high heels of the maid through an ornate little hall, complete with a fireplace and ingle-nook and red tiles, into the drawing-room. It was a room of many corners and odd-shaped windows, comfortably furnished, the walls hung with reproductions of famous pictures. Tall vases filled with honesty and cape gooseberries stood about, and a good fire burned on the red-brick hearth. A small bookcase, fitted into a niche, held a selection of the works of our most modern writers, while on a table lay some magazines.

Mrs. Heggie was seated on a low chair beside the fire with a writing-pad on her knee and a bottle of ink perched precariously on the rim of the fender. As she rose to greet her visitors, paper and envelopes and loose letters fell from her like leaves in an autumn gale.

She was a tall stout woman with a round face of an all-enveloping manner.

"Well, now," she said, as she held out one hand to Lady Jane and the other to Nicole, "isn't this nice? And to think I nearly went out this afternoon. If it hadn't been for some letters that I knew simply must go to-day nothing would have kept me in."

"But," said Lady Jane, "I'm afraid we are interrupting you. Your letters—"

"Letters," Mrs. Heggie said airily, thrusting her visitors into two armchairs, "they can wait. It's hours till post time, any

way." She subsided into her own low chair and asked in tones of deep interest, "And how d'you think you're going to like Kirkmeikle?"

"Very much indeed," Lady Jane replied. "We were lucky to get such a nice house. You know it, of course—the Harbour House?"

"I don't. The Harbour House is a sealed book to me, and I've always had the greatest desire to see inside it. There is something about it—the crow-step gables and long, narrow windows facing the sea—that fascinates me. I've often tried to see in when I passed! Mrs. Swinton was a queer woman. She never visited the other people in Kirkmeikle. I suppose she had her own friends and kept to them, and of course she was quite right, if that was the way she was made. People are so different. Now I'm miserable if I don't know everybody. I don't think I'm a busybody, but I do take the greatest interest in my neighbours and their concerns, and if I can do anything to oblige them I am just delighted. Rich and poor, I like people and want to be friends with them."

"Hurrah!" said Nicole, "I feel like that too. Life is much too short to be exclusive in. One misses so much."

Mrs. Heggie beamed at the girl. "That's what I always say. You'll find Kirkmeikle very friendly—what there's of it. I suppose everybody has called."

"Let me see," Nicole said gravely. "Miss Symington, Mr. and Mrs. Lambert, Dr. Kilgour and Miss Kilgour, Mr. and Mrs. Buckler—you and your daughter."

Mrs. Heggie nodded her head at each name. "That's all," she said. "Are you returning all the calls to-day?"

"We hope to," said Lady Jane, the corners of her mouth turning up. "We have just seen Miss Symington and are going on to the Bucklers."

Mrs. Heggie sat forward. "You've seen Miss Symington? She is very nice; quiet and solid, but very nice. Does a lot of good with her money. She is very rich, you know, though you wouldn't think so to look at her. She's like her father; all he cared for was missionaries and evangelistic meetings. D'you know, every week-end Miss Symington has a minister of sorts staying with her? She keeps up the mission-hall her father started in Langtoun for his workers, and the preacher stays with her. Of course she isn't quite young. She must be forty-five, anyway, and she's so discreet

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that it's quite all right; but I always expect to hear that one of them is going to hang up his hat, as the saying is."

The visitors were silent, not quite knowing what comment to make, and Mrs. Heggie continued:

"You'll like the Bucklers. Somebody told me that Mr. Buckler had quite a distinguished career in India, and I must say they are most obliging neighbours. I'm sorry for poor Mrs. Buckler with her servants—Indians are so deft. Now you'll stay and have tea. I'll ring for it at once so as not to hinder you. It's early, I know; but you may not be offered it at the Bucklers', for they have a housemaid who objects to giving tea to visitors unless they come at tea-time. No? Oh, don't rise, you're not going already? Joan may be in any minute. She's all I have now. My husband died three years ago, and two boys in the Argentine—and Joan is inclined to be literary—Well, if you must go, when will you come for a meal? Let me see, this is Monday—would lunch on Wednesday suit you? Friday then? We must fix a day."

"If you don't mind," Lady Jane said in her gentle way, "we won't fix anything just now. We are still rather busy settling down and would rather have no engagements yet awhile. Might we perhaps propose ourselves for tea one day? That will be delightful. And you must come and see us in our funny little house when you can spare time."

"I'll do that," Mrs. Heggie promised heartily. "And you come here whenever you like. Just run in, you know. I'm always sitting here—except when I'm out somewhere. And when you feel like accepting invitations you'll come here first, won't you? I'll give a dinner for you. . . ."

Half an hour later, when Joan came in and asked casually if there had been any visitors, her mother replied with studied carelessness, "Only Lady Jane Rutherford and her daughter. They were here quite twenty minutes—the *civilist* people I ever met. And I didn't ask one single question, though I'm just dying to know what brought them to Kirkmeikle. They're charming, perfectly charming."

Joan sat down heavily in a chair. "For any favour, mother," she said, "give that worn-out adjective a rest. Whenever you ask what sort of person someone is you're told 'charming,' and when you meet her she is nothing of the kind. Charm is not the common thing people make it out to be."

"Oh, well, Jean, I'm not going to quarrel with you about adjectives; you know far more about them than I do, but when you meet the Rutherfords you'll be charmed with them. I know that. . . . The daughter looked at your books—what a nice friend she'll be for you."

Mr. and Mrs. Buckler received their callers with less excitement than Mrs. Heggie.

Nicole smiled up at Mr. Gerard as he put her into a carved chair with a brilliantly embroidered cushion for a seat, saying: "The East in Kirkmeikle! I smelt it whenever I came into the hall."

"You recognize it? You know India?"

"Only as a Pagett M.P.—I was out for a cold weather when I first grew up, just after the War. I went out to an uncle and aunt who happened to be there. Have you been home long?"

Mr. Buckler, a thin man with tired eyes in a sun-dried face, drew up a chair beside Nicole.

"I retired about five years ago," he said, "glad enough at the time to get away; but looking back at the life now it seems the best on earth. Distance lends enchantment. I daresay if I went back I should be disillusioned. It's not the India I went out to as a boy and loved. Things, they tell me, are altering daily for the worse—still it's India. . . ."

While Nicole and her companion recalled people and places Lady Jane listened while Mrs. Buckler told her of the trials of a retired Mem Sahib. She was a pretty, faded woman with a vivacious manner.

"When I think of my jewel of a *khan-samah*, who made everything go like clock-work and produced anything you wanted at a moment's notice like a djinn in a fairy tale, I almost weep. Of course we're as poor as rats now and we can't afford really good servants, and I know I ought to be thankful that at least we have honest women in the house; but oh! Lady Jane, their manners! They never think of saying 'mam' to me, and very seldom 'sir' to Ernest. They seem to think it demeans them, whereas, as I tell them, all servants in good houses say it as a matter of course. They merely prove their own inferiority by not saying it—but how can one teach manners to women who don't know what manners mean? It was quite funny the other day, though vexing. A friend of ours had motored a long way to see us and found no one in. Mrs. Heggie—our neighbour

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next door—came up to the door at the same time and heard the conversation. Our friend has a very forthcoming, sympathetic manner, and she said to Janet, the housemaid, who had opened the door: 'Now, tell me, how *is* Mrs. Buckler? Has she quite got over that nasty turn of influenza? Is she out and about again?' Janet stood quite stolid (so Mrs. Heggie said), then drawled in a bored voice, 'Och, she's quite cheery.'

Lady Jane laughed. "It was rather funny, wasn't it? and most reassuring. And after all, manners aren't everything. I wouldn't worry about them if I were you."

"We tried," Mrs. Buckler went on, "to be exceedingly polite to each other, Ernest and I, to see if that might have a good effect, but it hadn't. They merely seemed to think we were feeble minded. But, as you say, we might have worse trials—and Janet isn't as bad as she was. The first time we had some people to dinner Janet's way of offering the vegetables was to murmur, 'Whit about sprouts?' . . . But I really don't mind anything if Ernest and the children are happy."

"You have children?"

"Two, a boy at Oxford and a girl in Switzerland. That's why we are here. It is cheap and we can pinch in comfort—a contradiction in terms!—Must you go?"

Mr. Buckler walked down to the gate with the visitors, and as they stood talking, a tall young man came towards them.

"Ah, Beckett, the very man I wanted to see! I heard this morning from the India Office. . . . By the way, have you met? May I introduce Mr. Beckett, Lady Jane Rutherford . . . Miss Rutherford."

"Mr. Beckett and I have met already," Nicole said. "I told you, mother—Alastair's friend—"

As they walked away Lady Jane asked if they had done enough for one day. "It must be nearly tea-time," she said.

"Well," said Nicole, "we haven't time to attempt the Kilgours, but we pass the Lamberts' house, it's just here, this green gate in the wall—we needn't stay more than a few minutes. Come on, Mums."

The green door opened into a good-sized garden surrounded by a high brick wall on which fruit trees were trained. There was a lawn and wide borders which still held bravely-blooming Michaelmas daisies and chrysanthemums and some plots of rose trees. Evidently a place on which was bestowed both labour and love.

"A garden enclosed," said Nicole as they went up the path to the front door, "and what a pleasant-looking house!"

The manse was a rather long, low house built of grey stone. The front door stood open and children's voices could be heard. When Nicole rang the bell a very young servant answered it. She was not more than fifteen, but her hair was put tidily up and she wore a very white cap and apron; her face shone with soap and rubbing.

"No, mem," she said shyly. "Mistress Lambert's oot the noo, but she'll be in to tea about half four, and it's that noo. Would ye . . . come in?"

Nicole picked out a card while Lady Jane said, "No, thank you—we shall hope to see Mrs. Lambert another time. Who is this young person?"

A small fat child had trotted out and now held the apron of the maid before her as a protection while she peered at the visitor.

"That's Bessie; she's three," the rosy little maid said proudly, smiling down at her charge.

"I can skip, but Allie can't," the baby informed them, and received the rebuke: "Dinna boast. Allie canna walk, let alane skip."

The mother and daughter smiled to each other as they let themselves out of the little green gate in the wall.

"Doesn't she remind you, Mums, of the heroine of Jean Findlater's story? She's 'terrible bauld and firm.' And so trim and clean—a most decorous maid for a manse. . . . Oh, my dear, would you mind? Just one more place. There's an old woman here—Mrs. Martin told me about her—who comes from Langhope and wants terribly to see you."

"Yes; but need we go to-day?"

"Well, I'm just afraid she may be looking for us. Besides, it's so near—the Watery Wynd the place is called. The first turning. This must be the place. There is the outside that I was told to look for. "On, on," cried the Duchess. Take care, these steps are uneven."

The short November day was nearly done and Betsy Curle's kitchen was dark but for the firelight. She peered through the shadows at her visitors. "An' whae may ye be?" she asked.

Lady Jane went forward. "I hope you don't mind us coming," she said. "Mrs. Martin, our cook at the Harbour House, told us you came from our own part of the world and we wondered if we might come



"As she rose to greet her visitors, papers fell
from her like leaves in an autumn gale"—p. 278

Drawn by
John Cameron

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and shake hands with you. We're still feeling far from home."

Betty rose to her feet painfully and tried to drag two chairs to the fire for her visitors.

"Let me," Nicole said. "You sit down in your own chair and tell us how you have strayed so far from the Borders."

"Ye may say it! Sit whaur I can see ye. I mind yer faither, and yer grand-faither and yer great-grandfaither."

"Oh!" Nicole leaned forward, her eyes alight with interest. "My great-grand-father! Tell me about him."

"He was handsome, like a' the Rutherfords, and mad—as mad as a yett in a high wind." She turned to Lady Jane. "I mind fine o' yer leddyship comin' to Rutherford—the bonfires and the flags. That was fower and thirty years syne come Martinmas. Ye were but a young lass in a white gown and a hat wi' feathers, an' they gi'ed ye a bunch of red roses."

Lady Jane nodded. "I remember both the hat and the roses. Where was your home?"

"D'ye mind the white-washed hoose at the edge o' the pine wood afore ye come to Langhope? Ay, the keeper's cottage. I bade there. Ma faither was heid keeper at Langlands."

"And what brought you to Fife?"

"Ye may ask! I mairret a jiner. If I had ta'en ma mither's advice! 'Betsy, lass,' said she, 'there's little sap amang the shavin's.' His folk came frae Fife, an' efter we'd been mairret a wheen years he got the offer o' a job here. I never likit it, nesty, saut, cauld hole! No like oor ain couthy countryside. I canna thole the sicht o' the sea, sae jumblin' an' weet. What wud I gie for a sight o' the Tweed an' the Lammerlaw! But I'll never get hame noo, an' I canna see hoo I can lie quait in that cauld kirk-yaird. Of course, ma man's there, but it's an exposed place."

"And have you no children?" Lady Jane asked.

"Juist ae son leevin—an' he's mairret."

"Oh, but he's good to you, I hope?"

"As guid as his wife'll let him be. O, ma guid-dochter's a graund gear-gatherer. She was a Speedie and they're a' hard. She's big an' heavy-fitted like her faither. Handsome, some folk ca' her! Handsome, says I, haud yer tongue! But I'm no saying' nae ill o' her, ye ken. She's welcome to a' she can get. I never grudged naebody naething; their guid wasna ma ill."

"Well"—Lady Jane rose to go—"I hope

you will let us come again. I want to talk to you about home. Don't get up. I'm afraid you've bad rheumatism?"

"Ay, it cam' on me about five years syne. I was as soople as an eel till then. . . . Hoo's Agnes Martin pleasin' ye?"

"Oh, she's a treasure. And I hope she's happy with us?"

"Happy eneuch, I daursay. She's the sense to bow to the bush that gies her bield." And Betsy lowered herself slowly into her chair while her visitors went down the stairs feeling rather snubbed.

CHAPTER XI

"This for remembrance . . ."

HAMLET.

THOUGH Barbara had professed herself unable to endure the boredom of calling on her new neighbours, she greeted her aunt and cousin with interest on their return.

"Well," she said, as she roused the fire to a blaze and lit the wick under the lamp for the tea-pot, "how have you fared, intrepid spirits?"

Lady Jane had left her coat in the hall and stood looking absurdly girlish in her straight black dress, her bright hair escaping from under the close-fitting hat, warming her hands at the fire.

"We've done a good afternoon's work," she said, smiling at Barbara, "and enjoyed it."

"You haven't had tea, I hope? For Mrs. Martin has baked a very special cake—a reward for well-doing, I suppose."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Nicole. "I'm hungry. Mrs. Heggie wanted to give us tea, but Mrs. Buckler didn't offer it because of a disobliging maid. Wasn't it luck we got three out of four at home?"

"You call it luck?" Barbara said.

"And," continued Nicole, "we've put our first foot on the morass of invitations you dreaded so. Miss Symington brings her nephew here to tea on Wednesday."

Barbara groaned. "I knew it! The thin end of the wedge. . . . What are they like, Aunt Jane? I want your unbiased opinion and not a rose-tinted appreciation from Nikky."

Lady Jane sipped her tea contemplatively for a minute, then said:

"Nice people, I think. We called first at the three large villas. Miss Symington's is most depressingly bleak and ugly, but Miss

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Symington herself seems a quiet, inoffensive woman, almost entirely silent, though. Nicole and I had to talk all the time to avoid embarrassing pauses. Some people seem to feel no responsibility about keeping up a conversation. I wonder if it is shyness."

"Sheer laziness," said Nicole. "I'm sure I'd much rather be silent; it would be easier than keeping up a bright, vivacious flow of talk."

Her mother laughed sceptically and went on. "Then we went to Knebworth, a type of modern villa that is all right in London suburbs, but should never be seen in Scotland. The bleak Ravenscraig goes better with the east wind and the cry of the seabirds and the high, sharp voices of the people. But it was comfortable, and in a way pretty, with its absurd ingle-nooks and latticed windows, and Mrs. Heggie herself is a character. She is one of the people who help to make the world go round. She lifts and doesn't merely lean. You couldn't please her better than by using her. But she's lost in a place like this; her energies need freer scope."

Nicole nodded. "Not only a good sort, but an amusing good sort. She reminded me a little of Mrs. Jackson. . . . To-day I felt she was constrained, we were strangers, but I should like to be there when she really lets herself go. I wonder what the daughter is like. I expect the books were hers. Evidently a modern young woman, an admirer of the latest lights. I don't think, somehow, I'll ask her to come and read Scott's *Journal* with me."

"The third house," said Lady Jane, "is called Lucknow, and appropriately enough shelters an Anglo-Indian family. . . ."

"Ah, but, mother," Nicole broke in, "don't lay that to their charge. It was christened before they took it—Mr. Buckler told me."

"What are the Anglo-Indians like?" Barbara asked.

"Well, there's always something pathetic about retired Anglo-Indians. I know it's great impertinence to find people pathetic who in no way desire sympathy, but it must be such a change to come back from an important position with 'a' thing braw about ye' to live an unoccupied life in an ugly little villa, among people who take no interest in the thirty years you have given to the Empire, and don't want to hear anything about the things that have been more than life to you. Mrs. Buckler is a nice woman

and not nearly so discontented as she might be. She takes her servant's troubles humorously, and she's certainly proud of her children."

"Why, Mums, have they children? They struck me as being distinctly childless. I'm glad they have. . . . I liked Mr. Buckler so much. And, Babs, we met the young man I told you of the other day, and—wasn't it silly?—I clean forgot to ask anyone if he really is the Everest man."

"But," said Barbara, "you haven't called on the whole population of Kirkmeikle? There are others, surely?"

"We called at the Manse, but Mrs. Lambert wasn't at home; but we didn't reach the Kilgours—"

"I must say they sound a dull lot," Barbara said as she poured out tea.

"They're not exciting, perhaps," Nicole confessed. "But, Babs, I want you to come and see an old woman—Betsy something—who comes from Langhope. To hear her speak was like a drink of water in a thirsty land."

Nicole took a bun and her cup of tea and went and curled herself into one of the window seats. She liked peering out at the harbour in the dusk and watching the lights along the shore come out one by one.

"I wonder," she said in a little, "how the Jacksons are getting on? Jean Douglas has never said she has called."

"Too busy, I expect. By the way, Christmas isn't very far away. What are we going to do about it this year?"

Nicole smiled lazily at her cousin. "Need we do anything about it? Are 'the last sad squires' expected to keep Christmas? We've shed all our responsibilities, haven't we? I expect Mrs. Jackson will do great things at Rutherford. Do you remember—" She stopped, realizing that to recall other and happier days was not wise.

"I must see in time about boxes for my old people," Lady Jane said. "I wouldn't like them to feel forgotten. The next time you go to Edinburgh, Babs, you'll see about it, won't you?"

"Yes, Babs, you're our shopper-in-chief. Please get me a selection of useful articles also. . . . I believe, Mums, that this wise virgin has already heaps of presents, all made by herself, stowed neatly away. . . . Oh, letters!"

Barbara took them from Christina. "Three for you, Aunt Jane, two for me, the rest for Nikky."

Nicole looked with distaste at her lot.

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"Bills, I think. I don't believe I'll open them."

"Isn't that one from Jean Douglas?" Barbara said, and Nicole pounced on it with the cry, "Now we shall have some news!"

A few minutes later Lady Jane looked up from her letters and said, "Well, Nikky, what does Jean say?"

Nicole handed over the sheets to her mother, who began at once to read, while Barbara, perched on the arm of the chair, looked over her shoulder.

I wish, dear Nikky [so the letter ran], that I could go with this letter across the Forth Bridge and slip into the Harbour House about five o'clock in the afternoon, and find you three sitting in the room with the four long windows. I expect I would be able to greet everything in the room as an old friend! I would take my own chair and draw it up to the fire and, with my feet on the fender, listen to all you have to tell me.

Tom has been laid up with lumbago, which has kept me pretty much at home, but on Thursday last I fulfilled my promise and went to call at Rutherford. I simply hated going. Every inch of the road brought back some memory, and to go through the gateway and wave as usual to the curtseying Lizbeth, and know that I would find no Rutherfords at Rutherford made me both fierce and tearful, so that I was in no mood to be pleased with its newcomers.

The place is very well kept, leaves most carefully swept up, and gravel raked: not a twig out of place, and oh, my dear, how beautiful it is! It came back to me with a sort of surprise the exquisiteness of the lawns running up to the mouth of the glen, the burn with its turf bridge, the bracken-covered hill-sides, and the long grey front of the house. No wonder the Jacksons coveted it!

It was a comfort to have Johnson open the door. His manner was perfect—I always admired the artistry of Johnson—chastened with regret that times had changed yet subtly exalting loyalty to his new employers.

The hall, as of course you know, is the same except that Mrs. Jackson has introduced a few little conceits of her own: a bronze boy now supports a lamp, another figure holds a tray for cards; there are also masses of hot house flowers, an opulent innovation which I resented, and I missed—but what is the good of tearing your heart with what I missed?—you who will miss it "until the day ye dee."

I was shown into the drawing-room. Nothing could spoil that gracious room, and Mrs. Jackson, to do her justice, hasn't tried. I told you I would hate her, but when she rose to greet me in a smart velvet gown, complete with a hat covered with paradise plumes and an ermine stole, I thought she was about the most pathetic thing I had ever seen. She gave me a very warm welcome, and as I sat beside her on the sofa she confided in me that except for the minister and his wife I was her first caller.

"I wish they'd come," she said wistfully, "for cook bakes special things for tea every after-

noon, and I dress myself, and when nobody comes I hardly know where to look. I'm a wee bit afraid of Johnson anyway. D'you mind telling me, are there many people round about to call?"

I told her truthfully the names of everyone from the duke downwards. She sighed. I fear she finds life rather a burden.

The son came in while we were at tea. "Andy," his mother called him. I like "Andy." His manner to his mother was perfect; he had an amused, protecting smile on his face as he watched her sitting there in her paradise plumes and her ermine. He told me with the greatest frankness that he knew practically nothing about country life, and felt very much in a mist, so I asked him to come to Kingshouse and let Tom put him wise about a lot of things. Mrs. Jackson and I had a very interesting talk, mostly about your people. She wanted to know everything I could tell her about you all, and she is pathetically eager to model herself on your dear mother. It is funny, but I know you won't laugh. I confess that you were right, there is something about Mrs. Jackson that melts one's heart. I range myself by her side, and I'm going straight away to hustle people up to call. I simply can't bear to think of the poor dear dressing up for people who don't come and feeling shamed in the eyes of her servants.

Nikky, I can't tell you how I miss you all, how everyone misses you. Tillie Kilpatrick even; and Alison Lockhart twisted that wicked, amusing mouth of hers at me the other day and said, "I'm a worse woman because Jane Rutherford has left the district." Tell your mother that though it sounds obscure I feel sure it is a compliment. Write to me very soon, and promise that you will come for Christmas. It's going to be quite gay, two hunt balls and several private dances, not to speak of theatricals at Langlands. Won't you be tempted? A fortnight? Or even one week? Please think about it, and tell my dear Lady Jane I ask as a great favour that she should add her persuasions to mine. She would have Barbara with her, and she is a host in herself.

—All love from

MISTRESS JEAN.

"Will you go, dear?" Lady Jane asked, as she handed back the letter.

"Is it likely? Leave you and Babs our first Christmas in a strange place? Why, Mums, there aren't so many of us now that one can go without being missed. Besides, I'd hate it above everything."

"I thought you were so fond of the Douglasses?" Barbara said as she got out her work.

"So I am, but—oh, don't let's talk about it. I should feel like a ghost going back to dance among ghosts. Some day I've promised to go to Mrs. Jackson, but that's different. There I wouldn't be going for my own pleasure—" She looked into the fire with unseeing eyes for a minute, then jumped up. "Now I'm going to have my

hour with Scott's Journal; that takes me back in the spirit to my own country; I don't want to go back in the flesh."

"Poor Mrs. Jackson," said Lady Jane. "I'm glad Jean likes her. She will absolutely bully the Jacksons into popularity. Can't you see her?"

"What surprises me," Nicole said, "is that she seems to like the son so much. Somehow, I had the impression that 'Andy'—I like the soft drawl his mother gives his name—was a sort of suburban *knot*, but he can't be."

"It's comparatively easy," Barbara put in dryly, "to like a young man with prospects. Indeed, you will find that the Jacksons will go down very well; their cheques for all the numberless causes will be very acceptable. And, remember, there are a lot of girls in the district, and no superfluity of unmarried men."

Nicole laughed. "That's quite true, Babs. Mums, had you realized what benefactors we are?"

CHAPTER XII

"It is a gallant child, one that makes old hearts fresh."

—*The Winter's Tale.*

ON the morning of the Thursday that he had been invited to tea with the Rutherfurds, Alastair and his friend and attendant, Annie, disported themselves among the boats at the harbour. It was not usual for them to be down on the shore in the morning. Generally Annie "did" the nursery and Alastair played in the garden, then they went for a walk, but to-day



"Her mother began at once to read, while Barbara, perched on the arm of the chair, looked over her shoulder"

Miss Symington had gone after breakfast to Langtoun, the sun was shining, and Alastair had begged so hard for the harbour that Annie had skirmished rapidly through her work, cast care to the winds, and raced with him down the brae.

It was exceedingly fortunate, Alastair felt, that his aunt had gone away that day, for his friend, Mr. Beckett, had given him a repeater pistol complete with ammunition (caps), and, also, there was a Norwegian boat in the harbour manned by strange-speaking but wonderfully friendly sailors. He and Annie had been invited on board and had sat in a fascinating cabin and drunk strong black tea out of gaily painted bowls. It was a good thing Miss Symington had been spared the sight, but it had all been so novel and exciting that neither had ever thought for a moment they were doing wrong.

Now they were pirates. Alastair was a quaint figure in an overcoat made for his growth, inclined to be lumpy at the back,

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and a dark grey felt hat; but if his appearance suggested a lay preacher rather than a law-breaker, his spirit left nothing to be desired. As he stumped about, shouting hoarsely what he fondly believed to be curses, Annie said he made her blood run cold. That damsel's idea of the behaviour of a pirate was an odd one. She leant languidly over the side of the boat and sang a song which she was much addicted to, beginning "When the spring-time comes, gentle Annie."

Alastair was firing his new pistol so recklessly after what he called a "retreating craft" that he did not notice Nicole Rutherford until she leant over and shouted to him:

"I know who you are. You're Paul Jones. He was a tremendous pirate, and he came from these parts."

"Oh?" said Alastair politely. "Would you care to see my pistol? It goes on firing as long as there are any caps."

"And then what happens?"

"It stops. I'm coming to your house this afternoon."

"You are," said Nicole.

"Yes. I was going to ask you, only Annie wouldn't let me ring your bell, would you mind if Mr. Beckett comes with me rather than Aunt Janet?"

"But—does Mr. Beckett want to come?"

"No," said Alastair truthfully, looking very straight into Nicole's eyes. "He hates tea-parties, but he might come if he were asked. He says you can't very well not accept when ladies ask you. That's why he went to Mrs. Heggie."

"I see. What about your Aunt Janet? Would she rather stay at home, too?"

"She'd stay at home if you asked her," Alastair said, and received a prod in the back from Annie, who was struggling with suppressed giggles. "Give over this meanit," she whispered hoarsely, "or I'll tell your aunt." Then, to Nicole: "Please be so good as not to heed him, miss," and again to her charge, "Come awa hame, ye ill laddie."

But Alastair heeded her not, for, walking along the shore, he spied his friend Mr. Beckett, and flew to him like an arrow from a bow.

Nicole and Annie followed, the latter apologizing incoherently as they went.

"Naebody pits the things he says into his heid. He juist oots wi' them afore ye ken whaur ye are. He's daft about Maister Beckett. Ye see, he's fair seeck o' weemen,

for he sees nothing else. He didna mean to be impident to you, for he's an awfu' polite laddie. I dinna ken whaur he gets his mainners; they're no Kirkmeikle anes, ony-way."

Nicole shook hands with Simon Beckett and remarked on the freshness of the morning.

"Yes, too good to work in. The mornings have been so good lately and the afternoons so bad that I'm trying the plan of walking in the morning and writing the rest of the day."

"Oh, you write?" said Nicole with lively interest.

"Not to say write. I'm doing a job—trying to write an account . . . an unholy mess I'm making of it." He looked so embarrassed and ashamed of himself that Nicole changed the subject by asking him if he would give them the pleasure of his company at tea that afternoon.

The tall young man looked suspiciously at Alastair, while Alastair looked out to sea, and Nicole said, "I know it's too bad to ask you, for, like all men, I expect you loathe tea-parties; but if you would come and support Alastair in a household of women you would be doing a kindness. . . . Then we may expect you? Why, Alastair, we'll have quite a party, shan't we? You and your aunt and Mr. Beckett and three of ourselves—enough to play musical chairs."

Before four o'clock another man had been added to the party.

Lady Jane, who had taken a liking to Mrs. Brodie, the woman with the nine children, had gone along with something for the baby and had found the household in trouble. The eldest boy had been brought in with a bad cut on his forehead and a broken arm. The doctor was with him, a clean-shaven, elderly man with a weather-beaten face.

Mrs. Brodie was standing near, holding her youngest, "the wee horse," under one arm. "Eh, my," she said, wiping her face with her apron. "Folk get awfu' frichts in this world! Ye're never lang wi-out something, a family's a sair trouble. I was juist thinkin' we were a' quit o' the measles, an' here we are again."

"Wull I dee? Wull I dee?" wailed the patient, a freckled, fair boy of fourteen.

"Not you," said the doctor. "But you deserve to, hanging on carts as I've seen you do fifty times. If you had dropped off before a motor instead of a gig, where would you have been I'd like to know? . . . Now

then, Mrs. Brodie, he'll do all right if you keep him quiet. Don't let him sit up on any account. I'll look in again before bed-time. Be thankful he's got off so easy." He pinched the cheek of the baby.

"That's a fine child. He's the best you've got, and they're not a bad-looking lot taking them as a whole. Good day to you."

Lady Jane and the doctor went out into the street together. "Which is your way?" he asked.

"Down here—to the Harbour House."

"Ho! So you are one of the newcomers? My sister called on you—Kilgour's the name—but she found you out. I think you must be Lady Jane Rutherford."

"I am, and I'm hoping to meet your sister soon—what a nice place Kirkmeikle is!"

"I'm glad you like it. I've lived here all my life and I think there's no place to compare with it. Are you interested in old things? No one is about here; like the ancient Athenians, they follow after new things, and they don't know their own old town. I haven't much time, being an Insurance slave, but there's a spare hour or two nearly every night when I can shut myself into my den. My sister has an ill will at my craze; she says I waste both coal and light; but, bless me, a man can't live by bread alone, and it's an innocent pastime delving in the past."

"And are you going to give to the world the result of your delvings?"

Dr. Kilgour laughed. "Ah, that's another matter. I doubt if any publisher living would take the risk of bringing out a book that would only interest a few . . . but we'll see. I go off here."

He stopped and held out his hand.

"But we are almost at the Harbour House," Lady Jane said. "Won't you come in and have some tea before you go on with your rounds? I'm sure you need it."

Dr. Kilgour hesitated. "I'm afraid my sister would say I wasn't dressed for company; I've on a terrible old coat, but the thought of tea is tempting. And I'm very fond of your old house. I knew it well in Mrs. Swinton's time, for I was her doctor for nearly thirty years."

"Oh, so you knew Mrs. Swinton? She seems to have been something of a veiled prophet in Kirkmeikle. No one seems actually to have known her."

"Ah, well, you see, she didn't visit in Kirkmeikle—she wasn't a woman who made friends—and she always drove to Aberlour to the Episcopal Church there. A fine

woman in her way, but the most reactionary old Tory I ever met. She would have turned an ordinary moderate man into a howling red Bolshevik in ten minutes, and yet you couldn't help admiring her somehow.

"Many a time she ordered me out of the house and got Barr from Aberlour, or Dawson from Langtoun, but she always came back to me again. And never was a bit abashed to send for me either, that was the funny thing. Like an old woman here, Betsy Cwile, who says 'I've tried Barr, an' I've tried Dawson, but I've juist had to fa' back on Kilgour.' There's a great deal in being used to a doctor; it's natural to like a change, but when people are really ill they want back their old one."

Lady Jane laughed as she ran up the steps and opened the door. "There's more in it than that," she said. "I think we'll find the girls in the drawing-room and tea will be ready shortly. We're having it early to-day, for Miss Symington is bringing her nephew to see us."

"A party!" said Dr. Kilgour. "I'm being punished for coming out so shabby. But I might wash my hands at least—yes, I know the cloak-room, thank you."

Tea was in the dining-room that afternoon, and the striped curtains were drawn at the window, and candles in red shades gave a festive look to the table. There were crackers, too, red crackers, for this was Alastair's party, and a great iced cake stuffed not only with raisins and peel, but with threepenny bits and rings and thimbles.

Alastair had never seen such a table in his life, and looked at it with grave, concerned eyes, saying nothing.

"It's either a belated Hallowe'en party or a premature Christmas party," Nicole explained as they took their places. "Hallowe'en, we'd better call it, for we're going to dook for apples. Alastair, are you good at 'dookin'?"

The child swallowed a bit of bread and butter and said, "I don't know. I've never tried."

"Alastair has hardly ever been to a party," his aunt explained. "There are so few children of his age within reach that he rarely has anyone to play with."

But Alastair, not liking to be pitied, broke in:

"I've got Annie; she plays, and Mr. Beckett knows heaps of games."

"I don't believe, however," Nicole said,

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"that Mr. Beckett has ever 'dooked' for apples."

"I haven't," that gentleman confessed. "What exactly is the rite?"

Nicole nodded at him. "Wait and see," she advised.

Dr. Kilgour had already drank two large cups of tea.

"Curious eerie time, Hallowe'en," he remarked; "cold winds, cabbage-runts, red apples and looking-glasses! You know the superstition that if a girl looks into the glass at midnight on Hallowe'en she'll see the man she's to wed? A farmer's wife near here, I've been told, advised the pretty kitchen-maid to go and look. The girl came back—'Sic blethers,' she said, 'I only saw the maister an' his black dog.' 'Be kind to ma bairns,' said her mistress, and before Hallowe'en came round again she was dead and the kitchen-lass reigned in her stead. . . . What do you think of that, Miss Symington?"

"It's not very likely to be true," Miss Symington said prosaically.

Lady Jane laughed. "It's a good tale, anyway," she said. "Pass Alastair the chocolate biscuits, Nikky. Babs dear, will you cut the cake?"

Immediately after tea a small wooden tub half full of water was set on a bath mat by the careful Christina in the middle of the drawing-room floor, the apples were poured in, and Barbara stirred them about with a porridge stick, while Nicole knelt on the seat of a chair with a fork in her mouth.

She was as serious and absorbed as a child as she hung over the back of the chair waiting an opportunity to drop the fork among the rosy bobbing apples. She chose her time badly, and the fork slid harmless to the bottom of the tub.

"No good! Now, Alastair, you see how it should be done—or, rather, how it shouldn't be done." She knelt beside him on the chair, one arm round him. "Now—very careful! Wait until they slow down a bit, and drop the fork into the thick of them. Oh, well done. You almost got one then; the fork knocked off a bit of skin."

Immensely encouraged, Alastair descended to the floor and asked whose turn it was next. "Mr. Beckett, perhaps," he suggested.

"Miss Symington first, I think," Nicole told him, "and then come my mather and Barbara."

Miss Symington found herself meekly accepting the fork and mounting the chair

It was a thing she had never expected to do again in this life, but she dropped it with precision, and it was fished out, sticking in a large apple.

Barbara wiped the apple and presented it to the victor.

"We'll put Mr. Beckett next," Lady Jane said, and Alastair nearly tumbled into the tub in his anxiety that his friend should succeed; but he failed.

"It was too difficult," Alastair said loyally; "they were going round so fast."

"If Barbara wouldn't stir so lustily!" Lady Jane complained. "Let them settle. Now, you see, I've got one!"

Alastair secured half a dozen apples before he could bear to see the tub removed, and endeavoured to stow them all about his person for future consumption.

"Fireworks now," Nicole told him.

"I must go," said Dr. Kilgour. "I've stayed far too long already, but it's been fine. Thank you for my good tea, Lady Jane. . . . I'll send you that book, Beckett; I think it'll interest you."

The fireworks were produced and set off to the almost solemn joy of Alastair. Everything was warranted harmless, but the room stank of brimstone, and when Miss Symington saw confetti bombs explode and sparklets shed flying sparks of light in all directions, and fire balloons ascend to the ceiling, she felt that this was no amusement for the drawing-room. She stared in sheer amazement at the almost girlish abandon of Lady Jane, who was a most reckless conductor of fireworks. "Apply a light," she said without troubling to read the directions, and immediately applied a light to anything she saw which had an end sticking out. And these girls, too! Working so hard to make a child happy, throwing themselves heart and soul into his entertainment, not playing down to him, but playing with him and obviously enjoying it. All this trouble about a little boy! Miss Symington could not understand it. She had been brought up to believe that children should be seen, not heard. Alastair would be past bearing if he were made to feel so important. Mr. Beckett spoiled him too; Annie said he played with him for hours, just like Lady Jane and these girls. They were all quite different from the people she was accustomed to meet—much simpler and at the same time very puzzling; full of fervour about things of no moment, and quite off-hand and careless about really serious matters. Very good to look at, she admitted,



"Miss Symington found herself meekly
accepting the fork and mounting the chair"

Drawn by
John Cameron

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glancing across the room to where Nicole sat cooling herself in one of the windows. She wore a straight, tight black satin dress with a soft, white, pleated ruffle starting from the shoulders and continued all down one side. The wicked extravagance of a white ruffle! Why, it wouldn't go on more than once or twice. . . . And to sit there with the window open and the night air blowing in on her bare neck!

Simon Beckett crossed the room and stood by Nicole, who smiled up at him, inviting him to admire the outlook.

"I sit here always after tea," she told him, "and look out at the sea and the lights . . . we do enjoy these quiet evenings. Mother plays patience or writes letters, Barbara sews, and I watch the lights when I'm not reading. I used not to care for the sea, but I'm beginning to love it."

She twisted the blind cord and asked: "Do you write in the evenings?"

Simon nodded. "At least I try to, but I get so stuffy and restless that I'm generally glad about nine o'clock to dash out for an hour and tramp about."

"Is it a novel you're writing?"

"Oh, heavens, no!" He looked aghast at the idea. "I'm only putting into as decent English as I know how the record of our expedition in the Himalayas."

"Yes," Nicole said, "I thought you must be that Simon Beckett."

"You see," apologetically, "there is no one else to do it, or you may be sure I wouldn't have attempted it."

"It must be fine, though, to have a job like that to do, something you've got to begin every morning, something that no one else could do. I envy you."

"Oh, I don't know. I don't suppose it matters much to anyone, but I'd feel a slacker if I didn't do it. . . . You see, the worst part of it is I'm no manner of use at writing. I sit for hours over one sentence. I never had much of a head. . . ."

He stopped and pulled at his tie, then said bashfully:

"I wonder—would it be an awful bore to you—if any time I'm in a worse hole than usual I came and asked your advice? I'd be awfully obliged if you'd sometimes give me a hand."

"I'm afraid," said Nicole, with unusual diffidence, "that I don't know much about style."

Simon laughed aloud. "Style! If I make it sense I shan't worry about style."

"In that case we shall feel honoured—I

speak for mother, Babs and myself—if you will come down some night and dine and talk over any difficulty. Mother can spell really wonderfully, and Babs is clever. To write a book must be far worse than attempting a high peak."

Simon Beckett groaned. "The next time I go out I'll settle them. Nothing again will ever induce me to attempt to lecture or write on the subject."

"Oh, you lecture too?"

"I have lectured twice. But never again. It was an awful exhibition. . . ."

He turned to Alastair, who had come to him, saying, "What is it, Bat?"

"Aunt Janet says I've got to go home."

Simon looked at his watch. "By Jove, it's going on for seven o'clock. Past your bedtime, old man."

"Why d'you call him 'Bat'?" Nicole asked.

"Because," Alastair explained, "my name's too long and he thinks I'm like a bat. He calls Annie 'Gentle Annie.'"

"Because her name is too short, I suppose?"

"'Cos she sings a song about 'Gentle Annie' and—"

"Your aunt's waiting for you," Simon interrupted. "Yes, I'm coming too."

Alastair departed reluctantly, comforted, however, by the fact that his pockets were full of nuts and apples, and Nicole had put into his hands a box of chocolates and an electric torch as parting gifts. "So that you may light them home," she told him as he trotted away, his hand in Simon's.

He chattered all the way home to his friend, but Miss Symington walked deep in thought. When she opened her own front door and went into the hall she stared round her as if she were seeing it for the first time. After the Harbour House, how bare it looked! How bleak! The unshaded incandescent gas made an ugly light. Before her she saw the hall she had just left, the soft-shaded lamps, the coloured prints on the walls, the polished table reflecting the big bowl of bright berries, the chests with their brass trays, and candlesticks and snuffers, the blue and yellow of the old Chinese rugs, the warm, pleasant smell of good fires and good cooking and well-kept furniture. She sniffed. Her own house did not smell so pleasantly. There was an odour of hot iron and something burning in the kitchen range, for the cook had an economical but unpleasing habit of burning potato peelings and such things in the fire.

THE PROPER PLACE

Miss Symington went into the dining-room. The fire was low, and one gas burned dully; a green chenille cloth covered the table, and there was an arm-chair on either side of the fire, and eight smaller chairs were ranged along the wall, under the oil paintings. Presently a tea-cloth would be laid cornerwise on the green cloth and her supper set. How dull it all seemed! She was not a woman who greatly cared for comfort, and good food, and pretty things about her, but to-night she certainly felt that something was lacking.

"You'd better go to bed, Alastair," she said; "Annie will be waiting for you. D'you like Lady Jane and the two young ladies?"

"Yes, they're soft and pretty and they smell nice."

Miss Symington was rather scandalized—fancy a child noticing that!—but she merely said:

"Run away to bed!"

"Yes." He was collecting all his treasures to show Annie. "Good-night, Aunt Janet."

But Miss Symington did not reply. She was looking at herself in the mirror above the mantelpiece.

CHAPTER XIII

"This is the flower that smiles on every one."
Love's Labour's Lost.

A FEW days later when Nicole was coming home from a tramp over the golf-course she met Janet Symington at her own gate. They talked for a few minutes, then Janet, on a sudden impulse, asked Nicole to go in, and she went.

Janet took her into the dining-room, remarking that she generally sat there.

The daily papers lay on a small table by the fire, along with a Bible and a pile of hymn books and a work-basket. Janet motioned Nicole to the arm-chair at one side of the fireplace and seated herself in the other. She had wanted to see this girl again, but now that she had got her seated at her own fireside she found nothing to say.

"I suppose," she began awkwardly, "things will seem strange to you. I mean to say, Kirkmeikle."

"Strange? Well, I've never lived in a little town before, and it's all very new and interesting. We enjoy it, mother and Babs and I. Perhaps I enjoy it most, for I believe with Alexander Pope that the proper study of mankind is man! Mother and Babs

are more—well, withdrawn. I mean to say, they would be content to sit up in a tower, hardly troubling to look out of the window. Whereas I would want to be down jiggling with the crowd in the market-place."

"Oh!" said Janet. Then, after a pause, "I suppose you will always have lived a very gay life?"

"Oh dear, no! Far from it. You see, when I grew up the war was just finishing, and my two brothers had been killed, and my father was beginning to be ill, and there wasn't much thought of gaiety in any of our heads. Of course, I have had some very good times; my aunts have me in London for months at a time, and I had a cold weather in India; but I've lived a great deal quietly at home in the country. . . . When my father died we found we couldn't keep up our home—Rutherford; and we were very lucky to get the place sold almost at once. We heard of the Harbour House, liked it, took it, and here we are. Mine is a very simple life-story so far. I must really get it coloured up a bit. It's ridiculous to be twenty-four and to have done so little."

Miss Symington clasped her hands in her lap. "I'm forty-five," she said, "and I'm beginning to think I've done nothing at all."

"Oh, but you," cried Nicole, with her usual swift desire to make people pleased with themselves, "you are an important person, directing a household of your own, and with a nephew to bring up—that in itself is a big job. And you do a lot of good works, I hear."

"I expect you're an Episcopalian, Miss Rutherford?"

Nicole, rather surprised, said "No. The Rutherfurds have always been Presbyterians, except perhaps before the Reformation, when I was an Irish rat, which I can scarcely remember."

Miss Symington held on to the first part of the sentence, which had a little sense, and replied to it. "I'm glad of that, for I always feel that a difference even in the form of worship makes a barrier."

"I never thought about it," Nicole said truthfully. "Mother was brought up in the Church of England. Have you lived alone long?"

"Since my father died four years ago. My mother died two years earlier, and my only brother died in Canada about the same time as my father."

"Oh!" Nicole clasped her hands. "I know what it means . . . but I always had my mother—anyway, you have Alastair. I

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do envy you him. What we would give to have a little boy in the house! And you're rich, aren't you? That must be rather jolly, I should think."

Miss Symington shook her head. "My money has never given me any pleasure, and I've never found that people have liked me any the better because of it. Of course, I give systematically to deserving charities."

Nicole stared at Janet, sitting holding the *Scotsman* between her face and a by no means too hot fire.

"But how dull!" she said. "I wouldn't give systematically to anything—not though the Charity Organization Society clapped me in jail for not doing it! All the fun of giving is giving when and where you like. And I don't believe it does the harm they say, anyway." Nicole lay back in her armchair and glowered defiantly.

"Money is a great responsibility," Miss Symington said primly.

"So it is, but if I were you I wouldn't let it weigh on me. Give half a crown to the next tramp—or five shillings if you want to make a 'gesture,' as the papers say—and see if you don't enjoy the look on his face."

"Oh, I never give to beggars."

Nicole made a face. "I give to every single one," she said and laughed. "You see what a thoroughly unsatisfactory person I am—selfish and sentimental and wayward and everything you're not."

"You're willing to let me have all the virtues, but you keep the graces." Miss Symington smiled and flushed as she spoke, astonished at her own repartee, then went on: "I quite agree you have everything I haven't—youth and—I suppose you would call it charm."

Nicole flung out her hands. "Not that, not charm; don't accuse me of that. I'm so sick of it. 'Charrum!—a kind of a bloom on a woman,' doesn't Barrie call it?"

"Does he? That will be in a play. I never go to the theatre."

Nicole was aghast. "But—oh, but *what* you are missing!"

"I dare say, but I couldn't sit comfortably in a playhouse. I'd be like the two old ladies in Edinburgh who were persuaded to go and were hardly seated when a cry got up of 'Fire!' and the one turned to the other and said, 'And we'll go straight to Pit because we're on the devil's territory'—and to think, too, that it's prayer meeting night!"

Janet's eyes had a slight twinkle as she told the story, and Nicole cried, "The

lambs! But you don't really believe that, do you, that it's wrong to go to a play?"

"It would be wrong for me. But to go back to charm. D'you know what Alastair said of you and your mother and cousin when he got back from the Harbour House? 'They're pretty and soft and they smell nice.' . . . I was brought up to think it wrong to spend much time or money on my appearance—my mother had a passion for fine underwear and silk stockings, and we thought it just part of her illness. My father despised all that sort of nonsense. He gave his time to higher things, and I've tried to follow out all his wishes—about the mission hall he started in Langtoun, and all his other schemes."

"I know you do a tremendous lot," Nicole assured her; "and don't you have a parson of sorts staying with you every Sunday?"

"Yes, I arrange for a speaker every week for the Hall, and, of course, I give hospitality. It's nothing, only supper on Saturday night, and there's a fire in the library, and they sit there. Then Sabbath's a busy day with services and classes, and they go off on Monday morning. We often have very good speakers. If you would care to come some Sabbath—?"

"Yes, thank you, I would. . . . D'you never go away, Miss Symington? Never take a holiday?"

"Oh, yes. I go for a month to Crieff Hydro every summer. A lot of ministers go, and it's very nice."

"I see." Hearing steps on the gravel Nicole turned her head. "You're going to have visitors; I'd better go."

"No—please. It's only Mr. and Mrs. Lambert. I go to their church. Do stay and see them."

Mr. Lambert was a man of about five and thirty, small and thin, with a whimsical, puckered face. He was afflicted with a slight stammer, and had a funny way when he came to a difficult word of helping it out by giving little slaps to his trouser leg. His wife was a slim, dark girl, with a gentle manner and a frank smile. They both shook hands cordially with Nicole and regretted that they had been out when she called with her mother.

"But I saw your small daughter—and I know something of you, Mr. Lambert, from Alastair. He told me the story you told him about the mermaid's comb and the cod-liver oil soup."

Mr. Lambert looked shy and stammered when he spoke.

"I sometimes t-t-ell him stories when I meet him on his walks. . . . I hope you like Kirkmeikle, Miss Rutherford."

"I do. It's a likeable little town."

"And the inhabitants?"

Nicole appealed to Mrs. Lambert. "What am I to say? Criticism is never welcome."

"We don't mind it in Kirkmeikle," the minister told her, "we're used to it. Fife folk are hard critics, so say away."

Nicole shook her head. "But I've nothing to say. I haven't seen anybody more than once, and that once they were very pleasant. It's very difficult, don't you think, to find horrid people except in books? The worst you can say of most people is that they are dull, and I expect that is a wise arrangement, for dull people are much easier to live with than scintillatingly brilliant people."

"Talking of books," said Mrs. Lambert, "unless you're a great reader you'll find it very dull here in the winter. We've a small book club among ourselves that is a great help. But you may belong to a library."

"We get our books from *The Times*. Whenever you want a new book let me know and I can order it for you."

"That would be kind," the minister's wife said eagerly, "for sometimes we wait months before we get a book we're keen about. Indeed, we've only now got 'Pogo's Letters,' but they were worth waiting for."

"Really, Mrs. Lambert," Janet said, as she knelt down to pick up a coal that had fallen on the hearth, "I don't know how you find time to read with two infants and so much housework."

"Ah, but there's always time to read, odd half-hours, and even ten minutes aren't to be despised that give you a refreshing page or two to go on with."

"In that case," said Nicole, "you must only read the best. It would be too bad to waste those precious snatched minutes on rubbish. . . . If I come across anything specially good may I bring it to you? Just now old books suit my mood best, and I'm utterly behind with new novels."

"Oh, do you read according to your mood?"

Nicole had risen to go, but at Mrs. Lambert's question she sat down on the arm of her chair and said:

"Yes, don't you? I like contrasts. If I'm having a tremendously gay time in London I read dull memoirs to recall to myself my latter end. In India I used to like to sit at the end of the long Indian day and

listen to the monkey-people, and watch the kites swoop down, and hear the conches from the temples, and read Barrie—all about Jess and Lecby and the intimate details of the Thrums kitchen. It was like seeing a minutely painted Dutch interior against the background of the Matterhorn."

"And tell me," said Mrs. Lambert, "what d'you read when life is terribly ordinary, and everything seems to smell of boiled cabbage?"

Miss Symington looked in a surprised way at the minister's wife, but Nicole laughed and said: "I know, 'when nothing is left remarkable.' Why, then I read of glowing places like the Taj Mahal, and of people like Shah Jehan. Shah Jehan with his elephants and his peacocks, his palaces and his queens—all the dizzy magic of the East —" She stopped. The minister's wife was enthralled, but Miss Symington wore a doubtful expression as if she feared that this young woman was not going to prove a very uplifting influence in Kirkmeikle.

"I must go," said Nicole, "for I'm talking far too much. Good-bye, Miss Symington." She smiled at Mrs. Lambert. "I shan't forget the books," she promised and was gone.

Mrs. Lambert gave a sigh as the door shut behind her and said, "I never met anyone like her—her voice—and her eyes. She is like warmth and light. I seem to feel chilly now she's gone."

Her husband shook his head at her. "You're a born worshipper, Jeanie. I suppose now you'll go home and dote on this Miss Rutherford. And she hasn't wanted for worship, that young woman."

Nicole went home so silent and thoughtful that her mother, in some alarm, asked her if she felt quite well.

"Oh, yes, thanks. . . . I've been to see Miss Symington."

"What," cried Barbara, "again? You seem to have a morbid desire for that woman's society."

"No! I met her at her own gate and she asked me to come in, and she's one of those sincere people who would never think of asking you unless they really wanted you. We talked—do you know?—very solemnly—" "I don't believe any man has ever said anything more intimate to Miss Symington than 'A bright day, but rather chilly.'"

"And do you propose to introduce passion into her life?" Barbara asked dryly.

Nicole laughed. "You do make me sound a fool, Babs. You're the best bubble-pricker that I know. But don't you think it is very

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sad for Miss Symington to have all that money—didn't Mrs. Heggie say she was very rich—and get no good out of it?"

"But she does good with it," Lady Jane reminded her.

"Oh, but in such a dull way; just giving large sums in an impersonal sort of way, she doesn't know how to give and she doesn't know how to live, and she doesn't know how to love—rather neat that, what? No, but really I can't bear to see waste. I looked at that woman to-day and I just longed to spend some money on her. The house is awful—I shouldn't think there is one single beautiful thing in it, nothing of real value. She sits in the dining-room, Mums, with a green plush cloth on the table and an aspidistra in a pot—and if there is a soul-destroying thing on earth it's an aspidistra. She entertains preachers for the week-ends. I can see her sitting talking so painstakingly to them, telling them what she has read in the *Scotsman* . . . d'you know she shouldn't even realize what a treasure she has got in Alastair; he's just another thing for her to be conscientious about. I tell you she doesn't know *how* to enjoy."

Barbara yawned. "Oh, do let's talk about something else. I'm frankly bored with the whole population of Kirkmeikle . . . I'm tired of solid worth. Is there anything really wicked in the house that I could read?"

Her aunt laughed. "Poor Babs! But you've found a way of escape to-day." She turned to Nicole. "Aunt Constance's friends the Erskines called to-day when you were out. Very friendly people they seem. We are all invited to Queensbarns next Wednesday."

"Oh, are we?" said Nicole.

CHAPTER XIV

"It is a rule with me, that a person who can write a long letter with ease cannot write ill."

JANE AUSTEN.

A WEEK or two later Nicole wrote to her friend Jean Douglas at Kingshouse: "You blame me for not writing, and ask what I can possibly have to do except write? But you'd be surprised how full the days are and how quickly they pass. Anyway, for me. Barbara still kicks against the pricks. Mother smiles her absent smile and accepts things as they come; but I think perhaps she hasn't been quite so 'absent' lately. You know what I mean, present in the body, but her thoughts not of this world.

She is sometimes quite like her old self when she is talking to Alastair. I told you—did I?—about him? He is a small boy, the nephew of Miss Symington, who lives in the biggest of the red villas, six years of age, plain of face, and superficially quite unattractive. You know how my heart always did melt to small boys, and there is something about Alastair that appeals to me mightily. He reminds me in the strangest way of Ronnie and Archie, and I think Mums must feel the same, for I've seldom seen her so absorbed in anyone as she is in this child. He is old enough to begin lessons, but there is nobody available in this place to teach him, and his aunt doesn't want a resident governess, and—actually!—mother offered to give him lessons for two hours every morning! So punctually at ten o'clock he arrives with his nurse, a large Fife girl quite young and full of common sense—we call her Gentle Annie, because of her liking for a song of that name—whom he admires exceedingly. When we read to him about a beautiful princess he asks, 'As beautiful as Annie?'

"Alastair sits at a table with an exercise book and a pencil and learns to recognize and make letters and read little words.

"So far his progress is not striking. I heard Mums going over with him, 'a, an' with great patience, then she said, 'Now, Alastair, tell me, what is that word?' And Alastair, with the most charmingly helpful air, said, 'I'd tell you in a minute if I knew.'

"You say you want to know all about the people here. Barbara says they are the duller crowd she ever struck, and indeed they are utterly ordinary (what are we ourselves?) and very far from exciting, but I like them.

"Mrs. Heggie, who can't see anyone without offering hospitality, came to tea with her daughter the other day. The daughter was calm and collected and condescended to us a good deal, but her mother was absolutely simmering with excitement. It seems she has always had an intense desire to be inside Harbour House, and she was like a child at her first pantomime. I escorted her through every nook and cranny of it—we even visited the coal cellar—and she gasped out admiration at everything she beheld. She was so interested in the few photographs she saw in the bedrooms that we raked out boxes of them, and I believe she would have sat entranced till bedtime listening to the life histories of people she had never known existed. The daughter

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—Joan by name—dragged her away in the end, evidently ashamed of her exuberance. She writes, this girl, but I can't quite gather what. (She is rather plain looking, with a long nose and chin, and an ugly laugh.

"Miss Symington, Alastair's aunt, is a woman of about forty-five, quite good-looking if she knew how to make the best of herself, rich, free to do what she likes, and here she stays all the year round, in a hideous house, eating badly-cooked food, wearing ugly clothes, seeing nothing beautiful, hearing nothing beautiful, hardly, I think, aware that there is such a thing as beauty. What could one do to wake her up? The minister and his wife are so different. The Lamberts live in a plain little grey stone house in the middle of a walled garden; you enter by a green door in the wall. They have £300 a year to live on, and it shows how little money really matters, for they are absolutely happy. They have everything that any reasonable being could desire, a house where love is, good health, good books and a good fire. Also, by a merciful dispensation of Providence, they have a small servant called Betha, a wise and virtuous child, and she and Mrs. Lambert between them cook, clean and look after the two children. Always by one o'clock Betha has got on her black dress, ready to carry in the early dinner, and when she has washed the dinner dishes out she goes to give the two little girls their daily walk. Mrs. Lambert makes all the clothes for her babies, besides visiting the congregation, presiding at meetings, and reading every book she can lay her hands on. Mr. Lambert is rather a pet. He has a most engaging stammer, and helps out the words by giving himself little slaps, but he also has what his wife calls a dry manner, and is not sufficiently affable to his congregation. Small and thin, with a sort of twisted smile, he is like a benevolent gnome, but his sermons are excellent, and he is a man of wide reading.

"Then there is Dr. Kilgour and his sister. He delves in the past and writes of what he finds without hope of it ever seeing the light of publication, and his sister collects pretty well everything—old glass, china, furniture, brass. Her house is like a very nice museum; everywhere you turn there is something worth looking at, not the least being Miss Kilgour herself. Quite old—seventy, I believe—round and comfortable, with such white hair and blue eyes, she is full of funny old rhymes and stories of the

people who once lived in Kirkmeikle, and the rise of the new people in Langtoun. There is a bite in her talk which is refreshing; it is so tiresome when everybody says nothing but good of everybody else.

"As to men, I already mentioned Mr. Lambert and Dr. Kilgour, then there is Mr. Buckler, the retired Indian judge, and Mr. Simon Beckett. I've kept him to the last like the bit of icing on a cake, for he is no less a person than *the* Simon Beckett who almost succeeded in climbing Everest. You remember, Beckett and Cullis were together, well on their way to the top, when Cullis was killed and his companion had to return?

"We couldn't believe that it was the same Beckett, it seemed so utterly unlikely that he should be here, but it appears that when he was a small boy he and his brothers came here for sea-bathing, and the little quiet town remained in his memory, and he thought of it when he wanted a place in which to write in peace. For, you must know, he is writing an account of what happened on that expedition, thus late in the day because he was for long ill and broken.

"I like him for his kindness to the small Alastair, who follows him with dog-like devotion.

"Poor old Babs sniffs at the whole of Kirkmeikle, but, thanks to Aunt Constance, whose acquaintances list, I am convinced, ranges from Kew to Katmandu, we have got to know one family with whom she can feel at home, people called Erskine, who have a place about ten miles from this, Queensbarns. They are very pleasant people and are full of schemes for amusing us. 'What d'you do here?' one of the girls asked me, and for the life of me I couldn't tell her. I could only assure her that I didn't play bridge, and that stunned her into silence. Babs and I went over and played Badminton the other day at Queensbarns; it was very nice, but oh! how glad I was to creep back to our own funny little house.

"Could you help liking a town that contained a place called *The Watery Wynd*, and another of the name of *The Puddock Row*?

"I like Kirkmeikle, but I ache all the time for my own countryside. D'you remember what the old woman said to Dorothy Wordsworth when she told her she lived in a pretty place? 'Ay, the water of Tweed is a bonny water.' . . . Isn't there a text about 'Weep not for him who

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is dead, but weep sore for him who goeth away. . . .

"All the same, I'm happy.—Your loving
"NICOLE."

CHAPTER XV

"... as to not meeting with many people in this neighbourhood . . . I know we dine with four-and-twenty families."

JANE AUSTEN.

MRS. JACKSON was going to her first dinner-party from Rutherford. It had lain like a weight on her ever since she had got the invitation. She had gone to bed every night dreading it, and wakened in the morning weighed down by the thought of it. She was almost thankful that the day had come—to-morrow would be free from the oppression.

She had kept her fears to herself until, at tea-time on the fatal day, her son had said carelessly, "By the way, aren't we going out to dinner to-night?" when she could contain herself no longer.

"Oh, Andy," she wailed, "you can say it like that as if it was nothing, something that had just come into your mind, when the thought of it has been like a nether millstone round my neck for a week?"

Andrew was helping himself to jam, and he paused with the spoon in his hand and looked at his mother.

"Nonsense, mother!" he said. "A dinner party's nothing to worry about. You didn't mind them in Glasgow, you enjoyed them!"

"Ah, but this is a very different thing. The Glasgow ones were all more or less official; I knew what I was there for, and all that was wanted of me, but this"—Mrs. Jackson threw out a despairing hand—"I suppose this'll be to meet our county neighbours, and I'm *terrified*. I know how frozen these kind of people can be and the way they look at you."

Andrew laughed. "A few perfectly harmless people hoping for a decent dinner and not too boring company. You know you liked the people who called—Mrs. Douglas—"

"Oh, if it had been Mrs. Douglas's dinner I'd have gone like a bird, but I've never set eyes on these Langlands. I was in Glasgow the day Lady Langlands called, and she was away when I returned it."

"Well, it's very civil of them to ask us; it's just a pity father had to be in London. Don't, for goodness' sake, worry about it, you silly wee body; nobody's worth worrying about. What good cakes these are!"

"Yes, oh yes. Mrs. Asprey's a good baker. Andy, what'll I put on to-night? I've three dresses laid out."

Andrew considered for a moment. "Well, if you really want my opinion, I like the black velvet with the funny train best—"

Mrs. Jackson's face fell. "I was afraid you'd say black," she said resignedly. "And I've got a new one I'd like fine to wear, a sort of tomato-red, a lovely shade and awfully fashionable this winter."

Andrew had a vision of his stout mother swathed in tomato-red, the cynosure of all eyes in Lady Langlands' drawing-room, and he said gently, "You must keep that one to cheer us up at home; but you know I never think you look so well in anything as in black—and black gives your pearls a chance."

"Well, that's true; but, all the same, I would have liked to show these people that I've some smart clothes. I don't know whether they're dressers in this part of the world or no. Of course, Mrs. Douglas is awfully smart. Her clothes were London, I could see that, but to my mind Glasgow's every bit as good. Black, you think, and my pearls? I believe I'll go and lie down for an hour before I need begin to dress, and then I'll mebbe not get so flustered and excited. Whatever will I talk about? Is there anything much in the papers, Andy, except murders and politics? Oh, if only it was eleven o'clock to-night what a happy woman I'd be!"

"Not you, you'll be quite sorry the party is over. When you hate the thought of a thing beforehand you always enjoy it when it comes. And anything short of the torture of the Inquisition will seem pleasant to you to-night!"

She picked up her workbag and a book she had been reading and prepared to go upstairs, then a thought struck her. "But I've never even seen Lady Langlands! Mercy, Andy, how'll I know which is the hostess?"

"I suppose she'll hold her hand out, won't she, O Manufacturer of Mountains out of Molehills?"

Mrs. Jackson sighed. "Oh, I dare say. I just hope I'll be given grace to hold my tongue to-night. I always mean to be perfectly calm and dignified, and before I know what I'm doing I'm just yattering away. Uch, Andy, you needn't laugh."

Exactly at a quarter to eight Mrs. Jackson and her son were being admitted into the

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hall of Langlands. Mrs. Jackson's heart, she would have told you, was in her mouth, but she got a crumb of comfort whenever the door opened, and it was this—the Langlands' butler could not compare either in looks or deportment with Johnson. She felt oddly uplifted by the fact, and was able to leave her cloak, and follow the butler with something like equanimity, though for days the thought of this moment when she would be ushered into a gathering of strangers had almost made her swoon.

There were only about half a dozen people in the room when her name was announced, and she tottered forward on her high heels towards the outstretched hand of a tall lady who was in soft grey and who was hastening to greet her.

"Mrs. Jackson, I'm so glad to meet you at last. I've been so unfortunate missing you twice. My husband——"

The next thing Mrs. Jackson knew was that she was sitting on a comfortable high chair talking to her host; at least, Lord Langlands was talking and she was making little gasps of assent. She looked round her. Lady Langlands was talking to Andy; very thin she was, not young, but striking-looking, with a small head like a deer.

"Mrs. Jackson, I don't think you know Mrs. Kilpatrick." Her host was speaking and she found herself shaking hands with a young woman with a bright colour and a fashionable head. Her dress was cut very low and finished prematurely, revealing a pair of stalwart legs and somewhat unfortunate ankles. Her lips were painted an unconvincing carmine, and her voice was shrill and she spoke with an affected lisp; but she was very pleasant, and assured Mrs. Jackson that she would have been to call on her long ago, but her infants had chicken-pox.

"A troublesome thing," said Mrs. Jackson in her comfortable voice that made you think of warm nurseries and soft little garments and violet powder. "It's such a long infection. Three weeks, isn't it? I mind Andy—my son, you know—had been playing with a wee boy who took it and we kept him in quarantine, as they call it, for a whole three weeks, and the day he should have gone back to school there were the spots—real provoking. But it's an easy trouble once you get it. I hope your children are better?"

"Oh, thanks, I think so. Nurse says they're perfectly all right. I haven't seen them myself for about a week. Tim and I

have been away and only got back to-night."

"Is that the way of it?" said Mrs. Jackson, and with that dinner was announced.

"We're a man short," Lady Langlands said, "but it doesn't matter, for we'll walk in anyhow—Jean, lead the way. . . ."

It was a round table, and Mrs. Jackson found herself between her host and a small horsy-looking man who, she saw by the name card, was Major Kilpatrick, the husband of her vivacious young friend. Having cast one glance at him, she decided that she could do nothing for him in the way of conversation, so she turned her attention to her host. Her first remark was somewhat unfortunate. Looking round the room she said, "My! this is a fine room for a big family."

"Yes," Lord Langlands said without enthusiasm. The nurseries at Langlands were empty. . . . "How do you like living at Rutherford?"

Mrs. Jackson looked him full in the face, gave one of her beaming smiles, and said, "We like it *fine*. At first, you know, I wasn't sure about living in the country, always being used with the town and not caring much for country sports, or gardening, or visiting cottages, but we've settled down wonderfully. Andy, my son over there, has taken to it like anything, and tramps about in knickerbockers quite the country gentleman. Mr. Jackson, of course, has to be a great deal in Glasgow—he's in London to-night, that's why he's not here—but he's quite pleased with Rutherford too. Of course, you know the place?"

Lord Langlands laid down his soup-spoon. "Walter Rutherford was my greatest friend. We were at school together, and Oxford together, and his boy Archie was my namesake."

"Is that so? You'll miss them. Ucha. I'm awfully sorry for poor Lady Jane losing her boys and her husband like that. Indeed, I don't know how she goes on at all—and yet she's wonderfully bright too."

Lord Langlands murmured something, and his companion continued:

"Have you heard how they're liking Fife? Fancy having to go to a house in a street—I understand it's not even a villa in a garden—after Rutherford! Mind you, some people are tried in this world."

At that moment Lord Langlands' attention was claimed, and Mrs. Jackson, turning her head, met the glance of Major Kilpatrick, and had, perforce, to make some remark.

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She smiled shyly and said, "Isn't it wonderful weather for the time of year?"

"Oh, not bad, not bad. . . . D'you hunt, Mrs.—eh—Jackson?"

"Me?" Mrs. Jackson began to laugh. Was this jerky little man trying to be funny? "I was never on a horse in my life. You see, I've always lived in Glasgow, in Pollokshields. D'you know Pollokshields? It's an awfully nice suburb."

"Oh, I've been to Glasgow," said Major Kilpatrick. "At the motor show, you know, and catching trains and that sort of thing. Bit grimy, isn't it—what?"

Mrs. Jackson at once rose in arms. "Not a bit grimmer than any other big town. Bless me, its smokiness is just a sign of its prosperity." She gave a sigh. "It's a fine place, Glasgow. I'm proud, I can tell you, to belong to it."

"Quite right. By Jove, yes. Stick up for the place you belong to, that's what I always say. But this part of the world's not bad either, you know, and Rutherford's far the nicest place round about. What times I used to have there with Ronnie and Archie! It was dashed hard luck that they had to sell it." Major Kilpatrick ate a few mouthfuls rapidly, and continued: "Not that it's not jolly nice having you there, you know, Mrs. Jackson, but the Rutherfords—well, the Rutherfords, we all knew them, don't you see?"

"That's what I said myself," his companion assured him, "the first time I went to look at the place, and they were so kind and pleasant to me I just said, 'What a downcome from Lady Jane Rutherford to Mrs. Jackson.'"

Major Kilpatrick laughed uncomfortably. "I wouldn't say that. Oh, by Jove, no! I wouldn't say that. . . . By the way, does your son hunt?"

"He never has, but he's going to learn. You see, since ever he came from the war he's been pretty close at it, learning the business, but now that we've bought a place Mr. Jackson wants Andy to be more or less a country gentleman, if you know what I mean."

"Father's not what you'd call an old man—sixty-four, that's nothing when you see pictures of people quite spry at a hundred—and he's quite able to look after the business himself—in fact, he prefers it. He has a wonderful business mind, father has, as sharp as a needle. I think, mebbe, Andy's more like me, inclined to be dreamy like. And he likes the country; he's as fond

of that old house as if his ancestors had lived in it for hundreds of years."

"Is he, though? By Jove!"

"Yes. I sometimes think it would comfort Lady Jane to know that the one who'll come after us likes the place so well."

Major Kilpatrick agreed, and in the pause that followed addressed a remark to the lady on his other side.

Mrs. Jackson sat crumbling her toast and watching her fellow-guests. Andy was talking to Mrs. Douglas and laughing at something she had said. His mother decided that he was much the best-looking man at the table. Lord Langlands had a big nose, and stooped, and was rather like some great bird; Major Kilpatrick was an ugly little man with a comical face; Colonel Douglas was red-faced and bald, but Andy looked really well in his white tie and waistcoat, not handsome exactly, but solid and kind and dependable. He glanced her way and she nodded and smiled to show that all was well with her. . . . She liked Lady Langlands, she decided. She had a grave, almost sad, face and a gentle manner. Mrs. Douglas seemed quite an old friend, and Mrs. Jackson felt a proprietary pride in her very smart appearance—how well she put on her clothes! Mrs. Kilpatrick, of the carmine lips, she mentally shook her head over, and thought what a silly couple she and her husband were. The only other woman present she did not think she liked the look of—Miss Lockhart, she thought her name was. She nibbled a salted almond and considered her. She was well dressed and had beautiful pearls, but Mrs. Jackson did not care for the arrogant look in her face. This lady, she thought, was probably given to keeping people in their places.

"I was saying, Mrs. Jackson," her host was addressing her, "that there is a great deal to be said for seeing the winter through in Scotland. Only we who have endured hardship can properly appreciate the first snowdrop, and those who have flown to Egypt or the Riviera haven't the same right to watch the daffodils take the winds of March with beauty. Don't you agree?"

"Oh, yes, yes, indeed," she said rather confusedly, turning from watching Miss Lockhart's attractive though rather wicked mouth as she talked to Colonel Douglas, to the solemn countenance of her host. "I love the spring days after the dark and cold, and the sight of the crocuses always reminds me that the spring cleaning's coming on. I wonder if you've noticed an advertisement

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—it's awful clever—a picture of a great bunch of blue delphiniums and a bottle of furniture polish? It fair makes you smell a newly cleaned room."

Lord Langlands looked slightly surprised. "Eh—quite so," he said. "Are you going south after Christmas?"

"Oh, mercy, no! We're just newly settled into Rutherford. Such a flitting as we had! I'm sure we'll not want to stir a foot from home for ages. I'm not fond of Continental travel myself. The language, you know, and the queer food. I'm terrified they give me snails. . . ."

When Mrs. Jackson returned to the drawing-room with the other ladies she glanced surreptitiously round for a clock. Dinner had lasted so long surely it must be after nine, and the car was ordered for ten o'clock. Only another hour and the ordeal would be over!

"Is that chair comfortable? Do let me give you another cushion," and Lady Langlands tucked in a cushion behind Mrs. Jackson, and presently Jean Douglas seated herself in a low chair beside her and began to talk.

"I want to tell you how nice you look. There is nothing so becoming as black velvet and pearls. And how's Rutherford? I had a letter from Nicole the other day; she always asks about you."

"Yon's a nice girl," Mrs. Jackson said earnestly. "I wonder—d'you think it would be all right for me to ask her to visit us some time? I wouldn't dare ask the cousin, but Miss Nicole was so kind and helpful, she made me realize what it must be like to have a daughter. I'd love to have her if she'd come."

"Then I'd ask her if I were you." Jean laughed a little. "As you say, Miss Burt is a different matter—though, remember, there's a lot of good in Barbara, but she lacks something that Nicole has, that touch that makes the whole world kin. We all liked her, but no one exactly loved her, whereas Nicole has had all her life a surfeit

of love—if such a thing is possible. It made it hard for poor Babs."

"Ucha—well, I thought we might be giving a dance later on, and Miss Nicole said she'd help me any time I needed her. But, of course, it might be trying for her coming back, too."

"Oh, if she refused you would understand why, but— What did you say, Tillie? No, this isn't my month to visit the nursing home."

The talk drifted away from Mrs. Jackson into a maze of Christian names, and events of which she knew nothing. They knew each other so well, all these people. She felt a little lonely sitting there, wearing a fixed smile and listening to Tillie Kilpatrick slipping out gossip about meets, and dances, of the whereabouts of this one and that, and her thoughts wandered, and presently she nodded.

Lady Langlands' voice speaking her name made her sit up very straight and look incredibly wide awake.

"We are hoping, Mrs. Jackson, that you will take Lady Jane's place in our nursing association. Perhaps you will go with me one day and see over our little hospital. It is part of our war memorial, and we're very proud of it."

Mrs. Jackson nodded amiably. "I'm sure I'll be very glad. I'll do anything but speak in public. That I *can't* do, but I'll sit on committees and subscribe money and all that sort of thing."

"That's the kind of member we want," said Jean Douglas, while Mrs. Kilpatrick said, "Oh, Jean!" and giggled.

Driving home with her son Mrs. Jackson was a happy woman. The ordeal was over, and a wonderful plan was in her head. Nicole would come to Rutherford, Andy would love her at sight. Already she heard the sound of wedding bells. To have a daughter to entertain for her—to hear Nicole's laughter in the house . . . a rosy and golden haze seemed the future as she peered into it.

(To be continued.)





WANTED: A NEW LEAGUE OF NATIONS

AS we approach the dawn of another New Year, men's eyes will be strained to discern what the future has in store for them, to see what is the promise of peace or war, what the prospect of progress or disaster. Looking back on the year now passing away, one event seems to stand out above all others as a portent of good to come: the Pact of Locarno seems to promise a real and lasting peace such as no other event since the war has envisaged. At last there is real evidence that the nations are beginning to see the futility of war and to recognize that quarrels must be settled by other means if our civilization is not to go down in wrack and ruin.

Internationally there is some hope for us.



The Industrial Outlook

Turning from things international to affairs economical, the prospect is not so bright. Although, for the present, we have a semblance of peace in the industrial world, the signs and portents are disturbing. We cannot forget the incident of last summer, when a gigantic upheaval in the industrial world was only prevented by the Government giving a subsidy to the mining industry. As we all know, the crisis was only shelved; in this coming spring the issue will have to be faced all over again, and no one can tell how it will be settled. Alarmists may declare that this time the quarrel may be fought out to its bitter end: that miners, railwaymen, transport workers will strike, paralysis will be threatened, and a gigantic industrial war be upon us. Other people reply that the nation is too sensible to engage in such a suicidal battle; that

common sense will once more prevail, and that a way out will be found—the way of compromise and peace with honour on both sides.



The Warnings of History

Now, it is the easiest thing in the world to prophesy disaster, and history tells us that mostly our fears are groundless. But history has its warnings, too, and it is the part of wise men to heed the lessons of the past and avoid the mistakes and catastrophes of other times.

We remember reading before August, 1914, that "War is impossible." Yet it happened. Civil war is "impossible"—yet the elements of a conflagration are there, all ready for igniting. The trouble in 1914 was that, although almost everybody desired peace, the machinations of a few misguided people could involve the world in strife.



The Danger of War

There is the same danger in the industrial situation to-day. No responsible Labour leader desires war, no "capitalist" wishes to involve industry in a suicidal strife. But the nation to-day—as were the nations in 1914—is divided into armed camps; the organization—elaborate, far-reaching, efficient—is all ready trained for war, munition is piled up. And just as some little savage Balkan State in the old days could precipitate a crisis, so to-day some small, obscure body of men can, at any moment, precipitate a war that nobody wants, nobody can profit by.

We have learned by bitter experience that nations cannot really settle their dif-

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ferences by arms. The problems remain when the bloodshed is finished. We have not learned that lesson in matters industrial. We have created a League of Nations for world disputes, and signed a Pact to keep the peace; must we have a terrible industrial conflagration before we apply the same lesson to industrial matters?



A Mediæval State of Things

The great need of the coming era is for some organization that shall apply the principles of the League of Nations to our industrial affairs.

We are, industrially, back in the Middle Ages, when baron fought baron, clan conspired against clan, when internecine strife was the natural order of things, affording a pastime and occupation to ambitious and bloodthirsty men. That was all very well for the Middle Ages, but it will not do now.

The trouble is not the existence of Trade Unions and their counterpart among the employers, but the lack of an efficient way to settle disputes without the employment of extreme measures, or perhaps the root of the matter is in the belief that one side or other can wrest an advantage from strike or lock-out; that a "victory" against the "common enemy" is the thing to be aimed at and to glory in. It is the spirit that is wrong, the theory that is pernicious.

We have proved that, among the nations, warfare cannot in future be the method of settlement of disputes. It is too costly, too barbarous, too dangerous. What is even more to the point, every blow we aim at another nation rebounds at ourselves. The whole family of nations is now so interdependent that there can be no question of "victory." If we ruin Germany, it means waste, unemployment, devastation to us. We cannot afford either to lose or to win wars.



Strikes Settle Nothing

What we have not yet learned is that, industrially, the same thing applies. Indeed, of all forms of warfare, civil war is the most terrible. And the warfare of strife and lock-out is civil war: "victory" to either side is as disastrous as defeat. No one man or one class can be injured without the whole body politic being stricken.

And strikes and lock-outs settle nothing. We look with pitying contempt on the "trial by ordeal" practised by our fore-

fathers for determining the justice of a quarrel. How can the fact of a man grasping a red-hot iron and being injured or recovering reveal the justice of his cause? How can the result of a duel by arms show on which side justice stands? But are not our methods just as crude and illogical? Does the issue of a strike determine the justice of a man's claim to more money? Does loss entailed by weeks of idleness create the ability to pay more money to different classes of workers?

The whole spirit is wrong, the doctrine at the back of it unsound. There is no fundamental difference between "capital" and "labour"; both are faced with the problem and opportunity of "working out our salvation by fear and trembling." Prosperity can only come by hard work, not by civil war. The only solution of our troubles is by "making two blades of grass grow where one grew before."

One hears it seriously contended that the only cure for unemployment is for each man in work to do less. Experience and economic fact show us that this is the reverse of the truth. The ground will yield more fruit as it is cultivated more, as more—not less—work is put into it. And this is true of all industry.



Fear—Suspicion—Bluff

The cause of the Great War was partly the plotting of a few irresponsible men in responsible positions. Partly, also, it was mutual fear, mutual suspicion, the piling up of instruments of destruction, the belief that the other side could be threatened or bluffed with advantage or profit. The danger, industrially, is the same. One or two irresponsibles can, at any moment, precipitate strife: it is difficult for the wisest among us to bring back peace. And at the background, it is to be feared, is that same mutual fear, suspicion, belief that the other side is the "enemy" who must be fought, bluffed, forced to give better terms.

We know it is wrong and it does not pay. We have learned our lesson internationally. Cannot we learn it industrially?



Wanted: A Way to Settle Disputes

The trouble is to discover an effective compulsory method of settling disputes without recourse to strikes. We hate war, but what in the last resort is a people to do but fight? That was the international

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problem. If we abolish strikes, what other effective method is there for settling industrial disputes? This is a great industrial problem that the men of to-day have to solve: on the solution depends our prosperity, our very life.



Ensure Mediation First

One realizes that progress must be slow. But certain forward steps ought to be taken. It ought to be rendered impossible for any master or man to invoke war without the opportunity of some sane, impartial tribunal to mediate.

At present, obscure, irresponsible men, eager to exercise power or gain some advantage, can precipitate a conflict involving thousands of innocent people whose wishes are not consulted.

The prevention of such an absurdity as this should not be a difficult matter. This is the principle on which we have proceeded in the diplomatic world: provision to ensure mediation before the fatal recourse to arms. If this can be done in the international sphere, why cannot it be provided for industrially? Make war difficult instead of easy; give peaceful men a chance at the beginning instead of at the end of the strife.



The Spirit that is Wanted

This, of course, is not an adequate solution of the problem. But, apart from machinery, legislation, pacts, we know well that where good will, mutual understanding

exist, unsolvable problems can be quickly solved. It is the spirit of good will that is wanted. Three-quarters of our difficulties would vanish into thin air if master and man trusted one another; if they believed they were working in an allied cause instead of that they were natural and eternal enemies.



The Only Way

In other fields we know that this is the only way. When once husband and wife draw up rules and regulations, regard each other as enemies, family life is impossible. In industry, master and man are inseparably bound as husband and wife. Their places are different, their functions complementary, but neither can exist without the other. Each can annoy, injure and destroy the other; but on their mutual efforts and agreement depend prosperity, peace, and happiness.

All this may seem rather out of place to most QUIVER readers. In reality, it is a matter that vitally touches each one of us. We all can do our little bit to promote the "will to peace"; we each can join in the prayer to "scatter them that delight in war." Let us work together in hope of the day when war, both nationally and industrially, is rendered impossible. "Give peace in our time, O Lord," should be the watchword for the coming year.

The Editor



The Home Barometer

By
Fay
Inchrawn

Not at STORMY, oh forbear
Woman dear, to set it there!

Nor at RAIN: for sages say
That is just a coward's way.

CHANGE? But that perplexes so
When the wind veers to and fro.

Well then, every single day
Set it FAIR, and let it stay!

Cassandra and I

by G. Appleby Terrill

7.—A Mail Train in Starlight

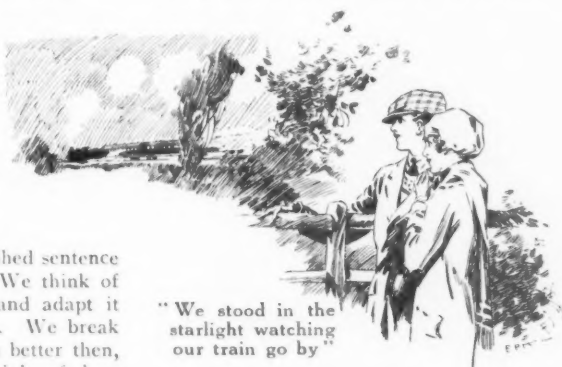
CASSANDRA and I frequently write letters. We have a number of near relatives. Most of them consider that it is a duty, though not necessarily a pleasure, on their part to hear from us quite often. They feel that, as Cassandra is by far the youngest housewife in our allied families, she is certain to do everything wrongly unless she solicits advice. They feel, also, that both Cassandra and I are so irresponsible-minded that it would be wrong—though very restful—to lose touch with us completely. My wife and I protest that we would re-establish touch by telegram if anything dismaying happened to us. But they insist upon receiving letters.

Cassandra and I do not enjoy writing these, particularly as our literary style is bitterly criticized. We sit together at our little dining-room table and shape our respective sentences groaningly. We scarcely speak except to ask each other how to spell words. We drop blots. In erasing these we quite forget what some half-finished sentence was going to say eventually. We think of something else for it to say, and adapt it to that. Then our heads ache. We break off to have tea. We feel much better then, and rather reckless. We think of how happy we shall be when our letters are finished; and we determine to be happy without waste of time. We dash back to our missives. Cassandra fills her last page with kiss-crosses. I write: "Will now conclude." Then we moisten the flaps of our envelopes and thump them down joyously.

One starlit evening last month I really found myself with a headache after our letter writing. So, instead of descending into the town to post, we turned the other way, into the country. We sauntered three miles in the starlight, along a little road

not very far from the railway line, to the neighbouring town. We had an idea that there was a nine o'clock collection of letters for the night mail there. There was; we just caught it; and an old postman with whom we conversed told us that the mail train, leaving at 9.40, probably would overtake us before we got home.

That did not interest us at the moment. But forty-five minutes later, when we were away in the quiet, starlit world, a train slipped past us with a sudden rumble, with its billowing white steam orange lit by its engine fire, with its carriage windows gleaming like greenish jewels. And Cassandra and I, with a queer little catch of excite-



"We stood in the starlight watching our train go by"

ment in our hearts, said: "There go our letters!"

And, somehow, we felt more affectionate towards our poor little letters, which were speeding thus to their destinations.

Perhaps they were not so badly written! Perhaps, moreover, one of them would be acknowledged by a small cheque! Or by an invitation to spend a month amid old oak, old silver, and other luxuries which we do not have in our five-roomed house. Perhaps, at any rate, Cassandra's kiss-crosses would give real pleasure to Aunt Hermione Anne.

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After all, Aunt Hermione Anne and other stern kindred were fond of us in a manner. It was pleasant to be in touch with them.

We watched the orange-lit steam vanish. Then Cassandra said: "Do let's post in this way next time—always—and see our letters go by! There's something nice——" Her voice was half wistful, though happy. I felt half wistful, too. We could not—cannot—explain why. It was just the effect of the train with our letters.

Thenceforward we posted in that way regularly—except twice, when rain stopped us. We became wonderfully fond of our mail train, of our walk in connexion with it. As we groaned at our letters the thought



"He handed it to Cassandra with a courteous: 'Voilà, madame!'"—p. 310

of our train, slipping by us with them later on, really supported us tremendously.

Then, yesterday, came a shattering blow. We happened to speak of the train to our local postman. He said: "No, no; the letters don't go by that train; they go up by the other line—South Eastern."

Cassandra and I were simply wretched. We did not mind having wasted sentiment on a false mail train. What we minded was that there would be no watching our letters pass that evening, or any evening—we no walk to watch them!

We had not the heart to write any letters.

At 7.15 p.m. Cassandra scribbled a post-card miserably. "Let's go," she whispered. "Though it won't be in the train, let's go this once more!"

We went. Near the post office we met

the old postman, our original informant. We told him our grief. He laughed an ancient laugh. "Your man be wrong," he said. "They *does* go by that train what you see. There were a talk o' alterin', but it ain't been done—and ain't goin' to be."

Cassandra could have kissed him. I—almost.

Later we stood in the starlight watching our train go by with Cassandra's postcard.

8.—A Novelty in Passports

CASSANDRA has a passport which gives her extreme pleasure. Strictly speaking, it is not a passport. It is a form of hobby, invented by Cassandra; and it was evolved as follows.

When we were staying at West Bexhill with Cassandra's grandmother last winter my wife was asked by her relative to take a prescription to the chemist's. Cassandra, en route, glanced at the prescription. It was obvious that her grandmother had tendered it to numerous chemists in numerous towns. The sheet of notepaper which bore it was stamped all over with such inscriptions as "Edward Smith, M.P.S., Dispensing Chemist (etc.), Bourne-mouth"; "Richard Jones, M.P.S., Dispensing Chemist (etc.), Brighton." Cassandra realized that every chemist who made up the prescription hand-stamped his name and address on the paper.

The stampings were in vivid green, vivid violet, vivid pink, vivid blue. They made a delicious colour scheme. In addition, the names of the towns formed a really interesting record of the travels of Cassandra's grandmother along the south coast.

Cassandra had never been abroad, but she had seen the passports of sundry persons who had been—thickly stamped with visas. It occurred to her that the chemists' inscriptions looked wonderfully like little visas on a little passport; and suddenly she found herself longing to possess a passport of this medicinal type and to collect lots of names of chemists and towns.

She pondered. She purchased a large sheet of drawing-paper. Later in the day she requested her grandmother's medical adviser, who had come to tea, to write at the head of the drawing paper a prescription for the most utterly inexpensive face

(Continued on page 310)

PRACTICAL HOME-MAKING

The Modern Frenchwoman

Some Views on Housing and Domestic Economy

By Beatrice Hobbs

ENGLISH folk are prone, at the present time, to deplore the high cost of living and the difficulty often experienced by the housewife in making both ends meet. No doubt there are good grounds for this feeling, as it cannot be denied that present-day conditions are very difficult. These difficulties are by no means confined to Great Britain, but are extensively and more onerously met with elsewhere. In France, partly as a result of the Great War, conditions are by no means happy for the French housewife; but, true to the traditions of her sex and nation, she is grappling with the problems in various directions, some of which are adaptable to English conditions.

Without disparaging the abilities of the English housewife, it is astonishing to realize what great saving is effected in the average French household to-day in the culinary department, as compared with a corresponding household in Great Britain. This economy is effected in a variety of ways. Primarily, perhaps, it may be due to the national mode of life, with its somewhat different ordering of meals. As is well known, instead of the heavy English

breakfast, which may run into three or four courses, the French household rises early, partakes of *café complet*—the delightful French coffee and milk—with one or two rolls and butter, or, perhaps, a crescent. The first important meal of the day is taken at about noon, and is, as a rule, more substantial than the corresponding lunch in Great Britain, especially the all-too-scanty meal which is prepared by the busy housewife for her own sustenance. The next meal, which is usually the last, is dinner, usually between six and seven in the evening. Again this is a heavy meal, and more substantial than the English supper.

Tea, in France, is not the institution that it is in England, although it is gradually being introduced into the average French home; but it is unlikely it will ever attain the same popularity. With only



Photo Hobbs

Fig. 1.—Waste not means want not. Using up the scraps.

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Photo: Rep, Boulogne

Fig. 2.—A splendid example of a modern French kitchen

two substantial meals a day, the problem of catering is rather different from that in England, where one has to provide breakfast, some form of lunch or, maybe, dinner, a dainty afternoon tea, and then either dinner in the evening, or a later meal or supper.

Economical Preparation

The two-meal day obviously lends itself more readily to economical preparation than the greater diversity of meals. Moreover, there is the national custom of preparing most of the meals in the form of individual dishes. For example, many extremely attractive courses are served and very often cooked in small soufflé dishes, each diner having a portion which can be prepared well in advance, if necessary; then is cooked and served immediately.

This tends to economy in two directions: first, the quantity of foodstuff actually required; and, secondly, the elimination of waste, while a by no means inconsiderable saving of labour follows the use of a dish in which the course is actually cooked and served. The amount of washing-up is thereby greatly reduced. In the case of joints and the more-important courses of that nature, the waste products are care-

fully scrutinized and often turned to extremely good uses.

For example, the usual custom in England in the case of, say, a joint which is no longer fit for the table, is either to cut off the better parts, removing the meat and mincing it, or to put the whole of the meat and bone into a saucepan and make it into soup. The French housewife goes very much farther than this, and not only removes the better part of the meat (Fig. 1) and uses it in the preparation of some individual dishes, but also makes use of the remaining bone, and so forth, for the preparation of a stock-pot, which serves as a nucleus for soup.

Bread-crusts and Peelings

Bread-crusts and other waste portions of bread are set aside on a clean plate, or in any other convenient manner, allowed to dry, and then rubbed on a scraper and used for garnishing various dishes, thus entirely eliminating one of the most fruitful sources of food waste. Examples can be multiplied indefinitely, and even such unlikely waste as potato peelings are turned to good use, even sometimes being consigned to the stock-pot, or turned over to the poultry, thus saving the cost of other food. Fruit

THE MODERN FRENCHWOMAN

peelings are often turned to good purpose in the preparation of various small dishes.

The tendency, in France, as regards housing shows a definite inclination towards the small house, and is quite a notable change. The apartment house, although perhaps still the national characteristic, especially in the large towns, is now looked upon with less favour. The small house, with its greater scope for individual expression and enjoyment, is growing in popularity. Numerous small houses are springing up on the outskirts of the large towns, and no doubt, in time, will have their effect upon the national character, and will also present fresh problems for the French housewife.

The "Front" Steps

The general habit of flat-dwelling, to some extent, eliminates many of the troubles which beset the English housewife, especially the careful attention to that part of the house usually known as the "front," which means that the housewife has to see that the steps are whitened and the front of the building kept in spick and span order. There is also the less-obtrusive back area of the house to be kept in order. Economy can be effected in this way, mostly by the use of suitable materials for the steps, paths, and so forth. Choice should be given to such materials as white marble, York stone, and brick, according to the style of architecture, as all these require little attention to keep them in perfect condition.

Unfortunately, many of the Continental



Photo: Hobbs

Fig. 3.—Always brush clothes and hang them up when not in use

kitchens are by no means so efficient and well planned as they might be; but modern tendencies are quite in keeping with English practice, and in some respects are superior. An excellent example is illustrated in Fig. 2, and is a product of the well-known French firm of Primavera. Here it will be observed that pressed metal saucepans, enameled inside and out, and notable for rounded corners, are stored in a cupboard with sliding glass doors.

The cooking table is faced with an impervious material with a rounded edge, and can be kept in perfect condition by wiping with a damp cloth. Shallow, conveniently arranged drawers are provided, suf-



Photo: Hobbs

Fig. 4.—Always fit lasts or trees to shoes

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ficiently large to accommodate a chopping block and other utensils. The sink is of white porcelain, the draining-boards similarly treated. The hot- and cold-water taps are of special pattern, and are fitted so that connexion can be made by means of rubber piping to either of them at will, for dealing with various mechanical devices, washing machines, and the like. The hydraulically operated machine, useful for such purposes as mixing salad dressing and other purposes, is shown in the sink, and can be connected to the tap by the rubber piping, thus saving labour and conducting economy.

In the Kitchen

The provision of a stool stored beneath the sink is helpful, as it can be used for many of the cooking operations, washing-up, and so forth, which are usually performed by the English housewife standing up.

Spacious cupboards beneath the draining-board and other features will be observed. Particularly pleasing is the tiling, to a height of about 6 feet, the upper part of the walls being treated with white distemper. Most of the woodwork is hardwood left bright; that is, only slightly waxed. It can be kept clean by occasional scrubbing. Gaily chequered curtains add a touch of colour to the room,

while the floor is covered with a heavy tile linoleum of a warm, reddish-brown colour.

The Frenchwoman is nothing if not thorough with her economy, which is not restricted to any one aspect of her daily life. It is a kind of ingrown quality, sometimes verging on the parsimonious or miserly; but, in most respects, admirable as a model. The ordinary Frenchwoman would not dream of wearing her outdoor frock while in the house, but promptly removes it, and immediately gives it a little attention, if necessary, with a brush (Fig. 3), removing the least trace of dust or mud. It is then either hung on a suitable hanger, or carefully folded and put away, according to the style of the garment.

The Care of Shoes

Shoes, also, come in for the same treatment. Immediately they are removed, they are kept in shape with a last or tree of some kind (Fig. 4), and, of course, are kept in perfect condition as regards cleanliness, polishing, and so forth. The same idea is adopted to many other daily pursuits. Each of these little economies, by itself, appears to be trivial; but, collectively, result in a wonderful measure of efficiency, and coupled as it is with a resulting better appearance, greater longevity, and a tendency to preserve clothing and the like in a fresh and new condition, increases its life and worth.

A New Attitude Towards the Banana

By Ruth Peck McLeod

THE poor, maligned banana has at last had its reputation cleared in the courts of nutrition. No longer does it hold a prominent place on the placards in the "don't" list in the feeding of little children.

Must be Properly Masticated

The banana is an excellent food, provided—and there is an important post-script in that proviso. The provision being that it must be properly masticated. The pulp of a ripe banana is a slippery substance and slides down the throat so easily that it is no wonder that the hungry boy takes

it in about two bites and a gulp. I once heard a teacher, who was very prone to use slang, giving a practice demonstration. When one of the audience asked her why bananas were not considered good for children, she replied in her accustomed slang-like manner that children usually swallowed them in "hunks and gobs," which was the real reason why they frequently were not properly digested.

Contain a Large Amount of Starch

Haven't any of you eaten a banana in a hurry and felt you had a rock or a lump of lead in your stomach, or even in your

A NEW ATTITUDE TOWARDS THE BANANA

throat? Therefore, the bulk of the blame laid upon the banana can often be traced to lack of thorough mastication.

Bananas are made up of a large amount of starch, and the digestion of starch begins in the mouth when the saliva, which is one of the digestive juices, is mixed with food in the process of chewing. Therefore, the more thoroughly bananas are chewed, the more thoroughly are they prepared for final digestion and assimilation in the stomach and intestines.

Ripeness—Very Important

And perhaps I had better add another proviso along with the first one, and that is the selection of the ripe bananas. In thoroughly ripened bananas part of the starch has been changed to sugar, and these are the only ones fit for use without cooking. The wise housekeeper will pass by the bright yellow bananas as quickly as she does the green peach, and select for immediate use those that are firm but whose skin is covered with little brown spots or specks. These have the soft mealy pulp and the mellow flavour that denotes the ripe fruit. Another factor is that these ripe fruit are usually cheaper than the others, because they will not keep long. Decayed or very soft bananas should, of course, be passed by. If I must take partially unripe ones, I allow them to ripen, and often buy a week's supply ahead for that very reason. A banana with a green end should never be eaten raw, the cellulose is tough and the fruit tends to remain in lumps instead of being easily chewed or mashed with a fork. We should not think of eating a green banana any more than we should a green apple or plum.

A Very Nutritious Food

It must be kept in mind that the banana is a very nutritious food. Due to the fact that 22 per cent. of the banana is made up of starch and sugar, it has a much higher energy or fuel value than most fruits. 1.3 per cent. protein, .6 per cent. fat, and .8 per cent. mineral matter are also present, as well as the three important vitamins A, B, and C. Some of the physicians announce that the banana is doing wonders in cases of acidosis to supplant the acid-forming bread in the diet. I recently talked with one of the leading physicians in one of the charitable clinics, who said that wonderful results had been obtained with several emaciated children upon whom he

had tried the use of this fruit. He remarked that they had gained remarkably by eating several mashed bananas every day.

And we might have known that the ripe banana would not hurt children, for I can recall sitting on the train behind many a mother who pacified her yelling infant with a banana which she had peeled and laid on the dirty window sill. She fed it on the instalment plan whenever the baby cried. Certainly bananas would have killed off the great labouring classes ere this if they had been so harmful. Who knows but what they have helped to save the lives of some of the children fed on an acid diet of ham and eggs, fried potatoes, and rice and gravy?

For Children

To come down to the actual feeding of this fruit to children, remember that only ripe bananas are to be used, and they must be thoroughly chewed. Mashed bananas are best for small children, and I might say that the most efficient method of mashing the banana that I have found has been to hold it in a dish with one fork and mash it with another, then cream it as you would a potato to make it fluffy. A silver fork should always be used in the mashing, never a steel one, as it would spoil the flavour. After every lump has been crushed, it should be beaten to a pulp. This process makes it even more acceptable to the child, as it produces a sweeter tasting product. (You can all recall that the crushed strawberry is much sweeter than the whole one.) No sugar should be added. Milk or cream may be put on it if desired. Perhaps it is needless to add that the banana must never stand any length of time after it is beaten, as the air will darken it. In such a banana fermentation will set in rapidly.

I have tried out this banana theory on my own five-year-old son, whose diet has had to be carefully guarded since a serious attack of flu left a tendency to acidosis. When he wants an extra slice of bread at supper, I substitute the mashed banana. He also has this fruit for breakfast every morning to counteract the effect of the acid-forming cereal.

Should be Given Gradually

When one thinks of the monotonous diet of the average year-old child, it will readily be seen that the tendency is to give an excess of cereal and biscuits to supplement the milk. Aside from the orange juice given the baby,

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he usually has an acid-forming diet. It is not advisable, however, to introduce the banana into a diet suddenly. As with any new food, a very small amount should be given at first and then the feeding increased to the desired amount.

If a child tires of the raw bananas, or if ripe fruit cannot be had, the cooked banana will be found very acceptable. In its raw state, the mashed banana may be beaten in with soft custard or chilled with some milk in a frozen dessert, or beaten in with warm oatmeal or any cereal. The banana may be cooked to make a palatable dish by adding it to the baked custard mixture before it is cooked, or, if eggs are not desired, by baking it in the oven with a small amount of milk. Bananas are also often placed in a baking pan without peeling and cooked slowly in the oven until the skin turns black and the pulp is very tender. Then a strip of skin may be removed

and the cooked fruit scraped out and served warm or cold. Orange juice is often served with baked bananas. But, please keep bananas (as well as other foods) out of the skillet when feeding them to children. And please **don't** consider banana fritters! They may be a good food for adults, but have no place in a child's diet.

I might add again at the last a note of emphasis as to the eating of bananas:

1. Select ripe bananas (no green ends nor hard bananas should be considered).
2. Mash the banana very thoroughly.
3. Take into account its high food value when planning the remainder of the meal, remembering it is higher in starch content than the potato.
4. Serve bananas raw preferably, or cooked in some manner other than in the skillet.



Cassandra and I—(Continued from page 304)

cream which he could invent on the spur of the moment.

He complied. Cassandra folded her drawing-paper. She and I strolled to the chemist's. We unfolded the drawing-paper before his astonished lineaments, and asked him to make the cream. When, later, we received the drawing-paper back from him, together with a microscopic pot of cream, it bore his beautiful blue visa, "Henry Webb, M.P.S. (etc. etc.), West Bexhill." Cassandra had paid only fourpence halfpenny for this—for the cream, that is—and was blithely happy.

We have continued to present the drawing-paper passport to astonished chemists. Cassandra now has twenty-nine delightful visas.

Last week, on our way to visit Aunt Hermione Anne, we changed trains at Folkestone. We had fifteen minutes to wait. Cassandra suddenly whispered: "I'd *love* a Folkestone chemist's visa!"

We dived into a handbag for her passport. We flew. We jerked open the passport, with a papery "bang!" before the face of an astounded chemist. We pleaded for cream. He leapt to make it. He applied his visa. We flew back.

Our train had whistled, actually was moving by inches, when we reached the plat-

form. We were thrust into a first-class carriage—a totally unexpected luxury. And then Cassandra shrieked: "My passport!" It had fallen on to the platform during the thrusting.

Folkestone is a famous cross-Channel port. French persons are numerous. There was one—a soldierly, uniformed courier—on the platform. Cassandra's shriek appealed both to his chivalry and to his professional instinct. None knew better than he the vital importance of a passport and the consequent trouble of its loss.

"Passe-POR' de Ma-DAME!" he shouted indignantly, furiously, to the porters who had got rid of us. Then, as they were slow to act, he darted to the folded passport, ran, and handed it to Cassandra, with a courteous "Voilà, madame!"

Cassandra had learned at school how to say "many thanks" in French—how to say the words really well.

"Bien des remer-r-rciements!" she gasped sweetly, admirably.

The courier saluted.

Then we sank into our lovely first-class seats, and Cassandra breathed joyously that her passport seemed wonderfully real after what had happened. And then we wondered whether anyone had kindly put our modest luggage into the train.

The Re-union of the Churches

Five Years of Progress

By

Arthur Page Grubb

At the opening of another year the problem of the relationships of the Churches to one another is on many hearts. This article briefly relates the present position of the Re-union issue.

FIVE years ago, in the pages of THE QUIVER, I drew attention to the momentum which the shock of the Great War imparted to the movement for Christian Unity. The titanic struggle reacted upon the Churches as a breakdown or other accident will unloose the tongues of the passengers in a railway carriage who for fifty miles of easy travelling have eyed each other with tacit suspicion.

As memories of those poignant days recede, their forces of impulsion have died down. Happily, however, the movement towards union has suffered no serious loss of momentum; new impulses have come from other quarters—not least the realization which closer knowledge brings, that no presentation of the faith or method of Church government is comprehensive enough to embrace the whole truth.

Made Him Shy

Quiller-Couch, in one of his books, tells the story of a Scot-man who, at a Salvation Army meeting, after listening to a bench-load of penitents, felt a reasonable shyness in announcing that his past life had been, humanly speaking, perfect. Except for a few extremists in every camp, no one to-day ventures to make such extravagant claims for his particular denomination. Men see more clearly that each Church has its own contribution to make to the common task of solving the almost overwhelming problems confronting modern Christendom—the decay of home life, the loss of reverence, the neglect of the spiritual life, the breaking-down of traditional moral restraints, and the open hostility to religion manifested by the leaders of the advanced political faiths.

A Significant Step

But that the reactions of the War upon the position of the Churches are not entirely exhausted is seen by two significant appoint-

ments in connexion with the British Army. During the progress of the War chaplains were appointed and promoted by merit and their service record irrespective of their denominational attachment; and it was not uncommon to find a Nonconformist padre as Senior Chaplain exercising unquestioned authority over Anglican and Roman Catholic chaplains in his Division or Corps area.

When at the close of hostilities the Chaplaincy Department was reorganized, and new regulations drawn up, someone objected that under the new régime a non-Anglican might become Chaplain-General. A high official in the War Office replied that this possibility had been deliberately envisaged, and that the Army's anxiety was to get the best possible man for the job. The effect of the new point of view was seen in 1925, on the resignation of Bishop Taylor Smith. His successor, the Rev. Alfred Jarvis, began his ecclesiastical career as a Wesleyan minister, though he subsequently took Anglican Orders; and the new Deputy Chaplain-General is the Rev. Owen Spencer Watkins, C.M.G., C.B.E., a Wesleyan minister who has spent the whole of his twenty-nine years' ministry in Army work. Shortly after this appointment was made effective, His Majesty sealed the royal approval of this step by making Mr. Watkins an honorary chaplain to the King—the first time on record that such a position has been held by a minister outside the Established Churches of England and Scotland.

Re-union in Canada

The most signal instance of the drawing together of Churches of different denominations has taken place not in this country, but in Canada. On June 11, 1925, in Toronto, three great currents of religious life in the Dominion—the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregationalist Churches—mingled and began their common life as the United Church of Canada. Seven thou-

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sand representatives of the three uniting bodies met in the Arena, Toronto's monster auditorium, and watched in reverent silence the three heads of the Churches sign the covenant written upon sheepskin parchment. The new Church starts its career with over 800,000 members, and comprehends 3,809 Presbyterian churches, 4,797 Methodist churches, and 165 Congregational churches.

This movement has been consummated with a remarkable degree of agreement, only 703 Presbyterian and 9 Congregational churches contracting out and maintaining their denominational individuality. The first Moderator of the United Church is Dr. Pidgeon, who held a similar office in the former Presbyterian Church. As an example of how the appetite for union comes with eating, Dr. Pidgeon has recently stated that this remarkable and unprecedented amalgamation had been preceded by no less than nineteen union movements in the three Churches concerned, each of these unions helping on the larger movement which succeeded them. Already eyes are being tentatively directed to the possibility of a further movement which would join in wedlock the Anglicans and the United Church; and the possibility of such a consummation has not been left out of mind in drawing up the constitution and doctrinal standards of the United Church.

The Position in Scotland

In British church organization the most conspicuous instance of union is that of the Presbyterians of Scotland. The project of re-union between the Established Church and the United Free Church was accepted by both General Assemblies as long ago as 1919. But to meet the situation and to give the Church of Scotland the necessary freedom to deal with matters of endowment and church property, legislation had to be secured, and this has led to considerable delay. The Church of Scotland Act, passed in 1921, paved the way by securing for the Church of Scotland absolute freedom in the spiritual control of its own affairs. The Act becomes operative only when the Church has adopted the nine Articles of the Act, and the decision to make this formal acceptance will come before the presbyteries during 1926. To make the rights recognized by the Act of 1921 operative in the realm of finance, further legislation was necessary. After some delay, caused by the sudden dissolution of Parliament in No-

vember, 1924, the Property and Endowments Bill became law in July, 1925. The general effect of this Act is that the funds and properties of the Church of Scotland will be in the Church's own hand and at its unfettered disposal, free from any control by the State or the civil courts, or any interference by heirs or other outside bodies.

Removing the Main Obstacles

In the opinion of a vast majority of Scottish Free Churchmen, the passing of these two Acts has removed the main obstacles separating the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church. The next step, as decided by the United Free Church Assembly in May, 1925, is to obtain the assent of the presbyteries and congregations to this view; their decisions will be reported to the Assembly in the Spring of 1926, and action taken upon them. If the body of assent is considered sufficiently large to authorize advance, the next step in procedure will be the drafting of a basis of union by the two Churches jointly. This basis will again have to be submitted to the presbyteries and congregations for their acceptance before union can take place. The earliest date, then, at which the union can be consummated is about three years hence. But that it will come about no reasonable doubt exists, for the leaders of both Churches are alive to the fact that only by amalgamation of their forces and the setting free of the large number of unneeded ministers in small country parishes, can the crying needs of the populous centres of Glasgow, Clyde-side, and elsewhere be overtaken.

Among the Methodist Churches

While this union in Scotland has suffered from the law's delays, a similar movement among the three Methodist Churches of Great Britain has made slow but steady progress. Twelve years ago a resolution of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference placed on record the view that the time had come for a serious effort to unite the three branches of Methodism—Wesleyan, Primitive, and United Methodist, covering a total church membership of about 930,000. This has been followed by a searching exploration of the position and the drawing up of a scheme and constitution for the proposed United Church. All the minor courts of the three Churches have been consulted, the last to vote on the question being the quarterly meetings, which are the administrative body in each circuit. The Wesleysans polled 654

THE RE-UNION OF THE CHURCHES

out of 760 circuits in favour of union, with 95 against and eleven ties; the Primitive Methodists voted 575 for union and 92 against; and the United Methodist suffrage was 277 for and 67 against. The percentage of individual votes in favour of union in the three Churches varied between 70 per cent. and 75 per cent. In the Wesleyan Church the percentage against union was under 30 per cent. These figures were reported to the Conferences of the three bodies meeting last summer, with the result that a definite commendation of the idea of union was voted by a large majority in each case, and the question whether the time had arrived for applying to Parliament for an Enabling Act was referred to the District Synods. In the opinion of acute observers favourable to union, this means that under the most favourable circumstances—and the opposition especially among Wesleyans is still a potent force—union cannot be consummated earlier than 1930; though Sir Robert W. Perks, Bart., has recently named a date two years earlier for the event for which he has so long and persistently striven.

American Methodism

With this centripetal tendency of British Methodism may be associated the movement for union between the two great divisions of American Methodism. A Plan of Unification was drawn up and approved nearly two years ago by a Joint Committee. Last year the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church accepted it with practical unanimity; and the Methodist Episcopal Church South gave it rather more than the constitutional majority. At the present time the plan is before the annual and lay electoral Conferences of the two Churches. There seems to be little doubt that the plan which provides for the coming together of the two Communions under a common name and with a common body of bishops will be accepted by the Northern Church. In the Southern Church more opposition will be encountered, but it is not expected to be formidable enough to defeat union.

Meanwhile, two distinct currents have manifested themselves in the main stream of Anglican thought. The expansion of the Anglo-Catholic movement has strongly stimulated the desire on the part of this section of the Established Church to explore the possibilities of union with Rome. This desire found expression in the summer of 1924, in a remarkable meeting at Malines,

in Belgium, between the aged Cardinal Mercier and certain members of the Roman Church, and representatives of the Anglo-Catholic party, headed by Lord Halifax. A certain mystery enshrouds these "conversations" at Malines. In the account of this episode, which Lord Halifax has since published, he ascribes the origin of the "conversations" to a visit which he made to Malines in order to pay his respects to the eminent ecclesiastic who played so honourable and important a part in the Great War.

Towards Rome ?

The generally accepted view is that when at a meeting of 250 Anglican Bishops at Lambeth in 1920 it was decided to address to the Christian world a sort of encyclical which would constitute an appeal in favour of Christian union, a number of the participants resolved to seek an interview with Cardinal Mercier. These representatives of Anglo-Catholic opinion included Bishop Gore, the present Bishop of Truro, and Dr. Kidd, Warden of Keble College. With the consent of the Archbishop of Canterbury they went to Malines, and there met a number of prelates and priests of the Roman communion. Only the barest of statements has been allowed to transpire concerning the character and outcome of these discussions. The Archbishop of Cambrai has stated that they "brought men's hearts nearer together and stimulated thought and dissipated misunderstanding." The Abbé Portal, speaking at a Congress on Church Union in Brussels, in September, 1925, declared that "he could say that they were carried out with the one desire of coming to an agreement, and that agreement was, in fact, reached on the principles of the Council of Trent. The great obstacle was the question of the Papacy. The Anglicans recognized that the rights of the Pope were superior to those of Bishops, but they affirmed that the rights of the latter were of a Divine nature. In this lay the whole difficulty; but the conversations were to be resumed." To this statement Bishop Gore has opposed an unqualified denial, stating that the reconciliation of the Roman and Anglican communions upon the basis of the Tridentine decisions was not only not agreed upon, but not even discussed at Malines.

There, until further revelations are made, the matter must rest. But one may at least infer, by their general attitude, that the participants on both sides came away from

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Malines with a strong impression that a definite step had been taken in the direction of union.

Anglicans and Nonconformity

Meanwhile, what of the relations between the Anglicans and the Free Churchmen of this country? For some years past the subject has been under examination by a joint Conference of official representatives of the Established Church and of the Federal Council of the Evangelical Free Churches.

This inquiry has covered the status of the Free Church ministry, the question of the episcopate, the relations of the Free Churches to communions with which they are in fellowship in other parts of the world, the problems connected with the union between Church and State, and the safeguarding of the evangelical principles of the Reformation. At the close of September memoranda were issued by the Committee, and the opinion was expressed that the consideration of these various topics having been concluded, the time had arrived for the joint committee to suspend its activities until the Churches represented on the Conference had given the suggestions made by the Committee careful study.

An examination of these suggestions shows that three main problems present themselves for solution before any scheme of union becomes practical. These are, in the order of their importance: (1) The question of Free Church Orders; (2) The Episcopate; and (3) The Establishment.

With respect to the third point, the difficulty does not appear very serious. If the union embraced a large majority of English Christians, the Church of England might be ready to accept modifications of its relations to the State, whilst the Free Churches might be willing to reconsider their attitude in view of the prospect of a really National Church, as the United Free Church of Scotland has already done in an analogous situation.

Nonconformist Bishops?

On the second point an extremely interesting suggestion has been put forward by the Bishop of Truro and Dr. Garvie, with the general approval of the Joint Committee. The suggestion is, broadly, that Nonconformist Bishops should be appointed within areas which might be made coterminous with existing dioceses. Each non-episcopal denomination would choose the representatives it desired to have consecrated as

Bishops, and they would be consecrated by the Metropolitan of the Anglican Province concerned, using either the Anglican rite, or some other agreed form. Such a Bishop would exercise authority only over those ministers and congregations of his own denomination which were assigned to him by it.

Thus, in a given area, preferably a county, there would be in addition to the Anglican Bishop, Wesleyan, Congregational, and Baptist Bishops, each presiding over his own denomination within that administrative unit.

The Crux of the Situation

But, of course, the crux of the situation is the question of orders. The Anglicans hold fast to the position that while they are willing to admit that existing Free Church ministries possess spiritual reality and efficacy, they cannot concede that they have due authority. They therefore press for episcopal reordination in the case of existing ministers. To this the Free Churchmen reply that submission to reordination would involve an admission of the invalidity of their previous ministry, and to this they are unalterably opposed. Many among them, however, are willing to consider a solution on the lines of an "extended commission"; that is, to receive from an Anglican Bishop a commission by laying-on of hands to preach and administer the Sacrament to the members of the Anglican Communion.

Here the matter stands for the moment. It is hard to say when and how any advance can be made from this position for some years to come. Anglo-Catholic hostility and the opposition of the Independent elements in the Free Churches present obstacles too formidable to be surmounted by a succession of leaps. The nearer an approach is made to practical union, the fiercer will become the clamour of the opposition. Very much depends on the issue of the struggle now being engaged within the borders of the Established Church. If the Anglo-Catholics succeed in their effort to gain control of Anglican authority and influence, no hope of union between the Established Church and the Free Churches can be looked for in this or the next generation. On the other hand, if the more liberal and progressive sections secure the upper hand, we may anticipate within the next score of years a very definite union movement and the kindling of an enthusiasm on all sides which will sweep away the minor obstacles in its way.

Things that Matter

by Rev. ARTHUR PRINGLE

LIFE'S TUNNELS

I CAN claim no credit for the title. It was sent to me in a newspaper cutting, with the suggestion that it might prove a good subject for an article; and I confess it made an immediate appeal to me. For in this life tunnels very much "matter," and there is no getting away from them, much as one would like to. Even to the hardened traveller, going through a tunnel brings an uncanny feeling and a sense of helplessness as he is whirled along in the darkness without being able to see where he is going. And life is full of experiences like that.

If only for this reason, tunnels are worth writing about. However uncongenial, they are so manifestly in the inevitable order of things that it is as well to look at them with some closeness to see how they fit in with any reasonable philosophy of life. What, for example, has religion to say about them? Are they just a blot and a nuisance, or do they play a beneficent part in the general scheme of things?

A Question of Necessity

The first thing that strikes one is the obvious necessity of tunnels. Every wise man will count them as "all in the day's march"; and will know that, unless he is willing to go through them, his life must be a poor, disappointing affair. The person who went to one of the great London railway stations and bargained for "no tunnels" when he took his ticket, would find that not many routes were open to him. Many of the places he most wanted to visit would be barred to him, and he would have to reconcile himself to missing most of the loveliest country in Britain.

And this, of course, is how the road of life is made. There are people who know very little about the tunnels of depression or difficulty or trouble. Life has been over-kind to them, and most of their journeying has been in the open air and sunshine.

Somehow, they manage to skim the surface of things and jog along fairly comfortably; but these are not the people who understand the truest and finest meaning of life. The men and women who really achieve something, who go all out and do their best, are those who have not shirked the tunnels on their travels.

Sympathy that Comes from Experience

Think of the people you rub shoulders with in the ordinary course of the day's round, and you can almost instinctively tell the "tunnel" people from the others. Depth, sensitiveness, response to the finer touches and appeals—you only find these fitfully and unsatisfyingly in men who have always kept aboveground and in the sunlight. There is no true, endearing light on the face of anyone who has not lived part of his time in the darkness.

No man, whoever or whatever he may be, ever gets *there*, in the way of helping others, unless he has had the tunnel experience. Preachers have never had a keener thrust at one of their weaknesses than the complaint—some years ago—of a famous lawyer, that they too often speak in the "cock sure" manner, as though doubt was inexcusable, difficulty non-existent, and faith all plain sailing. It is significant that the more we get to know about the inner lives of those preachers who have really and deeply counted, we find that they went through many tunnels on their road to the light. Robertson, of Brighton, is a classic example, and there are many others.

And how much of the most vital work of scientists and doctors and inventors consists, not merely in travelling through tunnels, but in *actual tunnelling*. By the week, the month, and the year, they are working and exploring, experimenting and testing, with little or no apparent result.

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Then, one day, when all this dark time has seemed so much waste, a sudden emergence into the light, and the long tunnelling period proves itself worth while.

Certainly, there is a great deal of that sort of thing in the life of us all. Sometimes it is the sheer monotony and seeming futility of our work. There we are at it, day in and day out, and so little to show for it. For most of us, there is no escaping that particular tunnel. The first and last lesson that life urges on us is to put our best into our work, and, if we can achieve the miracle, to put some music into it—even when it seems no good. Taking everything into account, that is perhaps the hardest and most persistent demand that life makes on most of us. Our work, of whatever kind it happens to be, is, of course, the centre of our lives; if our spirit fail there, the failure must react on everything else. Here, as in all that most matters, we are, indeed, saved by faith, by believing that what we can see is not half so important as what is hidden from us.

Avenues that Light

We go a step farther in what may be called the tunnel-philosophy when we reflect how often this phase of human experience is not only necessary, but actually *beneficent*. For it is sheer fact that these moral tunnels have again and again proved not merely avenues to light, but makers and intensifiers of it. Many of the world's greatest benefactors have done their finest achievements while actually in the tunnel. Recall one or two instances. The tunnel of blindness: Milton's "Paradise Lost"; the tunnel of imprisonment: Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"; the tunnel of bereavement: Mrs. Josephine Butler's work for the girlhood and womanhood of England.

Look into our own more ordinary lives, and there is something of the same kind. On a railway journey a tunnel seems waste of time. You can't look out of the window, or read, or, with much satisfaction, talk. And that is how things appear to shape in daily life when we are going through the tunnels of disappointment or suffering. It all seems such an awful waste. But is it? Haven't your dark times taught you something, helped to make a man of you, given you courage and backbone? The friends who have meant most to me are those who have known something of tunnels in their own experience; and they have come out of the darkness with a

kindly understanding and a readiness to help that makes them friends indeed, and that, apparently, nothing else could have given them.

I know the sort of criticism this way of talking is exposed to. It is apt to be classed with the "all for your good" method of comfort, which is as facile to the tongue as it is hard to live up to. But there is much more in it than that. Here is no question of pious platitudes, but of abundant and demonstrable fact. Going back to the physical analogy, we know that it is precisely the limitations and deprivations of the tunnel that drive us in on ourselves and set us thinking with a depth and persistence which we should not dream of otherwise. Darkness at least means the absence of distraction. There is nothing to see or take hold of around us; so, as we cannot go wide, we go deep, and we become aware of resources and possibilities that might else have gone undiscovered to our life's end.

It is in such moments that we realize, as William James used to put it, that *we are all living below our maximum*. So long as life goes on uneventfully and complacently, we do our work, enjoy our leisure, meet the ordinary demands of each day, thinking, probably, that we are doing our best, and little dreaming that, meanwhile, all kinds of treasures and powers are reposing at the bottom of our ocean. The darkness is the time for our treasure-hunt. Indeed, so long as the sun shines we do not even think of diving.

Songs in the Night

Reflect on this in all that it implies, and it becomes a fact of tremendous significance. It means, really, that if you took the tunnel element out of life, you would rob it of many, if not most, of its finest features. Account for it as we will, humanity is so built that the best songs come in the night and the stars keep their brilliance for the darkness. Here, anyway, is good incentive to take the journey bravely and not to be afraid of the tunnels.

But there is one thing we cannot afford to forget: once in the tunnel, we must *keep moving*. To stand still in helplessness, to lose hope and give up trying—this is fatal. If the darkness is to be kind to us, we must believe that it is leading somewhere; or, at least, we must act as though we believed this. For times come to each of us in turn when we have to spur ourselves to act as though the best things were true. Even

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when, for the moment, there is nothing for our faith to take hold of, there is always something for our hands to do. And it is that same "doing" that carries us through the darkness nearer and nearer the blue sky and the sunshine.

Much hangs on our keeping this in mind. For misgiving and disappointment are only cowardly and selfish when, without putting up a real fight against them, we let them beat us and get on top. Perhaps some of my readers are in one of life's tunnels at this moment; and, as they think over what I have written, they only wish they could feel that they will come into the light again. But their trouble goes on and on, day after day, and shows no sign of ever coming to an end. We all know something of that feeling; but we can cheer ourselves with the reminder that tunnels have a way of ending as suddenly as they begin. We are carried into them before we know where we are; and, just as we think they are never going to end, we find ourselves once more breathing the fresh air and gazing on stretches of open country.

In summary, it comes to this: life's tunnels are necessary if we are to have a journey that is worth anything. No tunnel lasts for ever, and every tunnel can teach us things we must be all the better for when we come out again into the daylight.

New Year Possibilities

And it all gains added force and appropriateness from the fact that we now stand facing the unknown possibilities of a new year. It may as well be admitted that, unless as a formal greeting or a time-honoured salute, "A Happy New Year" is apt to wear thin and unconvincing. "Happiness," pure and simple, is not what any of us are likely to have, nor is it what many of us, in our wiser moments, really desire. Somehow, we are not made that way; and if we are given a long, uninterrupted run of sheer happiness, we want to take away the "sheer" and spice our happiness with zest and hazard and adventure. The other kind of thing is too smooth and unsatisfying. All the time, in our different ways, we are crying out for *life*, and *that* we cannot have without risk and courage.

So, if it is to have any force and evoke any thrill, our New Year wish must have nerve and blood in it. We must give it to each other as though we remembered that the year's travelling is not to be entirely or even mainly over smooth roads and

under fair skies. Tunnels are waiting for us and *unknown country*. It is this latter that makes so many people draw back—the fact that we know not what a day, to say nothing of a year, may bring forth. The unknown is always, to an extent, the uncanny.

Ready for the Unknown

Yet, while this has its awesomeness, it is in reality something to be thankful for. It is good for us that we do not know what is to happen to-morrow, or to-day, or the next minute. We simply couldn't stand it. No man could see the full revealing face of the future and live. And, besides, there is, after all, something stimulating in uncertainty. Just as it is often said of games that their charm is in their "glorious uncertainty," so it is with life. There is something exhilarating in not knowing what will happen next. If monotonous success is lulling us into dangerous complacency, or if persistent failure is taking the heart out of us, in either case there is the sharp healthy reminder that what we call the "luck" may turn at any moment. That, at least, should keep us *alive*.

Not least, there is the heartening fact that, as the days unfold their secrets, we are, somehow, made ready to meet them. We know not what is coming; but, when it *does* come, our strength is as our day, and we discover a strange power of rising to the occasion. So let us start with courage and hope on this new lease of life—tunnels and all.



The Quotation

We are here on earth not to contemplate, but to transform created things. . . . Our world is not a spectacle; it is a field of battle, upon which all who in their hearts love justice, beauty, and holiness are bound—whether as leaders or soldiers, conquerors or martyrs—to play their part.—MAZZINI.



THE PRAYER

HEAVENLY FATHER, the unseen companion of our life, give us faith and eager expectancy as we begin this fresh stage of our journey. Take from us all fear of the unknown and teach us how to wrest treasures from the darkness. As the days come and go, may we find that each is laden with happy opportunity and enriching experience; and, when the year is ended, may our best hopes be more than fulfilled.

Children—and Numbers

Mathematics for Three-year-olds

By
Muriel Wrinch

I SAW a little boy on the village green the other day counting—or trying to count—the number of aeroplanes passing overhead. “One, three, two, five, four,” he murmured, evidently delighting in trying to apply his very rudimentary Number-knowledge to some practical purpose. His father, who was with him, roared with laughter. “Nine, eleven, eight, twenty—yes, there are twenty aeroplanes,” he mocked. The child looked at him for a moment, puzzled. This was not his idea of twenty aeroplanes. (Actually, there were five.) Then he said contentedly: “Yes, twenty aeroplanes.” Evidently he felt that whatever a grown-up said must be right.

Lack of Intelligence

This is rather an extreme instance of lack of intelligence in dealing with a child; but there is no doubt that most grown-ups are inclined to find the tiny child's first attempts to solve the puzzles of Number rather amusing. Perhaps it is because we ourselves are unable to conceive of a world in which Number has no existence that we find the child's mistakes so entertaining; but whatever our excuse, we certainly ought to be careful not thoughtlessly to mix his ideas about Number.

An Important Matter

This is important, in the first place, because the child's future success in life depends in many ways upon his grasp of mathematical processes. It is impossible to enter any university without passing a preliminary examination, often of a fairly high standard, in mathematics. Because this is a compulsory subject, the child who is “bad at mathematics” is handicapped throughout his school career. In the mundane matters of life, too, elementary mathematical ability is of the greatest importance. So often we meet a man or woman who, although quite intelligent in other ways, is “no good at accounts.” Yet, unless one can keep accounts in a business-like fashion, it is quite impossible to man-

age money properly. And extravagance and disorderliness in expenditure is one of the most frequent causes of unhappiness in the home.

Making Mathematical Dunces

It is important, therefore, even from the practical point of view, that we should do our best to help the child at home to set his feet firmly on the road to a right understanding of Number. Even of greater importance is it from the psychological point of view. Practically every child is able to grasp Number-processes fairly easily if his developing interest in Number is *seized at the right moment and treated in the right way*. “Mathematical dunces,” as Margaret Drummond says in her book, “The Psychology and Teaching of Number,” “are made, not born.” If we show the child at the outset that we expect him to be good at Number, since nearly everyone can be if he chooses, if we follow the psychological trend of his development and help him to make use of the Number-knowledge he may acquire in his daily work and play, we shall find that he tends to learn to add and subtract, multiply and divide, weigh and measure, as naturally as he learns to walk—at a certain stage of his development. Such a child will go to school with a good grasp of the elementary principles underlying arithmetic, and his life will be much the happier in consequence.

We must remember, too, that Number is an academic subject. We want the child to acquire from the outset a receptive attitude towards “lessons.” So many children think them dull, nasty things, necessarily difficult, and these are the children whose attitude to work of any kind is jaundiced in after-life. But the child who finds pleasure in doing arithmetic, in learning to read, in writing, takes from the first a happier attitude towards the achievement of knowledge.

A Natural Interest in Numbers

In the article on “Learning to Read,” it was pointed out that the child's interest in

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the early years does not naturally turn to books. But it does most decidedly turn toward Number. The baby, even in the first year of his life, learns to distinguish between one and two, between many and a few. The child of two generally has sufficient knowledge to prefer four sweets to three.

But because the child takes a natural interest in Number, this is no reason to give him formal lessons on the subject. It is not of the slightest use, for example, for the mother, in a laudable desire to develop her child's knowledge of Number, to take some oranges and begin to set them side by side, saying: "Here is one orange, now here is another, now I have two oranges, now I have three oranges . . ." and so on. If a child has not yet arrived at the stage of mental development to know what three is, he will merely be bewildered. He has no idea as to what quality in the oranges his mother is directing his attention—is it colour, or size, or shape, or similarity, juxtaposition, or what? He tries to fathom his mother's meaning—and cannot.

Is it surprising if he begins to consider himself stupid when he fails to understand what she, whom he trusts, evidently thinks he should find quite easy? If, on the other hand, the child has already grasped the abstract idea of what three and four and five stand for, then the "lesson," so-called, is dull and boring, because it only recapitulates what he knows at present. Number, instead of being a pleasant and interesting part of life, becomes merely a tiresome formality.

Mental Pictures

But, although formal lessons are out of place, incidental lessons are always being learned in the early years of life. As the baby begins to talk, he learns Number-names with other new words. Then he sees these names he has learned applied in everyday life. "Do take *two* pieces of bread-and-butter," his mother may say to a visitor; Baby forms a mental picture of two pieces of bread-and-butter. "Have half this orange with me"; Baby gets his first, very elementary, idea of fractions. Baby's elder brother receives threepence a week for pocket-money; Baby learns what three pennies look like.

After a time Baby learns, through his nursery rhymes and finger-plays, that numbers are customarily arranged in series.

"One, two, three, four,
Mary at the cottage door.
Five, six, seven, eight,
Eating cherries off a plate."

After hearing this rhyme several times, the child learns to place the numbers up to eight in their right order. The old rhyme about the hare helps him in the same way.

"One, two, three, four, five,
I caught a fish alive.
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
I let him go again."

"Ten Little Nigger Boys"

The rhyme about the "Ten Little Nigger Boys," that every child loves, is really a simple exercise in subtraction. One after another of the ten fingers, representing the little niggers, disappears, and each time we are one little nigger the less.

This play with the fingers, which seems to come naturally to every mother playing with her baby, stimulates the child to apply Number-names to actual objects. The old game of "This little pig goes to market, This little pig stays at home . . . one little, two little, three little pigs . . ." and so on, starts the baby on counting his fingers and toes. Then comes the stage of counting everything—the buttons on one's gaiters, the steps to the front door, the toys on the table, the patterns on the floor.

It is very interesting to note that the child tends to take, from the first, an abstract idea of Number. He begins by passing his fingers over his toes, in imitation of his mother, without bothering to make one number correspond with one toe; then almost immediately he learns that one toe, to be counted, must have one Number-name, but he never falls into the error of thinking that a big toe has a larger number than a smaller toe. He appears to recognize instinctively that ten or two does not express magnitude, but is merely a name for a certain number. Ten toes, he sees, are more toes than two toes, but that is a very different thing from saying that the tenth toe is bigger than the second. It, therefore, seems a great pity to introduce the idea of magnitude to the child's mind in this connexion, as is done through many pieces of apparatus. Dr. Montessori's "Long Stair," for instance, though admirable for teaching the child the meaning of long and short, is certainly not suitable for teaching Number. The child who learns to count from one to ten with the "Long Stair," inevitably gets the impression that ten is a long rod and one a short one,

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whereas his conception of numbers should be, and naturally tends to be, entirely abstract, the Number-names being applicable to any and every object, independent of its nature or its size.

In the "Counting Stage"

Children in the "counting stage" should be given the opportunity to count all sorts of things; if they are given any special apparatus at all, they should be given sticks and shells, counters and beads, and encouraged to use them equally. A child who is unintelligently taught often forms the idea that one really means one counter, or two really means two sticks, and his mental progress is hindered. The growth of abstract thought is hampered by the concrete objects with which his path is strewn.

As the child begins to count with facility, he tends to group the objects he is counting, to make Number-pictures. This is the moment to help him to begin to visualize numbers. If he gets into his mind, for instance, a typical arrangement of five and a typical arrangement of four, he is likely to combine them mentally into a typical arrangement of nine, when asked to add the two together, far more quickly than if he resorted to the old method of "counting up on his fingers." Any tendency to count up on the fingers, by the way, should instantly be checked; if the child is allowed to fall into such a habit, he is learning to rely on concrete objects again, instead of relying on abstract knowledge.

The best way to help the child to form visual pictures of Number is to begin to play card-games with him as soon as he shows any interest in them. "Old Maid," "Snap," and "Beggar-My-Neighbour" are all useful in familiarizing the mind with the look of numbers.

From this play will come another development. The child's eyes will constantly light on the figure at the corner of each card. He will learn to recognize the numbers from one to ten, and he will do so naturally in association with the Number-pictures themselves. He will then quite readily understand that 9 is merely another—and shorter—way of writing

• • • • •

and four merely another way of writing

• •

Once he grasps this, he will want to learn how to make figures. He will begin to copy them accurately, and he will also

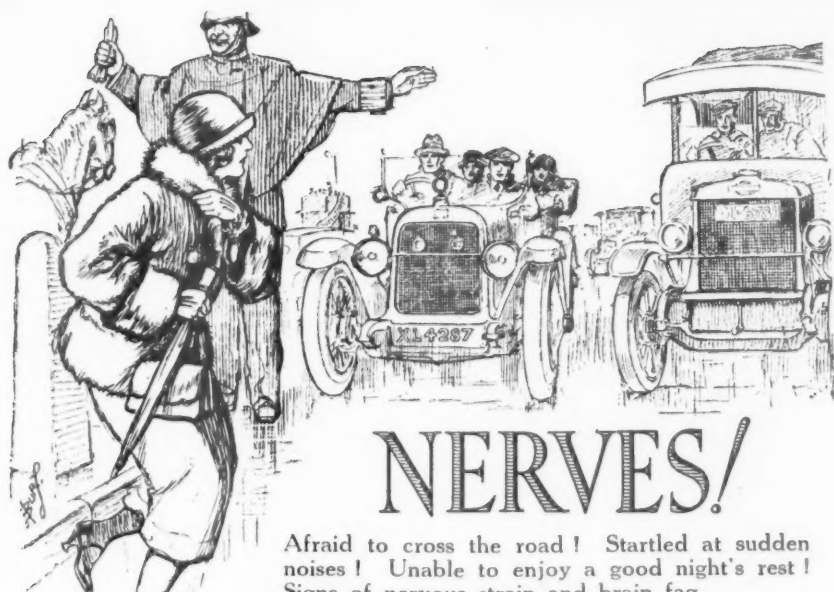
enjoy tracing round large sand-paper figures with his pencil, much in the same way as he traces round the Montessori sand-paper letters in learning to write. This work is useful, because the child is preparing in play to set down sums in the conventional way; when he comes to the stage of working addition and subtraction sums on paper, he will not be hampered by mechanical difficulties in writing.

Learning the Elements

We shall find, however, that before arriving at the stage of working sums in the conventional way, the child is interested in acquiring more practical knowledge. He is learning the elements of addition and subtraction in race-games and scoring-games of all kinds. He is learning the principles of division by sharing with other members of the family, by dividing his shells and sticks into various groups. With the abacus he learns the principles of the decimal system, for he makes one type of bead represent a ten, another type a hundred, and so on. In playing shop he is learning to work money sums, and in considering the relations of pennies to shillings and farthings to pennies, he is beginning to understand the principle of fractions.

When he is seven or eight, he begins to formulate his knowledge. Children of this age are very fond of mechanical work. This is the stage to help them to crystallize out the facts they already know by making up multiplication tables and learning to repeat them by rote, by working out addition and subtraction sums set down in the conventional way, by setting down more sums and working them out, by working out the tables of weights and measures. The child keenly interested in his subject will make his own arithmetic book. All he needs to continue his work then is a book of questions to stimulate him to solve fresh problems.

It is within the power of every mother to send her child to school athirst for knowledge and equipped with many facts acquired in the play-way. Let her begin her task with her baby, confident of her child's ability to learn and her own power to lead him to learn. Let her, above all, remember Miss Drummond's dictum: "Mathematical dunces are made, not born," and determine at the outset to help and not to hinder the child in the natural growth of his understanding of Number-processes.



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Problem Pages

A Difference in Social Position

IS an acute difference in social position a likely obstacle to happiness in marriage?

I am asked the question by a Richmond reader, who adds:

"I know that such differences do not matter as much as they used to matter, but I feel a little uneasy. My father is a professional man, and the man who has asked me to marry him is not what the world calls a 'gentleman.' There are so many qualities in him that I love dearly; on the other hand, there are little habits, little lacks of refinement that jar me, and I cannot make up my mind how much, or how little, they really matter."

My advice, then, is that where there is so grave an element of doubt, no risk should be taken. Marriage is largely made up of little things, and it requires continual watchfulness and tolerance to allow oneself to be unperturbed by social failings in someone for whom one cares. In the case which I have considered, it seems to me that the woman would be deeply sensitive to the criticism which others might direct towards the man, and this criticism is always hard to endure. I believe that love is essential to the happiness of any marriage; but love is not always enough. It ought to be, and very often it is; but if the reader who has written to me has doubt on the question of a marriage with a man of inferior social position, she ought to give both herself and the man the benefit of the doubt—and refuse to risk unhappiness by an unsuitable alliance. If she herself had expressed no such doubts, my advice would probably have been different; but I do not see much prospect of happiness in a union entered into with misgivings and fears.

Tired Housewives

What is a man to do who has been told by his family doctor that his wife must have complete change of scene, but who cannot afford to send her to France or Italy or even to Brighton for a rest?

Here is a question which, in these days

Tired Housewives—Living Alone —Learning Languages By Barbara Dane

of nervous strain, must often have to be faced by devoted husbands. One such writes to me from a London suburb:

"Our children are all growing up and are away at boarding-school, and my wife has no urgent domestic ties. But the children must have somewhere to spend their holidays, and for that reason I should have to keep the home going, and it would be expensive to send my wife away for any length of time. The real difficulty, however, is that she does not want to be with strangers, and we have no relatives with whom it would be desirable for her to stay. I want to look after her, and thought of getting extra help in the house, but the doctor insists on 'change of scene.' Can you help?"

Why not shut up the house for a year and take your wife to a small, bright hotel or boarding-house where you could both live together, where she would be relieved of all domestic worry, where your children could come in holiday-time, and where she would see new faces and get in touch with new people? It is a sacrifice, I know, for any man who loves his home to be exiled from it for any length of time; but such a sacrifice, I am sure, you would cheerfully make. I do assure you that there comes a point in the lives of most women when the very idea of ordering meals, of cooking or doing housework becomes almost nauseous to them. Such women do need a change of scene, and the tragedy of it is that so few of them can have it. No housewife can get through her house duties in seven or eight consecutive hours, as a man can. She is always in the atmosphere of work, and a wise husband takes her away from it when he finds that she is suffering from strain. That, I think, is what you should do.

Living Alone

Yours, "H. K. F.," is the problem of many professional women who have before them a choice of several ways of living. But it is only the very exceptional woman who can live happily entirely alone. I

THE QUIVER

must confess that I do not like your idea of living alone in a flat some distance from your friends. London is crying out for service rooms for women—large houses where unfurnished rooms can be rented so that it is possible to surround oneself with beautiful and individual possessions, but where it is also possible to dine in a common hall and meet other people, if one so desires. Unhappily, there are few of these houses, and they are usually full. If you find that, on the whole, the notion of living alone appeals to you more keenly than any other way of living, I advise you strongly to have a telephone. It can be such a friend. With a telephone no one is entirely shut off. In times of emergency, such as sickness or trouble, or even in the little ordinary problems of life, it is usually possible to get in touch with someone by telephone; but to live in so isolated a fashion that one cannot get in touch quickly with friends is good for neither man nor woman. To live with anyone means the exercise of self-control and tolerance; it means that you must give as well as take; and that you are forced, for mutual peace and comfort, to show some unselfishness. To my mind, the hermit type of life usually brings out the worst in people, for those who live so that they do not have to consider others in any detail of life end by becoming selfish and so settled in their habits that they dislike to make any effort on behalf of others. Surely, to meet a face one likes at the end of the day's work, even if it is the face of someone who occasionally irritates, is better than going back to an empty, desolate home.

Expecting Too Much

A Manchester reader writes:

"Do you think one is wrong to expect a great deal out of life, to expect much from one's friends, for instance? Perhaps I have rather exalted ideas of friendship; but I never ask my friends to do for me what I would not willingly do for them, yet I am so often disappointed."

Well, I think any man or woman with a vital personality, and the power to feel deeply, to receive impressions quickly, and to look at life with the eyes of imagination must necessarily expect much. And it is right to expect much, I think; but wrong to be resentful or disappointed if the much is not given. One can fail in friendship as easily as one can fail in good temper, or politeness, or generosity, or honour, or

sexual morality. There are people who have a genius for friendship, and who are able to show friendship in its most splendid form; but the very same people may be lacking in qualities which should be ranked as high. And again many people are incapable of forming close ties with any except their own flesh and blood. It is not rare to find women who are so absorbed in their husbands, their children, their relatives, and who serve them so faithfully, I might add, that they have not the inclination to seek friendship elsewhere. And also it must be remembered that the ways of showing friendship differ with every human being, and that because you do not get the service which you are willing yourself to render does not imply that you will not get any kind of service. You will, only it may not be such service as you yourself would give.

Go on expecting the best out of life. You will find it in patches, if not in a great open cloth spread out before your feet. And if the best that others give you is not quite so good as your own best, be tolerant and forgiving.

Recitations

The Southampton reader who asked me to say that she would be glad to exchange recitations with other readers has had so many replies that she now writes to me to express regret that she is unable to answer all. So those of my readers who have not heard from her must realize that no discourtesy is intended, but that they are thanked sincerely for writing.

A Question of Etiquette

If the lady on whom you called has not yet returned your call, the laws of etiquette would forbid your asking her to your tea-party. And if both of you find it necessary to observe these laws, you would cause embarrassment if you asked her. But—is it not all rather silly?

Singing Lessons

My dear girl, go on with your singing-lessons and never mind what people say about your "little" voice. This is my reply to "Janet," who writes to say that her voice gives pleasure to her family, but that she has been told that because it is not powerful she is wasting time and money on taking lessons.

A small, sympathetic voice, properly trained, is often delightful in a drawing

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room, where singing on big operatic lines has always struck me as being singularly out of place. One of the greatest artists of our generation, Gervase Elwes, had a small voice in comparison with Caruso or with other tenors of a more robust quality; but there are tens of thousands who listened with delight to his singing, and who felt his death as a personal loss. In a voice, quality and in its expression sympathy and technique matter almost more than volume. Because you have not the makings of a great singer is no reason why you should not be a pleasant singer, able to give yourself and others pleasure.

A Nursery Museum

I am asked again for some ideas for some kind of novelty at a church bazaar which is to be held in the spring. Perhaps the idea that was adopted by a friend of mine in aid of charity might be useful. She set to work to borrow the toys of by-gone days for a little museum shown at a church bazaar, but afterwards continued in her own house in aid of a favourite charity. She found that many people were interested, and glad to lend her the books, and the dolls, and the games, and the toys, and the pictures that were found in nurseries in England twenty-five, fifty, and even a hundred years ago. Fashions in toys change as much as in anything else, and the little museum proved most popular. An entrance fee of a shilling was charged, and in the three days of the bazaar's run it was visited by about 350 people, making, at no cost but the trouble taken in collecting the curios, a modest little sum in aid of the church funds. This was added to by the sale of a few things whose owners were willing to dispose of them to help charity.

A small antique stall is not often seen at bazaars, but is usually a great success. Many people who would not part with a Spode dinner set, or a William and Mary suite, would willingly give a few old Willow plates, or a little pewter salt-cellar, or a paperweight, or some little trifle in their own homes which could easily be spared. I agree with you that in these days novelties of an interesting nature are badly needed at church bazaars if they are to attract others beside those who attend them only from a sense of duty.

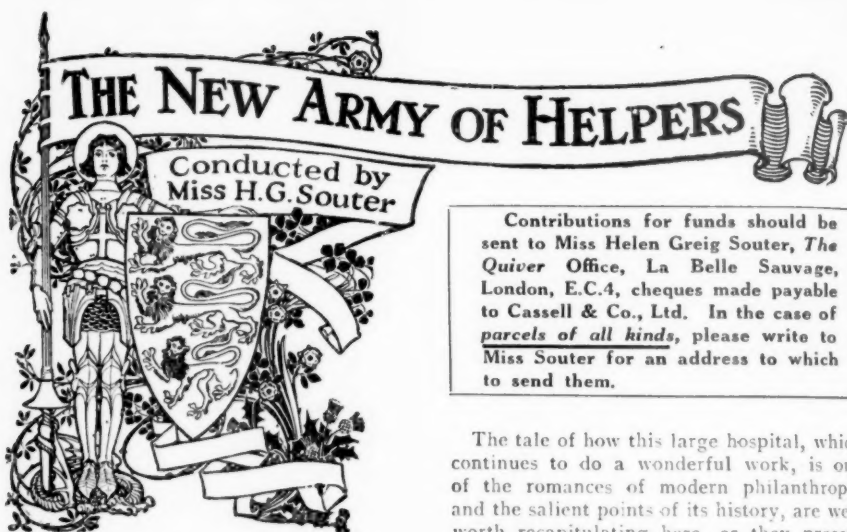
Health Records

Your family, "A. D.," certainly appears to have rather a distressing record of ill-

health; but the diseases you mention are not hereditary, and as your doctor tells you that you are "as sound as a bell," I should marry quite cheerfully were I you. All of us would like to be able to show a pedigree of good health, but how few of us could! Let us hope that to-day we are gradually, through wider knowledge and better hygiene, building up cleaner bills of health for our children to inherit. Even so, one must remember that many diseases are beyond our control, and that all one can do is to live as healthy a life as possible. In your case, assuredly, there is no reason for you to be afraid of marriage, though I agree with you that good health is a point to be taken into consideration. However, you have your doctor's word, so you should be quite at ease.

Learning Languages

A father has written to me asking advice on the best way of teaching children foreign languages. Well, there can be no question that the best way is to send the children abroad, either into a family, or to a school where there are few English pupils. It is easier to learn to speak a foreign tongue as a child than as an adult, and nothing can ever replace the value of sending a boy or a girl to France to learn French, or to Germany to learn German. Languages sink into the inner consciousness in childhood as they rarely do if learnt in after years, and a year in France at the age of eleven or twelve is often worth two or three years in the twenties. I know people who speak foreign tongues fluently that were acquired in countries not visited since childhood. Methods of teaching languages in modern schools may have improved, but at the best they are spoken only for short periods in each week, and at the worst merely "taught." So it is that you find boys and girls who have had ten years at school unable to keep up any kind of conversation with a foreigner in his own tongue—a tragic commentary on the value of education. Send your boy to Spain, by all means. And let your girl go to the French family you have in mind and attend the lycée. Two little friends of mine who went to Paris a couple of years ago knew nothing of French; but their parents sent them to the nearest lycée, and to-day they talk French as fluently and as easily as their fellow schoolgirls. No amount of private coaching in England could have obtained the same results.



The Story of a City Hospital

MY DEAR READERS,—Neither you nor I would ever dream of taking a trip to the East End of London for a change of air, let alone for open-air treatment for tuberculosis, yet hundreds of sufferers from all parts of the country have been in the habit of going there for medical help and healing for the past seventy-seven years. It seems incredible; but one lives and learns, as I discovered anew the other week, when I set off on a voyage of adventure to the purlieu of Victoria Park, where is situate the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Lungs and Heart.

Far removed from the limelight of the West End, this institution, which has carried on its beneficent work in the most unostentatious manner, merits a considerable amount of sympathy and support from everyone concerned with the alleviation of the woes of humanity, especially those who are suffering from the White Scourge.

I was agreeably surprised by the outward attractions of the three-storied building, with a campanile in the centre and a right-angle wing at each end. It is surrounded by four acres of grounds, pleasantly protected by a number of old trees, and includes an all-weather tennis court for the use of the staff. It appears a veritable oasis in the drab dreariness of the neighbourhood, and it is significant that the entrance gates are flanked by boards with notices in English and Hebrew!

Contributions for funds should be sent to Miss Helen Greig Souter, *The Quiver Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4*, cheques made payable to Cassell & Co., Ltd. In the case of parcels of all kinds, please write to Miss Souter for an address to which to send them.

The tale of how this large hospital, which continues to do a wonderful work, is one of the romances of modern philanthropy, and the salient points of its history, are well worth recapitulating here, as they present many features of intense and unusual interest. It owes its inception to a group of nineteen humane City men, thirteen of them belonging to the Society of Friends, who were alarmed at the increasing number of people in the East End, and elsewhere, who suffered from diseases of the heart and lungs. It was a period of social advancement, coupled with financial prosperity, and appeared to be the psychological moment for the inception of a big Hospital Scheme.

Several gentlemen met on May 13, 1848, at the London Tavern, the old hostelry built on the site of the King's Head, where Queen Elizabeth dined on her release from the Tower. At that time there were only two hospitals in London exclusively for the treatment of chest troubles. These were the Brompton Road Hospital, recently opened, and the Royal, in the City, founded twenty years previously, and the idea was that the projected building should accomplish for the East End what the former was doing in the West End.

Its Genesis

Other meetings were held in quick succession—the promoters were evidently determined that the grass should not grow beneath their feet—a committee was formed, the most active members of which were Dr. Peacock (who was destined to be its ruling spirit for many a year), Mr. S. Gurney, and Messrs. Henry and J. T. Tucker. Rules were drawn up, and sermons were preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury and others,

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faint and exhausted. One day I read your usual advertisement, and thought I would give Phosferine a trial, and believe me, the first week I felt stronger, and in a fortnight's time I completely lost that terrible exhausted feeling. That is over four months ago. I am still taking Phosferine, and would not be without it for anything. I take the greatest pleasure in recommending it to my friends, as I think it is truly a wonderful tonic.”

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THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

the proceeds of which were handed over to the scheme, and thus in these far-off days the precedent of Hospital Sunday, which some consider such a very recent innovation, was instituted.

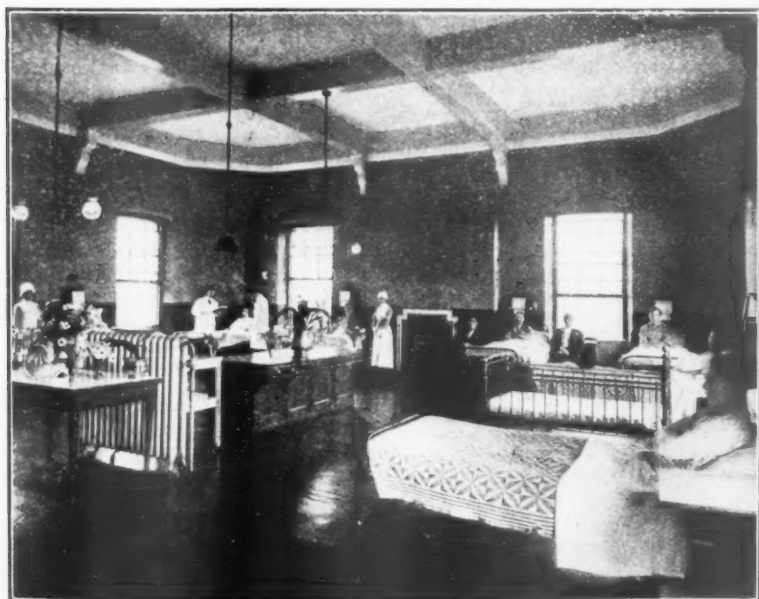
It says much for the enthusiasm and enterprise of the promoters that four months after their first meeting a City Dispensary was opened in Liverpool Street, and demonstrated how greatly it was needed, since no fewer than 2,355 patients were treated in the next six months. These numbers, which increased to 100 per day, threatened to overwhelm the medical staff, who earnestly urged the establishment of a hospital on the grounds that "the amount of benefit conferred by relieving a smaller number of out-patients and a certain proportion of in-patients will be far greater than by expending all the funds of the institution on the maintenance of an out-patients' branch." They were conscious that they were only tinkering on the surface with many of the cases and not really probing to the cause of all the trouble. It was evident that they must build, and eventually a site, described as "Bonner's Fields," a four-acre triangular piece of ground, used as a rubbish heap, was acquired, adjacent to Victoria Park, the comparatively new open-air space which

could never be built upon. The altitude was fairly high, the soil was gravel, the position open and almost in the country, so nothing better could suit their purpose. The original plans provided for thirty beds and a dispensary, with the idea that when funds permitted the accommodation would be extended to ninety or one hundred beds. The sympathy of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort was enlisted. They became patrons and maintained the liveliest interest in the hospital, an interest which is still shown by the King, Queen Mary, and the Duke of Connaught, who has been its president since 1872.

The Prince Consort formally opened the hospital, when an impressive ceremony took place in 1855, and it has continued its useful and gracious ministry to tens of thousands of patients ever since, not only to Londoners, but to patients from almost every part of the British Isles.

Workmen's Pennies

It was a very strenuous and anxious time for the founders financially, but within four years of its opening the building was free of debt. Its presence appealed to the workmen of the district, and the employees of Messrs. Truman and Hanbury started to



In one of the wards of the City of London Hospital

THE QUIVER

subscribe a penny a week from their wages and thus excited the friendly rivalry of others, who followed their lead to such an extent that, in the course of a year, they raised £1,000.

The various steps in its progress may not be detailed here; suffice it to state that in 1881 the Hospital Scheme was completed, and provided 164 beds and a large out-patient department. It is now regarded as the second largest Chest Hospital in London, contains 185 beds, and treats in addition between 30,000 and 40,000 out-patients yearly.

Round the Wards

The matron, Miss D. Watson, kindly undertook to show me over the building, and I was as surprised as delighted to find it light, airy, attractive, and thoroughly up to date. On the first floor are situate the wards for the women, and, like those for the men, they each perpetuate the names of "the pious founders," Gurney, Peacock, etc. The largest accommodates sixteen beds and two cots for children, and the smallest consists of two cosy beds side by side. They each boasted an unusual number of windows, and the tables were gay with late autumn flowers. The patients, some in the regulation grey and scarlet bed-jacket of the hospital, others in their own dainty wraps, responded brightly to the matron's greetings, and without one exception assured her they were quite well! Many were sewing or knitting, a few were reading, and the small people, intent on playing with their dolls or toys, were evidently the pets of the nurses and their grown-up companions in sickness.

Cheerful fires burned in the day-rooms, with their flower-decked tables, at which the convalescent patients take their meals, play the piano in the corner, or listen to the strains of an excellent gramophone. They are all looking forward to the installation of wireless and to listening-in, either to a loud-speaker, or by means of ear-phones at their bedside. A library yields a great deal of pleasure to the readers amongst them.

The men's wards, on the second floor, exactly correspond, with their long, stone corridors and arrangements, to those below, and in both cases there are sunny balconies in the South Wing, where eight patients are undergoing open-air treatment day and night. They are well protected by screens and blinds from draughts, and appear to

enjoy their glimpses of the traffic and the pedestrians on the streets below.

In spring and summer the gardens are a constant source of delight to many who are carried out to the grounds or the shelters. A long, covered corridor leads to the beautiful chapel, the gift of Mr. J. D. Allcroft in 1857. Services are held every Sunday by the chaplain, and the present organ was collected for by Mr. W. James, who has acted as organist and inquiry officer for many years.

The Scientific Side

The period of the hospital's existence is distinguished by tremendous discoveries in medical science and by immense advances in the treatment of diseases of all kinds, particularly tuberculosis. Research work has always been a characteristic feature of the hospital, and has been carried on with splendid results. Artificial sunlight, violet rays, X-rays, are daily used in the diagnosis and treatment of ailments. A laryngologist specializes in tubercular affections of the vocal chords, enlarged tonsils and adenoids; a dentist devotes attention to teeth and mouth troubles; but most wonderful of all, perhaps, is the use of the electric cardiograph: an extremely sensitive galvanometer, which measures and registers photographically the minute electric impulse of the heart, without any effort on the part of the patient, who lies in bed and merely holds the ends of the wires connected with the instrument.

The Ladies' Association

The members of the Ladies' Association, under the presidency of Lady Rothschild, not only visit the wards and supply the patients with clothing, papers, books, and flowers, but collected funds to build a sanatorium at Saunderton, Bucks, on a spur of the Chiltern Hills. This is being used as a convalescent home for non-tubercular cases, and part of the forward movement is to enlarge the building and convert it anew to a sanatorium at a cost of £10,000.

The Ladies' Linen League undertake the supply and upkeep of linen, blankets, bedding, etc., send gifts from time to time, and arrange entertainments for the benefit of the patients.

I inquired of two of the sisters what they considered the patients would most appreciate, and both of them strangely enough answered: "A Billiard or Bagatelle Table." The matron remarked that she would be



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Any reader who is honestly wishful of learning the truth about the above ailments, their causes and cure, need not feel under the slightest obligation in writing for a FREE copy of "The Health Adviser," as it was the author's most ardent wish in compiling this wonderful book to obtain the widest publicity for his conclusions.

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The name of Earl Roberts will be loved and honoured for generations to come. His was the strenuous life of a great soldier campaigning in trying climates. He found the B. Copson Garratt Garments of Health a great help to his health, and recommended them to many of his fellow officers, relatives and friends.

CONTENTS OF "THE HEALTH ADVISER."

A great Healing and Strengthening Power—How it Relieves and Cures the following Ailments:—

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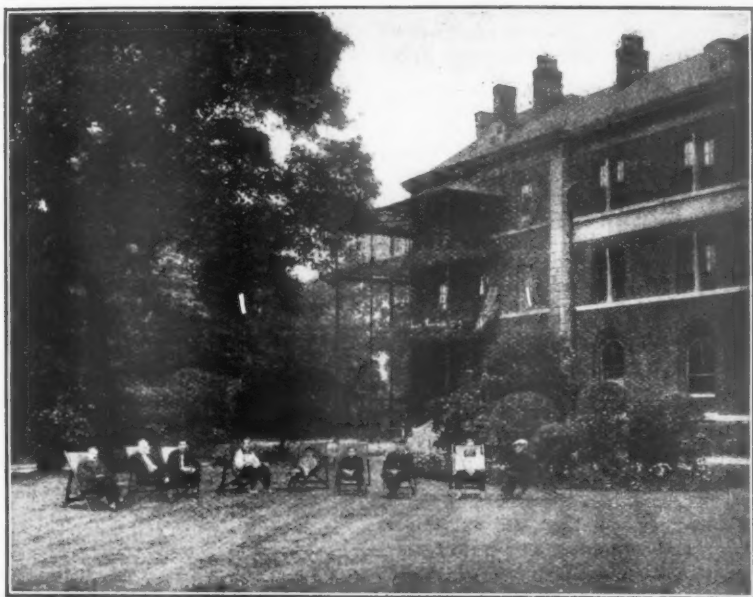
Experiences (with photos) of eminent ladies and gentlemen, including Viscount Roberts, Lord Roden, Sir S. A. Blackwood, K.C.B., Rev. J. Wilkinson (Mildmay), Bishop La Trobe, Paxton Hood (Author and Preacher), T. H. S. Escott, Esq., and others.

Illustrations showing how Relief and Cure may be obtained.

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THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS



The City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Lungs and Heart

very grateful for plants at any time, especially in the dark days of winter, when flowers are so scarce.

An appeal for £30,000 was launched by the Duke of Connaught at a luncheon at the Mansion House in June, 1924, when the sum of £4,000 was subscribed then and there as a start. Its objects may be summarized under six heads: (1) The installation of electric light; (2) new sanitary block; (3) completion of surgical block; (4) extension of the pathological and other special departments; (5) completion of the sanatorium at Saunderton; and (6) the replacement of about £4,000 borrowed for capital expenditure on works which could not be postponed. The Committee intend to carry out the first of these—electric light—at once, and the others as and when funds allow.

The mortality returns for 1923 show that the number of deaths from tuberculosis in this country was nearly *one* death in every *ten* (40,788); from other respiratory diseases, such as pneumonia and bronchitis, *one* in every *six* (71,711), and from heart disease nearly *one* in every *eight* (56,886). Thus, the diseases treated in the hospital account for between one-half and one-third of the total deaths in England and Wales.

Figures such as these may well give us

pause and induce us to stretch a point and give something towards this hospital, where the old traditions are being maintained so magnificently by the ministry of its devoted medical men and efficient nursing staff, who are deserving of all encouragement in their never-ceasing warfare against disease and death.

Two recent legacies call for notice: one from a woman who had served the hospital faithfully in the capacity of linen mistress for fifteen years. She bequeathed £20 at her death, and a former in-patient sent the sum of £21, a thank-offering of £1 for each year since she received help and healing in the hospital.

Annual subscribers of one guinea are governors and are entitled to recommend four out-patients. Annual subscribers of three guineas are entitled to recommend one in-patient and four out-patients.

The Fire Fund

I am living in the faith and hope that my December appeal for generous contributions to the Fire Fund will result in a splendid addition to the bank balance, which, at the time of writing, is at a very low ebb indeed, and daily I am receiving piteous letters from those who participated in its benefits last year, and would fain hope that

THE QUIVER

their pleas will not be denied them this season, especially at this time of year, when most people take for granted the warmth and comfort of a cosy fire.

Oddments of Wool, etc.

Miss A. Thomson, who knits warm woollies for old people and children, would be very grateful for odds and ends of wool, even if soiled, or for left-over lengths of jumper knitting silk. Her address is 4 Seafeld Terrace, South Shields.

A Handy Man

An elderly man, well known to Mrs. Sturgeon, writes to say that as his own trade has now failed him, he would like to get a situation in a family in the country, where he could act as odd man, by cleaning windows, boots, car, help in the garden, etc. He knows all about houseboats and rowing boats, and has a practical knowledge of carpentry, painting and polishing, and would be thankful for a few shillings a week with board and lodgings. I shall be pleased to supply name and address to any interested.

Domestic Post

A middle-aged woman, rather deaf, who finds her partial deafness a sad handicap in her capacity as housekeeper, is finding it almost impossible to get work, and would be very thankful of such a post to lady or gentleman.

Children's Clothes

Quite a number of poor mothers, whose husbands are unemployed, or who are widows, write in urgent need of clothes, boots and shoes for their young families. Some of them are under the impression that I have the stores of a Selfridge or a Whiteley behind me, and that they have only to write and ask and all their wants can be readily supplied. It's very nice, no doubt, to be credited with all the magical powers of a fairy godmother and universal provider, but, in the cold light of fact, it is rather embarrassing and very difficult to make such understand that "my poverty, not my will, consents," when I am compelled to tell them that the cupboard is bare, and that they needs must exercise patience until such time as someone offers a suitable parcel.

Nightdresses and underwear for invalids, and baby clothes are greatly needed.

One of the joys of the festive season is the means and leisure to enjoy books, old and new. Many invalids and several children are inquiring for reading matter, so when you have finished with your QUIVER and other magazines, please remember those who have no such precious means of enjoyment, or ways of escape from weakness, poverty, and pain.

Gifts of Clothing, Books, Letters, etc.

I wish to thank most gratefully the following for their loyal support and kindly interest: Mrs. Patrick MacGill, Miss Sherwood, Mrs. MacLagan, the Misses Peddie, Miss Lowson, Miss Morgan, Miss Garratt, Mrs. Gercke, Mrs. Ashton, Miss E. Smith, Mrs. Gibson, Miss Hammonde, Mrs. McNeill, Mrs. Addison, Miss White, Mrs. McArthur, Miss Brewer, Mrs. Beaton, Mrs. Williamson, Miss Lewis, Miss Lucy Cran, Miss Achurch, Mrs. Johnston, Miss Baker, Miss M. Smith, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Billing, Miss J. J., Mrs. Gough, Miss Malcolm, Miss Hicks, Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Gayer, Miss Peak, Miss Jobson, Miss K. Harris, Mrs. Guest, Mrs. Curtis, Miss Hill, Mrs. Birch, Mrs. Ferens, Miss Pease, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Farrbridge, Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Ironside, Miss Harvey, Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Browne.

S.O.S. Fund.—Miss Alexa Henderson, £1; the Dowager Lady Horsfall, 10s.; Miss Ina Hinds, 10s.; Miss E. Orr, 5s.; S. H. H., £1; P. Hicks, 1s.; M. Smith, 8s.; X. Y., £1; A. M. S. R., 10s.; C. Nicol, £1; "Holly," £1; Mrs. J. Fletcher, 10s.; M. D. Denny, £1; M. C. Dunn, 5s.; Miss K. Richardson, 10s.; A. Constant Reader, 5s.; Mrs. E. Kenyon, £1 1s.; Miss M. P. Stewart, £1; A. Helper, £1 10s.; M. A. G., 10s.; Mrs. C. W. Parkes, 10s.; Mrs. Benton, 10s.; Miss Souter, £1.

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St. Dunstan's.—A Reader, 10s.
Dr Barnardo's Homes.—H. A., 10s.; M. A. G., 10s.

It would be a great assistance to me at this very busy time if Helpers and readers who write for addresses or information would enclose stamped and addressed post card or envelope, and thus ensure a speedy reply.

Wishing you all a very bright and happy New Year,

Yours sincerely,
HELEN GREIG SOUTER.



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# Lady Pamela's Letter

DEAR COUSIN DELIA,—I expect that your thoughts, in common with those of some ninety-nine per cent. of your friends and acquaintances, are running on questions concerning good resolutions. During the last few days I have been cross-examining some of my associates, asking them (if the matter is not a dark secret) to tell me what particular line of reformation they intend to pursue in 1926.

The result of my inquisitorial researches is illuminating. I find that a large percentage of my friends have evidently the same little failings and have therefore a rather amusing similarity in their New Year resolutions. Quite a number have assured me that they do not in 1926 mean to dally in bed in the morning. They intend directly they are called to take their courage in both hands and boldly eschew the warm seductiveness of bed. I have many misgivings, backed by sad experience, as to how long this good resolution will be observed.

The fact is that the longer one considers it, the worse the effort of getting up appears. Once the plunge is taken, things are not half so bad as they seemed from the beguiling snugness of bed. It is largely a matter of habit, and the good habit of getting up without undue dallying is best acquired in early youth. Children who go to well-managed boarding schools nearly always learn the lesson betimes, and when the holidays come round or they advance in years, they still find it comparatively easy to get up in the morning.

When, later in life, grown-ups who have got into bad habits try and reform, they find it a difficult task. For a few days in the New Year they make a brave effort to be up betimes, but the least excuse tempts them to delay, and soon they relapse into their old ways.

Once a young friend of mine decided to record his own prowess in the matter of early rising, and pinned to his bedroom wall a calendar. The bargain he made with himself was that he would give himself a red cross each day that he was out of bed by 7 a.m. Alas! on New Year's Eve he went to a dance and dallied long, helping to usher in the New Year with becoming rejoicings. The result was that on the morn of January the first he felt so sleepy that he decided to allow himself just ten minutes' extra doze to make up for the shortness of the night. The rest of the tale is sad telling, for the ten minutes merged itself into a good hour stolen from the day, and all the rest of the year was spent in a vain endeavour to retrieve it!

Ever yours, PAMELA.

## Answers to Correspondents.

*Lady Pamela hopes that readers of THE QUIVER will write to her, and she will have much pleasure in answering their letters in this column.*

ADDRESS WANTED. Damaris (N.B.).—If you write to New Pegamoid, Limited, Monton Green Fields, Eccles, near Manchester, they will give you full particulars about "Damascene" and tell you where you can obtain it.

TALENT IN THE KITCHEN. L. M. M. (Peterborough).—It is quite true that nowadays women who excel in arts or in professions are often very domesticated also. For example, the talented actress, Miss Isabel Jeans, who so often delights a London audience, gives us this recipe for loganberry jelly. She says that 6 lb. of apples must be wiped and then cut into pieces, removing bad parts only. Next put them into a preserving pan with just enough water to cover them. When nearly boiling, add 3 lb. of loganberries and cook them until they become a pulp. You must then pour the pulp into a jelly-bag and let it drip till next day. Then measure the liquid and allow 1 lb. of sugar to each pint of liquid and boil till the jelly will set—about three-quarters of an hour.

TO CHOOSE A CAREER. M. A. L. (Lincoln).—If your niece is so fond of flowers and would like to make horticulture her interest in life, you might certainly encourage her to take a thorough course of training. It is work that is really very well suited to women, and there is every possibility of making it pay reasonably well. If you want me to give you addresses I hope you will not hesitate to write to me again.

THE CHARM OF CANDLELIGHT. Maureen (Kensington).—I agree with you that candles shed a very soft and agreeable radiance over the dinner-table. You cannot do better than invest in "Nell Gwynn" antique candles, made in a choice of twenty-six art colours by the well-known firm of J. C. and J. Field, Limited. These candles lend a decorative charm to any room or any dinner-table, because the colours that best harmonize with the general scheme can be selected. These candles burn with a steady light that sheds a becoming radiance on the guests as well as on gleaming silver and glittering glassware. They burn with no smoke and no smell and add alike to comfort of both guests and hostess.

A GARDENING SUGGESTION. Peterkin (Molesey).—You are not very likely to use the lawn

## THE QUIVER

mower during the next month or two, so send it now to be thoroughly overhauled so that it is in good order when you want it again in the spring. If it is in good order you may find it sufficient just to clean and oil it carefully and put it away where it cannot get rusty.

**FOR Dainty Lingerie.** Madeleine (Porlock).—I was glad to hear from you and of course I am only too pleased to advise you. Quite the most satisfactory plan is to use Cash's wash ribbons in all your lingerie. Then there is no need to remove ribbons when sending garments to the wash, for the colours are quite fast and always keep their original freshness. These ribbons are made in many convenient widths and in a charming selection of colours, just those dainty shades that women like for pretty lingerie. If you drop a line to Messrs. J. & J. Cash, Dept. Dr3, Coventry, they will send you an envelope of patterns post free, and then you can easily make a selection.

**THE USE AND ABUSE OF PERFUME.** Robinetta (Leeds).—It is entirely a matter of taste, and I quite agree with you that it is bad taste to be too lavish with it. The best plan is to make up your mind what is really your favourite perfume and then use that exclusively. You can get concentrated perfumes that are very pleasant and fragrant and do not acquire a musty odour when they dry. Instead of putting the perfume direct on your handkerchiefs and lingerie you can make sachets and place them inside your wardrobes and chests of drawers. This is a more pleasing way, imparting a pleasant fragrance that is subtle and not aggressive. It is always well to remember that good and concentrated perfume is more economical than inferior kinds.

**A WONDERFUL FABRIC.** D. M. B. (Minehead).—You would be well advised to use Luvisca for dainty and practical garments. This wonderful fabric can be washed and ironed over and over again and still "looks like new." It is very suitable for blouses, pyjamas, children's frocks, etc., and is so easily laundered that it can readily be washed at home. As you are so clever with your needle you may like to make these garments yourself, but if you are ever too busy to do so you must not forget that you can get blouses, pyjamas, etc., ready to wear, and in the newest designs and patterns.

**FOR PATENT SHOES.** M. A. (Reigate).—It is a great mistake to put the shoes away damp. Press into them plenty of tissue paper and then leave them in a warm place, but not too near the fire, until quite dry. Of course mud and rain must be wiped off as soon as possible. When the leather is dry, rub into it a little glycerine or vaseline.

**FOR Dainty Needlework.** Amariyllis (Bournemouth).—As you are so fond of fine needlework and are evidently such an adept at it you will enjoy working with Arden's Star Sylko. It is very soft and silky, and you can get it in a wide and attractive range of colours as well as black and white. For embroidery, for knitting and for crochet it is delightful. I

expect you will be sure to want to enter the prize competition now being organized by the makers. You ought to get a copy of No. 76, "Fancy Needlework Illustrated," sold by newsagents, art needlework shops, etc. If you experience any difficulty you ought to send 3d. to the Northern School of Art Needlework, Limited (Dept. 21), National Buildings, Manchester.

**AN EDUCATIONAL IDEA.** Marianne (Blackburn).—It is very sensible to try to teach your little daughter to be handy with her needle. Many a little girl who would be bored if asked to hem a duster will patiently and with great interest sew at garments for her dolls to wear. You could give her a small work-basket, properly fitted up, and this will encourage her to take more interest in the task.

**A LITERARY PROBLEM.** Yorkshire Woman (Hull).—I have made many inquiries, but have not been able to get the information you want.

**TO CHOOSE A NAME.** A. M. B. (Letchworth).—It is of course quite optional if you give the child the same name as his father. It is not in the least necessary, if you both prefer some other name. Why not give him any name you both like and also a family surname as second name? This is a good plan because it is distinctive. To give a child a long list of names is rather absurd, and means no end of unnecessary trouble later on when cheques and other documents have to be signed.

**RECIPE WANTED.** Dobres (Paignton).—The toast is made and buttered in the usual way, and is then sprinkled with equal parts of powdered cinnamon and castor sugar. This is much liked by those who enjoy the flavour of this spice.

**TO BANISH HEADACHES.** Leila M. (Torquay).—It is indeed trying for you to get such bad headaches every time you take any exercise. Have you not heard of Genasprin? It works wonders in banishing even a bad headache in a very few minutes. It is, moreover, a very safe remedy, and being absolutely pure it has none of the nasty after-effects that make some other remedies objectionable. All chemists supply Genasprin, or you can write for it to the sole manufacturers, Genatosan, Limited, Loughborough, Leicestershire. It would be a very wise precaution always to keep a supply of the remedy at hand.

**A SERVANT'S DEMAND.** Lucy B. T. (Harrowgate).—You were quite within your rights to refuse to give the girl a reference, and she has no power of insisting that you should do so. As you have so many misgivings as to her honesty, although you never actually could prove that she stole from you, it is only wise to refrain from recommending her elsewhere. If you gave her a reference you need not enumerate faults, but seeing that you make no mention of the fact that you found her honest would probably be noted by a possible employer. It would be best to either ignore the girl's letter or else to write a short note saying you regret that you do not see your way to giving her a reference.





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They will not tolerate dirty schools, dirty streets, dirty homes or dirty children.

Lifebuoy Soap is one of the most widely used soaps in the world because mothers appreciate its scientific protection against the dangers of dirt.

Mothers know that Lifebuoy lather goes down deep into every pore, and removes impurities. They know that Lifebuoy keeps the skin soft, pliable, and glowing with health—that it is bland, pure and soothing to the tenderest skin—even that of a baby.

*Buy Lifebuoy in the new pack, two large cakes in a carton*



**Lifebuoy Soap  
for HEALTH**



**T**HEY are daughters to be proud of—those quickly-growing, energetic girls. Their sparkling eyes, supple carriage, skins lovely with the clear flush of radiant health, are messages of cheer to the mothers who watch their development with anxious care. The vigorous out-door sports of to-day, which have ousted the embroidery and sampler making of yesterday, mean health and beauty to girlhood. One sees few complexions of the hot-house type to-day. Exercise means skin health. Yet that healthiness is a challenge to the germs of disease and impurities that are ever waiting for a congenial resting place to work their mischief.

**Guard their skin health**  
Mothers! See that these dangerous impurities do

not work havoc with the fresh beauty of your girls' complexions. Guard their skin health, for it is in the pores of the skin that harmful germs find a lodging. See that their daily bath is taken with Lifebuoy Soap. Give them a tablet each week to keep in their school lockers. It will mean a clear, radiant skin when they attain womanhood.

**Germs live in the pores**

Put a cake of Lifebuoy at every place in your house where hands are washed, to be used by everybody—old and young. Dirt and impurities lodge in the pores of the skin. Ordinary cleansing doesn't remove them. The rich lather of Lifebuoy, with its wonderful health element, goes deep down into the pores and routs out the enemies of the skin. The healthy odour vanishes, but the protection remains. Get Lifebuoy now. Buy it in the new pack, two large cakes in each carton. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.